

# THE BEST VALUE IN TEA EVER OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC.

# OPACK!

Congo of Extraordinary Strength and Flavour,

A TRUISM.

Per 1/6 Pound.

CARRIAGE PAID ON 6 LBS. AND UPWARDS.

W. A. HIGGS & COMPANY, TEA IMPORTERS, 39, HIGH STREET, ISLINGTON, N.,

AND BRANCHES.

#### THE LUDGATE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

#### TRAIN YOUR MOUSTACHE IN THE WAY IT SHOULD GO.



#### CARTER'S THRIXALINE

is a unique transparent fluid for training and fixing the moustaches of "all sorts and conditions of men" into any position. For this purpose it surpasses every preparation that has ever been introduced.

JOHN CARTER,

Hairdresser, &c.,

Old Palace of Henry the Righth, 17, Fleet Street, E.C. Post Free. 2s. 9d., 5s. 9d., and 10s. 9d.

#### INCOME TAX.—RATES.

The Rate and Taxpayers' Assessment Protection Association, 10, Serjeant's Inn, Fleet Street, E.C. Managing Director, Mr. J. J. HITCHINGS, Ex-Crown Surveyor of the Income Tax Enquiry Office, Established in 1888. Consult Mr. HITCHINGS in all cases of overcharge, either in Income Tax or Rates. Very large Reductions and Repayments have been made through his Agency.

Read "Income Tax—To Pay or Not?" price 6d., obtainable at the above address, and through all Booksellers.

# COOK'S "RIVIERA" SOAP

(SUPER-FATTED)

FOR THE COMPLEXION.

#### DR. SOULE'S ELIXIR.

DIABETES, GOUT, all KIDNEY DISORDERS and RHEUMATISM positively Cured. Lost Vitality restored, Blood purified and regenerated by Dr. SOULE'S ELIXIR. Best Blood Purifier known. Highest Testimonials. Endorsed by Eminent Medical Authorities. No change of diet required. Price 5s. per Bottle, post free.

An Infallible Remedy for
TIC DOLOREUX and NEURALGIA is
Mme. NOLOT'S ANTI-NEURALGINE.

Gold Medals obtained wherever it has been exhibited.

Sample bottle free on Application.

DEPOT:

DE SOULE'S ELIXIR SYNDICATE, LTD., 23, Lendenhall Street, London, E.C. No Agencies.

#### FRAZER'S TABLETS

ARE THE BEST KNOWN REMEDY FOR

ECZEMA,
HEMORRHOIDS,
RHEUMATISM,
AND ALL

IMPURITIES
OF THE BLOOD,
LIVER & KIDNEY
DISORDERS,

#### NEARLY 1,000,000 PACKETS SOLD PER ANNUM.

Price 18. 11d. per Packet, or 18. 3d. post free. Of all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors, or direct from

FRAZER'S TABLETS, Ltd., 8a, Kirby Street, Hatton Garden, E.C.

#### TO STAMP COLLECTORS



Before you buy any advertised packets, write to us for our New Price List of Postage Stamps, Post Cards, &c., which we will send you gratis on application.

#### STAMP ALBUMS UP TO DATE!

The Fifth Edition of SENF'S Albums for 1894 is now ready, and is without doubt the best and most complete Album ever published.

Full particulars, prices and testimonials from delighted purchasers sent on application,

Selections of Stamps sent on approval.

WHITFIELD KING & CO.
STAMP IMPORTERS, IPSWICH.
(Established 1869.)

THE

# DON SHOE COMPANY SINGLE PAIRS SOLD.

Write for Price List containing over 200 Illustrations post free.

Pointed, medium or square toes.



Sizes and half sizes.

Glace kid to button or lace, 8/11, 10/9, 16/9.

CENTLEMEN'S BOOTS & SHOES—The largest stocks in the world.

Terms Cash with order. Carriage paid on British letter orders

City Warehouse: -45a, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.
Branch Warehouse: -116 and 117, NEW BOND SIREET, W.

All Letter Orders to CHEAPSIDE.

## CRAWFORD'S PURE OLD IRISH WHISKEY.



NOT BLENDED.

Guaranteed Twelve Years in Bond

Carriage Paid to any Railway Station in the United Kingdom. On receipt of a Postal Order for 6s. One Quart of above Whiskey will be forwarded as Sample per Parcels Post.

21s. a Gallon.

Awarded Gold Medal, Dublin, 1892.

JOHN CRAWFORD, Wholesale Spirit Merchant, LARNE, IRELAND. ESTABLISHED 1839.

#### SOME VERY PLAIN TALK.

LET me state an important fact in few words: The vast majority of the victims of consumption are young persons, between 18 and 30, say. After mid-life few people contract or develop consumption, although they may have it as continuous from earlier years, and eventually die of it. Yet most unfortunate errors of judgment as to this disease constantly occur. Here are two instances:—

In August, 1892, the daughter of Mrs. Sarah Evans, of 85, Stone Row, Moira, Ashby-de-la-Zouch, became ill. Her leading symptoms were these—poor appetite, pain in the chest after eating, apparent inflammation of the bowels, profuse night sweats and increasing weakness and emaciation. She could take only liquid food. doctor inquired if there was consumption in the family. He recommended cod-liver oil. Eight weeks later her friends ceased giving her the doctor's medicines. In less than three months afterwards she was well and strong as ever. Everybody who knew of the case was amazed at this result, because they all believed the girl had consumption. Still, we must be careful as to blaming the doctor, for his patient was of the exact age to have it, and some of her symptoms resembled those of incipient consumption.

In January, 1892, William Lyons, of Castleisland, near Tralee, Ireland, fell ill. His symptoms were these: Poor appetite, pain in the chest and sides after eating, cold and clammy hands and feet, a dry, hacking cough, profuse night sweats and great prostration. "Evidently consumption," said all who saw him. Two physicians attended him, but gave no hopes of his recovery. For days together he was too weak to leave his bed. Yet, on June 26th, 1893, his father, Mr. James Lyons, Grocer and Spirit Merchant, stated in writing that William had completely recovered, and was in perfect health.

Now, what are we to infer from these facts? Before answering that question, perhaps it would be well to shed a little more light on the general subject. Plenty of people are scared before they are hurt, and others are fatally hurt before they are scared.

There are only two kinds of consumption that are common enough to deserve mention. First, and worst, is the genuine tubercular phthisis, or galloping consumption. It is really a breakdown of the whole body, with bad lung symptoms. It is attended by great and rapid wasting, loss of strength, complete absence of appetite and inability to assimilate even the lightest food. It often ends fatally in six weeks. There is no cure for it.

The second is inflammatory consumption, due to pneumonia or bronchitis. Like every inflammatory ailment, it is attended with loss of flesh, more or less fever, profuse sweating, debility, loss of appetite, cough and, maybe, some bloody expectoration. This is the form of consumption that chiefly prevails in England, and there are always hopes of recovery. Remember the cause of it; it arises from pneumonia—pneumonia arises not from colds, but from poisons in the blood, which themselves arise from fermentation in the stomach in cases of indigestion and dyspepsia. There you see the order of things.

In other words—as we have said a thousand times in this series of articles—consumption, like most of our familiar diseases, is virtually a symptom of deep-seated digestive disorder, with its sequences of foul blood and mal-nutritiou.

In the case of Miss Evans her mother writes, under date of May 12th, 1893: "After all other treatment had failed, I gave her Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and nothing else. And it cured her."

In the case of William Lyons his father writes, under date of June 26th, 1893: "After taking Seigel's Syrup for a fortnight he began to improve. His bad symptoms gradually left him, and he is now in perfect health."

Did either of these young people have consumption? No, not as yet. They both had inflammatory indigestion and dyspepsia, which might or might not have finally become consumption. The risk is very great.

Taken in time, Mother Seigel's Syrup is a sure preventive. It goes to the source of the trouble. It invigorates the digestion and purifies the blood. And one whose digestion is perfect and whose blood is pure is as safe from disease as a man on a mountain is safe from a flood in a valley.

## ANOTHER GREAT SUGGESS!

Direct from the Largest Firm of Costume Manufacturers in the World, at less than Half Ordinary Prices.

OVER EIGHT HUNDRED WORKERS EMPLOYED.



The most remarkable of all the Costumes that have ever been produced is the one illustrated to the left of this page, and which John Noble, Limited, now introduce to their clients as being undoubtedly the most popular style of the season, and one that will be generally adopted as

#### LADY'S HOLIDAY SUIT.

These Suits are made in the John Noble Cheviot Serge (Regd.), in Navy Blue or Black; also in fashionable Grey or Drab Homespun Mixture, and Navy or Drab Twili Drill, each suit consisting of a smart shape open coat or jacket, stylishly cut, beautifully made, with two pockets, and finished all round edge of coat with special quality silk cord—together with a bell-shaped costume skirt trimmed to match jacket. A shaped belt from the inside draws the coat

in at the back of the waist, and shows itself in front, over the blouse or bodice. This is a decided advantage, as it keeps the jacket fitted closely to the figure, whilst still remaining open in front. These two garments, viz.—

#### JACKET AND SKIRT COMPLETE,

form at once a smart, stylish, and yet most useful outfit for wearing with a blouse or cambric shirt, and are offered for the amazingly low price of 15/-. Ladies are asked to consider what this means: A really well-made, fashionable outfit that any lady might be pleased to wear, made without the slightest approach to sweating, and yet supplied complete

#### FOR FIFTEEN SHILLINGS.



Every garment is made in the firm's large, airy and perfectly-appointed workrooms, and is surely value that will please every lady in the land.

When ordering, please state measurement across back from shoulder

to shoulder, also length from neck to waist at back. Each suit is packed in strong leather-board box and sent carriage paid for 9d. extra.

The sizes kept in stock will fit any figure up to 38 in. round bust, under arms; larger or special sizes 1/6 extra.

#### The John Noble Half-Guinea Costumes

LATEST IMPROVED SHAPE.

Made from the JOHN NOBLE CHEVIOT SERGE (Regd.), a fabric of great durability and world-wide fame, and supplied complete for the ridiculously low price of 10s. 6d. each.

Colours:—Black Navy, Brown, Myrtle, Roseda, Tan, Ruby, Grey or Drab.

The Costume consists of extra wide Bell Skirt (40 in. long) and improved Blouse Bodice, well made and finished, the Bodice being pleated back and front, with full, fashionable sleeves, bound seams, and belt. The lower part of the skirt, and the cuffs, collar and saddle of bodice are trimmed with rows of narrow-Russia braid, the whole thus forming a Lady's Complete Costume for 10s. 6d. The Half-Guinea Costumes are also supplied in BROWN LINEN HOLLAND, a pure linen fabric, price 10s 6d. complete; and in NAVY OR DRAB TWILL DRILL, very fashionable, for present wear, price 10s 6d. complete. The sizes kept in stock will fit any figure up to 38 in. round the bust under arms; larger sizes, 1s. 6d. extra. Each Costume packed in box and sent carriage paid for 6d. extra.

#### MISSES, COSTUMES FOR YOUNG

Consisting of Stylish Blouse Bodice and extra wide Skirt, trimmed with white Russia braid, are now offered at the low price of 8s. 9d.; packed in box and sent carriage paid for 9d. extra. The skirt is made in two sizes, viz.—33 or 36 in. long. Colours: Black, Navy, Brown, Myrtle, Ruby, Reseda, or Tan. When ordering, please state whether skirt is required 33 in. or 36 in. long.

The Young Misses' Costume is also supplied in Drab Linen Holland, trimmed White Russia.

Braid 8s 9d. complete.

Braid, 8s. 9d. complete.

#### KNOCKABOUT FROCKS FOR GIRLS,

Are also supplied in the John Noble Cheviot Serge, or Brown Linen Holland, with saddle top, long, full sleeves, belt and pocket, at the following low prices:-

27 45 Inches 2/- 2/6 3/-3/6 4/6 5/6 each.

Postage, 4\d. extra. The lengths stated are from top of neckband to bottom of skirt in front.

Patterns of the Materials in which the above Costumes are made, also Illustrated "Book of the Serge" and Fashion Sheet of other Costumes for Ladien' and Children's wear, sent Post Free to any reader of "THE LUDGATE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE" on application.

THE WAREHOUSE, 11, PICCADILLY,



delicious Sauce la SPLENDID with

Chops, Steaks, Game,

Poultry, Ham, Bacon, Fish, and Salads. It is particularly palatable with Cold, Roast, or

APPETISING, **PIQUANT** and DELICATE.

Ingredients of Best Quality, and WARRANTED PURE

The Favourite in First-class Restaurants

FISH, FLESH, FOWL and SALADS.

ANDREW SCOTT & CO.,

WORKS:-LANSDOWNE HILL, WEST NORWOOD, LOND.

Boiled Ments. and is especially an aid to digestion. PREPARED BY AMDREW SCOTT & CO., AT THEIR WORKS. LANSDOWNE HILL WEST NORWOOD, LONDON, B.E. And sold by all Grocers,



HEALTH RESORT.

Inclusive Terms, en pension, from Two Guineas. Every modern luxury. Lawn Tennis. Confirmed Invalids not received. Corridor 300 feet long. Ballroom; Electric Light. Near West Station and few minutes from Sea. Tariff from Manager.

SCIENTIFIC TREATMENT FOR

#### BALDN

ld Patches, Greyness, Superfluous Hairs, &c The great success which has attended my treatment is due to the fact that it has for a foundation a true scientific knowledge resting upon modern investi-gations and microscopical researches, disproving the old-fashioned notions regarding Hair treatment. Sufferers may, with confidence, reckon upon a successful Cure. Advice, with Prescription, on receipt of Fee, 5s., and Stamped Addressed Envelope. Address:

DR. HORN, Hair Specialist, NEWPORT, ISLE OF WIGHT.

BEAU IDEAL CYCLES.

Made of the very best materials, weighing only 25 lbs. and fitted with Pneumatic Tyres. Price, complete, only 224; liberal discount off for Cash. Over a dozen latest pattern Machines to select from. For Price Lists apply T. B. COX, 3 and 5, Newington, Bold St., LIVERPOOL.



AT THE MAYOR'S RECEPTION. THE WORST OF A DRESS SUIT.

FIRST STRANGER: Here-I say-I want a bottle of seltzer, please!

SECOND STRANGER: Hang it all—so do I!

#### RE-VULCANISED GOLD MEDAL RUBBER STAMPS.



Your Name, your Mono gram, bottle of Endon

ing Ink, two Pads, Box and Brush for 9d., post free; with Marking Ink, 1s. 3d.; Nickel Silver Pen and Pencil Case, with Name Stamp, 6d. Nickel Silver Name and Address Stamp, 2d. Watch Case, beauti-

tully chased with

Name and Address Stamp, 1s.; and every other description of Rubber Stamp half price. Send for List. Agents wanted. Address to Grystal Palace (John Bend's Daughter's) Gold Medal Marking Ink Works, 75, Southgate Boad, London, N. CAUTION.—The Original and Genuine Ink Label has the Trade Mark, "Crystal Palace."

TABALA RASA both prevents and removes wrinkles and all other skin troubles, brings back the bloom of youth to the cheeks, stimulates the facial glands, and retards and repairs the ravages of TIME, ANXIETY AND GRIEF. TABALA RASA, post free. 2. 9d. and 4s. 6d., only of the Proprietor. he Proprietor-M.D., 57, New Kent Road, B.E. (Postal Orders or Stamps.)



By Using Wales' Patent

Which are the same to the ears as glasses are to the eyes. Posi-tively Invisible. Worn months without removal. Book of particulars Free.

THE A. L. WALES CO. 62 & 63. New Bond St., London. W.

To TOBACCONISTS COMMENCING. Illust. Guide (259 pa.), 3d. "How to open a Cigar Store from £30 to £1000."—Tobacconists Out-fitting Co., Reg., 188, Euston Road, London. N.B. Shop-fitters and Show-case Makers for all Trades. Estimates free. Manager, HENRY MYERS. Established 1866.

"THE CHOICEST PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND."

# Robertson's J. R. D. EXTRA QUALITY Dundee

J. R. D. THREE STARS Whisky.

"The purest, and oldest, and best."

SOLD ALL OVER THE WORLD.

JOHN ROBERTSON & SON, Dundee;

AND

4, Great Tower Street, London, E.C.

#### ALL FAT PEOPLE

can safely Reduce Weight and Cure Corpulency permanently by taking TRILENE TABLETS (Regd.) for a few weeks. They are small, agreeable, harmiess, and never fall to Improve both Health and Figure, with out Change of Diet. An English Countess writes:—" Your Trilene Tablets act admirably." Send 28. 6d. to

THE TRILINE CO., Sole Proprietors, 70, PINSBURY PAVEMENT, LONDON.

-Madame FRAIN'S M.B.

#### FAMOUS FEMALE MIXTURE.

The most powerful and effective on earth. For the most obstinate cases. Will not injure the most delicate. Price 7s. 6d. (Strongest 11s. bottle.) Post free 6d. extra. HERBAL INSTITUTE, 1, Hackney Road (opposite Shoreditch Church), London, N. E. Send at Once Stamped Directed Envelope for Particulars and Proofs. I will forfeit £100 for every testimonial that is not genuine, and they can be seen at any time.



Quickly correct all Irregularities.

Boxes 1s. 13d. and 2s. 9d. (containing three times the quantity), of all Chemists, sent anywhere on receipt of 15 or 34 Stamps by the Maker, E. T. TOWLE, Chemist, Nottingham.

Beware of Imitations, Injurious and worthless.



THOSE AWKWARD QUESTIONS.

HARRY: Oh, by-the-bye! speaking of old times, do you recollect that time when I made such a stupid ass of myself?

SHE: Which ?

### W. DRAKE & CO.'S 'PERFECT SHIRT.'



3,000 DOZEN READY FOR USE OR MADE TO MEASURE AT OUR LONDON DEPOTS AND FACTORY IN IRELAND.

SPECIAL ORDERS—4s. 6d. each, SIX for 27s.

None genuine unless bearing the name—

W. DRAKE & CO.

IRISH LINEN, FOUR-FOLD,

1/6 SIX for Carriage Paid.

This Shirt is a well-known marvel in point of value, being equal to and more comfortable in fit than any high-priced Shirt.

Samples in Show Cases at most Railway Stations,

The "PERFECT SHIRT" is now worn in every part of the habitable globe, and can be had in different styles, as under:—

The "LINCOLN," with wide front for r Stud and Round Wrists for Dress; Stud or Button at back of neck.

The "BROOKLYN," with wide Front for r Stud, Nar row Wrists and Stud-hole for Cuff.

The "TEMPLE," with wide Front for I Stud and Square Wrists for Dress; Stud or Button at back of neck. Open at Back or Front.

The "CIRCUS," for 3 Front Studs, with Narrow Wrists and Stud-hole for Cuff, for business wear. Open at Back or Front.

The "LUDGATE," for 3 Front Stude and usual Wrist for ordinary wear. Open at Back or Front.

The "MONARCH," with wide Front for 3 Studs, and Square Wrists for Dress. Open at Back or Front.

The "BRITON," as the "Temple," but cut for short or extra long arms.

The "DEFIANCE," with wide Front for 3 Stude and deep Round Wrists for Dress.

The "ALLIANCE," with Pique Fronts and Cuffs.

The "ADAPTABLE," for 3 Stude and usual Wrists, but cut for short or extra long arms. Open at Back or Front.

The "UNIQUE," with a Front Stude and reversible Cuffs; Stud or Button at back of neck.

Send Length of Sleeve and size of Collar. Shirts Refronted, Wrists and Collar Banded, 3s., extra quality. Ready for use.

W. DRAKE & CO., Shirt and Collar Makers, 43, New Bridge Street, Ludgate Circus, 148, Cheapside, E.C., and Bridge House, 181, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.

Pants, 4s. 6d.; Undervest, 4s. 6d.; in summer or winter weight. Send chest and waist measurements.





SAVED BY AN IDRA.

TEDDY: I say, old chap, I wish you'd just go down and take my mother-in-law in to supper.

REGGY: But I don't know her!

TEDDY: Oh, that's all right; you can easily recognise her. She is an old lady with a green body and a red skirt. You can't possibly make a mistake.

REGGY: Deuced awkward, old man; but I'm quite colour-blind, you know, just been tested—only make some blunder.

#### MONEY ON WILLS

Persons entitled to Cash or Property at death of relatives can borrow at 5 per cent. per annum, or sell. No fees, commission, or charges whatever. Messrs. Feldman, 34, New Bridge Street, Ludgate Circus, London.



## TO STOR

Or Grey's FAT REDUCING Pills.

An absolutely safe, permanent and rapid cure for obesity. Reduction in size, weight, and improvement in health guaranteed. A preparation kept for Army, Hunting Men, and stubborn cases which have resisted other treatment. A Lady writes:—"Cannot speak too highly of your wonderful Pills, which have given me a new lease of life and happiness."

ABDOMINAL OBESITY A SPECIALITY. 2/9 and 4/6 per box, plain wrapper, post free to any part of the World.

Dr. W. GREY, 57, Weymouth St., Portland Pl., London

# KEATING'S POWDER.

The PUBLIC are CAUTIONED that packages of the genuine powder bear the autograph of THOMAS KEATING. Sold in Tins, 6d. and 1s. each, everywhere.

It is Unrivalled in Destroying

BUGS.
FLEAS.
MOTHS.
BEETLES.

#### THE LUDGATE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

#### OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"Deservedly popular."-Graphic.

"A decidedly welcome addition to our magazines for family reading,"-The Queen.

"One of the best."-Black and White.

- "Embellished with numerous woodcuts, and the stories are interesting and well told,"

  Standard.
  - "THE LUDGATE MAGAZINE is brisk, well varied and profusely illustrated."-Daily Chronicle.

"An excellent publication,"-Pall Mall Gazette.

"Well-known contributors, copious, good illustrations."-Literary World.

"A marvel, considering its price."-Vanity Fair.

- "For its price it may, without a moment's doubt, be given the post of honour."—Sportsman.
- "Literary contents decidedly good, and the illustrations well executed."-Reynolds.

"THE LUDGATE MAGAZINE is the best of its kind." - Weekly Times and Echo.

"For beauty and variety in the way of illustrations, the work will now compare favourably with the leading American magazines."—Liverpool Mercury.

"Choke full of illustrations, entertaining papers and amusing stories."—Liverpool Post,

"Most attractive; the marvel being that so much can be offered for sixpence."—Dundee Courier.

"Capital articles and stories, well illustrated."—Birmingham Mercury.

- "Profusely illustrated, contains an abundance of interesting stories, and the advertisement pages are made attractive by funny sketches."—Western Mercury.
  - "Interesting and amusing reading, accompanied by capital illustrations." Canterbury Journal.

"Well printed and profusely illustrated."-Halifax Guardian.

"Full of exquisite illustrations."—Essex Standard.

- "For variety of contents, number and excellence of illustrations, it would be difficult to beat."—Lincolnshire Chronicle.
- "Replete with splendid reading, while the illustrations are both numerous and of the best."—Barrow News.
- "A sprightly and well-conducted magazine, packed with tales, sketches and pictures, of the highest class."—Scottish Leader.
- "Far above the average in magazine literature, the illustrations are exceptionally deserving of praise."—Belfast News Letter.
- "The tales, beautifully illustrated, are all by well-known authors. It is certainly excellent value for the money."—Irish Times.
- "In variety of letterpress and abundance of charming and well-executed illustrations, it is not to be beaten by any of its competitors."—West London Observer.

"This popular Magazine has secured a very wide and highly-appreciative constituency."

-Northern Daily Telegraph.

"THE LUDGATE is a wonderful sixpennyworth."-Bristol Times.

- "Very attractive, the illustrations are very numerous, and the stories all good."—Glasgow Harald.
- "The superior attractions of THE LUDGATE, Illustrated, are maintained."—Glasgow Evening News.
  - " Most attractive number."-Devon Gazette.

"Full of exquisite illustrations."-Walton Gazette.

- "Has taken rank as one of the daintiest and most sumptuously illustrated of all our magazines."—Staffordshire Sentinel.
- "An excellent sixpennyworth, printed on good paper, and the illustrations are of a very high class character."—Bacup Times.

"Deserves most favourable notice; the illustrations are above criticism."—Bucks Herald.

By Authority of Her Mujesty

UNDER SIX ROYAL BRITISH PATENTS



the Queen, Empress of Judin.

And fifteen foreign patents.

"CALIFORNIAN

THE "HOUSEHOLD TREASURE" BORAX, "OUEEN OF ANTISEPTICS."

Specially Prepared, absolutely Pure and absolutely Safe, for Personal and Domestic Uses.

"Californian" possesses qualities that are exceptional and unknown to any other substance. It stands alone in its Antisoptic, Decay-Arresting, Purifying attributes, its safety, readiness for use and its cheapness. It Purifies Water, destroys Fever and all unhealthy germs instantly. It renders Water beautifully clear, sweet and pure—soft for Washing, Cleaning, Purifying and Scouring purposes; especially valuable for Toilet, Bath and Lavatory. Removes all taint, all mustiness, dry rot and other unhealthy changes; makes domestic wares bright and absolutely clean. Keeps Milk sweet, also Fresh Meat, Poultry, Game and Fish; destroys all sourness, removes all taint, prevents waste at once, preserving and improving at the same time the untainted parts. Unrivalled for washing Vegetables and for Cooking purposes. Wherever "Californian" is used it sweetens, purifies and improves. By dusting the skin and rinsing the clothing in Borax Water all infectious germs are destroyed. In packets 6d., 3d. and 1d. each. Household Directions and valuable Toilet Recipes on each Packet.

#### BORAX "NEW" PATENT.

IN FINELY PREPARED POWDER, READY FOR INSTANT USE.

Is sold in Boraz Glazed Jars, with Glazed Covers, large size, 1s. each.

The bright style and handiness of these Borax Glazed Jars emphasize the value of this New Borax for Personal Uses, Domestic Purposes, for the Toilet Table, for Travelling and for Sanitation on land or water-everywhere.

\*\*Californian," in addition to its registered title and label, is also further known by this special Boraz Mark, registered and recognised as the standard brand of Boraz purity throughout the civilised world.

"Colifornian" and Patent Boras preparations are sold in Packets, convenient and ready for instant use in all climates, and in hard, soft or sea water—hence of special value on ship board.

The greatest boon conferred by our Queen has been the recognition of these preparations—sunted as well for the home of the cottage housewife as for the mansion of Her Majesty, and the confort of civilized persons everywhere.



Patent Boraz destroye all unhealthy and infectious germs wherever located; whether on Mout, Vegetables, Domestic Wares, Home Surroundings, Bed Linen, Personal Clothing, or upon the Shin.

Dirt, Stains, Spots, Specks, Bust, Mould, Sourness and Decay are instantly removed from Household Requisites by use of Patent Boran.

Broakfast, Dinner, Toa, Decert and Supper Services, Glasses, Dishes, Plates, Spoons, Knives, Forks, Cooking Vessels and other Domestic Articles, as well as Paint, Floors, Stairs, Tables, Baths, Woodwork, Windows, &c., are all easily Cleansed, Washed, Kept Bright, Pure and Sweet by Patent Boras Preparations,

THE BEST SOAP FOR WASHING AT HOME AND FOR THE FAMILY LAUNDRY 18

#### "BORAX EXTRACT OF SOAP."

THE GREAT DIRT "EXTRACTER." "PERFECTION" OF SOAP IN POWDER.

Hardest Water it purifies instantly. Dirt it extracts immediately. Cleansing it accomplishes thoroughly. Purifying it carries out perfectly—producing "linen white at snow, woollens sweet as new-mown hay." Sold in Quarter Pound, Half and One Pound Packets, and in Half-Dozen Parcels.

THE MOST CONVENIENT AND BEST SOAP FOR EVERY DAY USE IN THE HOUSEHOLD 18

#### "BORAX DRY SOAP."

Berax Dry Scap Cleanses, Washes, Purifies, Brightens everything, is ready for instant use, and dissolves instantly in hot, warm or cold water—is always pleasant and agreeable—leaves sweet, healthy smell—and makes Home indeed "Sweet Home" in comfort and reality. Packets, Quarter Pound, Half Pound and in Half-Dosen Parcels.

TO COMPLETE THE HOME WASHING IN THE MOST FERFECT STYLE, DO NOT FORGET

#### "BORAX STARCH GLAZE."

THE PATENT FLEXIBLE ENAMEL FOR STARCHED GOODS,

Ready for Using with every kind of Starch.

Borax Starch Glass wonderfully improves all Starch. Imparts Enamel-like Gloss, gives Permanent Stiffness, Brilliancy and Beauty to Muslin, Lace, Linen, Cuffs, Collars, Fronts and all other Starched Articles. In Packets, 1d. and 3d. each; Beaus, 6d.

Boraxaline Parisienne—Spécialité for the Bath, Borax Putent "Soluble," for use without Soap, Borax Sponge and Brush Powder, Beauty Tooth Powder, Beauty Toilet Powder, Electric Voice Crystale, and other Preparations for Household, Toilet and Sanitary Purposes are sold by progressive Grocere, Soap Dealers and at Stores in every civilesed community.

Borax Book, 66 Pages, 66 Illustrations, full List of Preparations, with Important Directions, Domestic Uses, Valuable Toilet Recipes and other Practical, Safe and Useful Information, together with New Borax Publications, post free, by naming "Lubeats Illustrated Magazine," direct from

THE PATENT BORAX CO., Ltd., Sole Makers, LADYWOOD, BIRMINGHAM.

Highest Awards, World's Fair for "Californian," "New Patent" & "Borax Soaps," at Chicago Exhibition, 1898.

HAVE YOU TRIED

# "MONTSERRAT"

(TRADE MARK)

#### PURE LIME-FRUIT JUICE,

With Aerated Waters, or Water, as a cooling and refreshing beverage at all Seasons? If not, try it. Obtainable from Druggists and Grocers.

Cheaper than Lemons and much more convenient.

Order "MONTSERRAT" and do not take any Inferior Brands.

There are many such.

"MONTSERRAT" is made from cultivated Limes.

It is admitted by all to be the Best and Purest Temperance Beverage of the day.



ALSO

"MONTSERRAT" LIMETTA CORDIAL

Obtainable from all Chemists, Grocers, &c.

REARS FROM THE SHELL.

### SPRATT'S PATENT CHICKENMEAL

ACCEPT ONLY IN SEALED BAGS.

Per cwt., 20s.; per half cwt., 10s. 6d.; per quarter cwt., 5s. 6d.; per 14 lbs., 2s. 9d.; per 7 lbs., 1s. 6d.; per 3½ lbs., 9d. Or in 3d. and 6d. Sample Packets.

PAMPHLET ON POULTRY REARING POST FREE FOR ONE STAMP.

SPRATT'S PATENT, LTD., BERMONDSEY, LONDON, S.E.

FOR DR. RIDGE'S

FOR CHILDREN & INVALIDS

PATENT COOKED

CAUTION.—All the Genuine Packets and Canisters are enclosed in White Wrappers; the words

FOOD.

DR. RIDGE'S PATENT COOKED FOOD are printed boldly thereon, so that none need be

Prepared at THE ROYAL FOOD MILLS, LONDON, and Sold Retail by all Leading Chemists and Grocers throughout the Kingdom.

#### The Ludgate Illustrated Magazine.

	CONTENTS	FOR	AUGUS	T, 189	94.			
FRONTISPIECE	***	000 400	§000	•••	000	900		PAGE 338
PENS AND PENCILS By JOSEP	OF THE PRES	···	***	• • •	• • •	•••	•••	339
TALES OF THE SERV					•••	• • •		348
CHAMPION DOGS	CLIFFORD. Illu	•••	•••	•••	***	***	•••	358
	STRANGE WINT		000	000	•••	000	•••	363
THE ADVENTURES O	F AN AMATE				tograph	B.	•••	370
A CARNIVAL EPISODI By EMIL	Y MARTIN. Illu	strated by	BARNARE	DAVIS.	***	•••	***	374
RAMBLES THROUGH By Hubi	ENGLAND—W			aphs.	***	000		385
THE MEMOIRS OF DI		ISEMAN	000	•••	•••	•••	•••	392
HIDDEN SKETCHES.				000	889	000	000	408
YOUNG ENGLAND AT	SCHOOL—BR			raphs.		•••	• • •	409
CHIQUAMANDARAS By JOHN	•••	•••	000	•••	000	***	900	418
WHISPERS FROM THE			rated.	***	***	***	***	425
THE DANCE OF DEAT	French of GEOR		0 000	000	***	999	***	433
INCIDENTS OF THE M	ONTH	•••	•••	•••	***	***		436
PUZZLEDOM	•••	•••	•••	•••	000	•••	•••	448

Volumes IV., V. and VI., handsomely bound in Chocolate Cloth, gilt, 6s., or by post, 6s. 6d.; also Covers for Binding, 1s., by post, 1s. 3d.

Volumes I., II. and III. are out of print. Back Numbers of "The Ludgate" can be obtained from the Office, 84d. each, including postage.

Telephone No. 1,008.



#### GILBERT, GEARING & CO.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

SPECIALISTS IN SHIRTS, COLLARS AND UNDER-WEAR SUPPLY DIRECT FROM OWN PACTORY THEIR

#### FAMOUS APOLLO SHIRTS.

Every make and quality 30 per cent. below ordinary prices. For Fit, quality and Durability they excel all others.

Best Four-fold Linen Collars (Newest Shapes) 6s. per dox. worth 9e Old Shirts Re-fitted, 2s. 6d. and 3s. 6d. any make. Misfits Re-modelled.

LADIES' BLOUSES & SHIRTS made to Order, in FRENCH PRINTS, OXFORDs and LONG-CLOTHS. Out and Fit a Speciality.

48 AND 50, WHITE CHAPEL, LIVERPOOL.

# BROWN&POLSON'S 35 Years' World-wide CORNFLOUR reputation.



# DEARS

SOAP MAKERS

By Special Appointment to her majesty

# The Queen.

#### ECZEMA,

with all its Terrible Irritation and Horrible Disfigurement, cured by

HOMOCEA

which Touches

THE SPOT at Once.

The Rev. J. WILLIAMS BUTCHER, 35, Park Road, East Birkenhead, writes :-

"I have great pleasure in complying with your request, and in putting in writing what I have already said by word of mouth. I was much inconvenienced by a very irritating species of Eczema. Several remedies that I have tried failed to give me more than a very temporary relief. I finally tried Homocea, with happiest results. The relief was almost instantaneous, and, what is more to the point, the soothing effect remained, and a complete cure resulted. Yours truly,

"I. WILLIAMS BUTCHER."

Homocea sold by most Chemists at 1s. 13d. and 2s. 9d. per box, or sent free by post for 1s. 3d. or 3s. (P.O. preferred) from the Homocea Co., 21, Hamilton Square, Birkenhead. (Hooper, Chemist, 43, King William Street, Lendon Bridge, E.C., sells it)



#### Pens and Pencils of the Press.

By JOSEPH HATTON,

Author of "Journalistic London," "By Order of the Czar," "Under the Great Seal," &c., &c.

MR. GEORGE R. SIMS.

HAVE never known a travelled Englishman with the gift of tongues who was not an uncompromising Imperialist. Mr. G. R. Sims, a democrat of the democrats, is as keen a supporter of the integrity of the Empire as Lord Salisbury, with no less an admiration of the glory of it than was expressed, both in words and deeds, by Lord Beaconsfield. It is interesting to turn down this leaf in the biography of a popular writer who loves the people and addresses them con-The sentiment that sees in India the brightest jewel of the Imperial crown is no monopoly of the Salisburyites; it is a national legacy, which Lord Rosebery wears in his Radical casque as commander-in-chief of a party that may include recalcitrant knights and unpatriotic squires, but which wins the confidence of both the masses and the classes by strengthening our arms of Imperial defence. Mr. G. R. Sims is one of the people in the best sense, for he mixes with them, makes holiday when they do, defends their interests and attacks the disabilities under which they labour.

It is not in Mr. Sims's case the plebeian standing by his class—the illiterate at home with the illiterate, the Eastender working in the groove where his humble ambition is best satisfied; his predilection is the outcome of a nature that sympathises with the miserable and the poor, and finds in the working classes a frank humanity and a keen sense of For sixteen years he has humour. regularly every week written his popular "Mustard and Cress" for the Referes. During the whole of that time he has also been busily engaged as a dramatist and novelist, and a writer of ballads that

have been sung and recited all the He has the journalistic world over. It was the newspaper that gave him his first start in life; it is to-day the newspaper that retains his highest devotion. Except in the old time of the Weekly Dispatch, I question if any writer has so entirely engrossed his readers from week to week over a long period of years as "Dagonet," in the Referee, and without whom one would feel that the chief raison d'être of the journal would be gone. I know what it is to keep up such a partnership between writer and reader. It is a good number of years ago since I was first permitted to address a few millions of readers every week in a syndicate newspaper feature, under the title of "Cigarette Papers." Mr. George Augustus Sala, outside his editorial articles in the Daily Telegraph, has for a long time been chatting with the world in " Echoes of the Week," first commenced in the Illustrated London News, and later extended to a combination of leading weekly jour-Mr. James Payn, his successor on the Illustrated London News, entertains the public with an unconventional gossip, under the conventional title of "Table Talk." The success of these contributions to the journalism of the day lies in their individuality. There is in Mr. Payn's work a certain quaint and unobtrusive humour that is characteristic of his novels, and at the same time he is careful to take into his consideration notable topics of On the other hand, Mr. Sala is mostly reminiscent, and frequently bibliographical and etymological. A linguist, fond of diving down to the roots of words and plucking them up for general information, a traveller in many lands, a careful diarist, and full of curious information, his "Echoes" are a polyglot of entertaining information. Payn, in his matter and his methods, does not differ more from Sala than Mr. G. R. Sims differs from both. In acting, this would Why literary be called mannerism. peculiarities should not be similarly defined I do not know; but the varieties of literary style and method we ascribe to individuality. Academic critics, of course, would not call any of these newspaper features literature. Perhaps they are right; definitions are full of controversial worries; I will leave this particular bone to sticklers who wrangle over words and

phrases.

Sims is peculiarly himself in "Mustard and Cress." The title suggests middleclass life and middle-class thought. Mustard and cress is the middle-class salad, just as tea and shrimps are a popular middle-class repast. The superfine critics of Dickens call him a middle-class novelist, and Dibdin, Tom Hood and Burns poets of the people. One of Sims's charms is also one of his drawbacks. You cannot always tell whether the story that often most amuses you is apocryphal or fact; and he makes use of illustrious names in a way that must considerably puzzle many of that class of readers who know him as "Geer Sims," and believe every word he says. It is true that the verity of print has been considerably shaken of late years. It still exists, however, for thousands, and more especially among a certain section of the readers of the Referes. Mr. Sims frequently sows his herbaceous garden with names of famous personages, and under conditions that make for humour with the literate, but for glory with the otherwise; and one can fancy his "Geer Sims" admirers chuckling over their dayourite writer when he is mixing in those imaginary "hupper suckles" that give to his humble garden a distinction in which titles and even crowns are common. This humorous affectation of hobnobbing with the aristocracy comes from the Referee pen with an easy freedom that might suggest to the casual reader a liking for that kind of life on the part of the writer; but the bias of Mr. G. R. Sims is not in that direction. He is one of those who see no attractions in what is called He avoids social functions; Society. looks for his pleasures among the people; loves their holidays; finds them a continually interesting study; would rather see a first-night performance at the theatre

from the pit than the stalls; delights in chatting with costers and Eastenders: prowls about odd nooks and corners, as Dickens did, but, unlike Dickens, prefers long drives to long walks. He keeps an excellent team of ponies, will frequently start out and drive fifty miles, taking care to have relays of ponies for the purpose. and is known at pretty well every hostelry on all the highroads out of London. He is as restless as his "Mustard and Cress" implies. It is his liver, he will tell the reader, that makes him continually on the

look out for change.

No writer ever made his ailments so amusing as Sims. On meeting him for the first time, you might be excused for thinking that his maladies are all imaginary; but they are not. He is a sturdy, well-built, strong-looking fellow—alert mentally and physically, bearded, bright of eye and ready of resource. He suffers however from the despotism of a liver that strikes occasionally against overwork, but would no doubt be orderly enough if, like our royal dockyard employés, it could secure an eight-hours day, or make some other arrangement for reasonable rest. Sims will not hear of this interference with his labours or his holidays. He is a hard worker. For sixteen years he has contributed his page to the Referee without a break, besides writing plays and ballads, stories and novels, and frequently keeping up serial contributions to the Weekly Dispatch and other journals. His newspaper work has been done in pretty well every part of the globe. Many of the chapters of "How the Poor Live," contributed to the Daily News, were written in Algiers. He is a great smoker. may have something to do with that livery despotism he is always bewailing. not the smoke that hurts us," he says in self-defence; "it is sitting in close rooms, want of fresh air, taking no proper exercise. At the same time, I have tried to give up smoking. Over indulgence in tobacco causes indigestion and weakens the willpower. I have not half the courage I had. Once upon a time I believed tremendously in myself. The great thing in this life is not to believe in anybody else; that is how men get on. But that kind of man must not smoke too much. I generally smoke a pipe; it is the cigarette that does most harm. I confess I am a slave to my pipe; I can neither work nor play without it."

Then we fell to talking about heredity,

the heritage of likes and dislikes, of disease and insanity. Sims had recently been visiting a prison, and he argued that above all things, criminals should be tried on their antecedents, and judged by the laws of heredity. We were both in earnest to begin with, but the subject drifted into a humorous vein that would have distressed Mr. Nisbet, of whose books on "Heredity and Marriage" and "The Insanity of Genius" Sims has a high opinion. He talks well on a variety of subjects. It is a pity he cannot have a free hand on the County Council. public would have music then all over London—on the Thames Embankment and in the Parks, on Primrose Hill, at Hampstead, and everywhere where people most do congregate. "If you want to keep people sober and out of mischief, amuse them," is his chief idea: "if you want to keep them clean, give them plenty of water; don't shut it off after an hour or two; let them have daylight and water in their courts and alleys, and clean shirts and clean language will follow. What a lovely town London might be! It wants brightening, colour, kiosks, cafés. think what Portland Place would be painted white, with two rows of trees and with a coloured blind here and there! People ought to be compelled to hang out a bit of drapery from their windows, something to make an occasional note of colour; and there might be laws compelling a certain æstheticism (using the term in its proper sense) in all our outdoor painting of streets and squares." If sometimes Sims is inclined to be overfanciful in his views of the administration of public affairs, he is always walking in the right way, never sordid in his ideas of life. He manages to keep in touch with the people, though he does not pander to their weaknesses, and he has a wholesome hatred of cant.

A notable feature of latter-day journalism is the rise of the personal pronoun I as against the conventional newspaper We. In our day the Society papers, so-called, began it. Mr. Yates and Mr. Labouchere made it their own, the one as "Atlas," the other as "Truthful Tommy." It was not altogether a new thing as matter written over a signature; but it was new in its general application, and important in the encouragement it gave for writers to get into their work a certain individuality, that it was the aim of

editors, in the old days, to level down to a uniform style. The great dailies still endeavour to preserve this characteristic of the anonymous, which, it must be admitted, gives strength to a journal conducted by an editor of individual power and a well-defined policy. Delane had the gift of impressing his personality upon the Times just as Dickens had the faculty of inspiring his staff on the Household Words with something of his own mannerisms. We (on dictionary authority) is often used by individuals, as "authors and editors," in speaking of themselves, "in order to avoid the appearance of egotism in the too frequent repetition of the personal pronoun I." Egotism is not a fault today; indeed, many writers think it is a The popular desire to know all about the men who write has certainly given a new raison d'être to the signed article, and to such personal table-talk as I have ventured to mention in this The personal experiences of known authors, their reminiscences, jottings from their note-books of travel, their impressions of famous people, with occasional opinions on topics of the day can be presented in a more easy and agreeable form than belongs to the traditional We, with its seriousness of editorial responsibility. Mr. Sims, as "Dagonet," has taken the fullest advantage of the pleasant familiarity with the reader that this new awakening in the direction of the personal in journalism admits, and he has done it with a light touch and a varied selection of subject that makes "Mustard and Cress" unique The Referes has adin the weekly press. hered to its original programme with unwavering fidelity. The late Mr. Sampson wrote of sports with a graphic and an honest pen. He knew his subjects intimately and had a reputation for fairness which, coupled with fearlessness, made the Referee a power in the best sporting circles. Mr. Butler maintains, in the dramatic page of the Referee, a similar character, and although it is not given to any dramatic critic to be more than human (which perfection would demand), "Carados" (Mr. Butler and Mr. Chance Newton in collaboration) rarely make mistakes. It is the method of the Referee critics to treat theatrical affairs in a free and easy way; to write of men and women by their Christian names, and sometimes to pay passing compliments

to the charms of some fair actress in a manner that would be seriously out of place in the Saturday Review or the Times.\* "Carados" is one of the umpires of the Referee, whose decisions are the outcome of an evident desire to be true to the paper and an honest factor between the public and the playhouse. Mr. Morton is chiefly responsible for the first-night notices of plays. His work is done with great expedition. It is characterised by a determination to "be just and fear not," and at the same time betokens a sympathetic appreciation of artistic effort. Sampson, the "Pendragon" of the paper, some years before his death contributed, in addition to his sporting articles and paragraphs, a feature entitled "Our Handbook," which has been taken up with success by a writer of an entirely different manner, a critic and journalist of serious training, and who writes with a sobriety of style and a seriousness of purpose that may be said to steady the pages of "Dagonet" and "Carados," and hold them with the reins of an Academic whip. "Our Handbook" is an editorial essay cut up into paragraphs, and is often an admirable and learned contribution to the polemics of the

George Robert Sims was born in London on the 2nd of September, 1847.

\* The present editor of the Referee, Mr. Richard Butler, had been a close friend and fellow-worker of Sampson's for over ten years before the paper was started. From the first he was associated with it, and within a year of its first publication Sampson made him his sub-editor. In 1886 Sampson took a long and well-earned holiday, visiting the East and making a tour in Australia. He left Mr. Butler in sole charge of the paper, with such advantage to the popular little journal that, on his return, Sampson did not care to relieve his friend from the temporary duties he had so well fulfilled, and Mr. Butler remained in practical control of the paper. Sampson died on the 16th of May, 1891, making that kind of pathetic ending which is not infrequent in the history of men, who, having earned an honourable competence during a busy life, seek to settle down for the remainder of their days in a house of their own designing for a comfortable leisure. A lover of horses, Mr. Sampson had supplemented his new home with superb stables. and was looking forward to a pleasant time, when he was taken ill and died, comparatively young, having made many and staunch friends in a field of journalism where such skill as he possessed is not always allied to honesty. He was known as one of the best sporting writers, with an almost unerring judgment over a wide range of subjects, and, from first to last, above suspicion in his verdicts, whether as journalist or in any administrative or judicial position he undertook as a sporting authority. On his death Mr. Butler was formally appointed editor; and, from the day the heferes was first issued, he has never once been absent from the office on publication night, "a rather large order," as he remarks, in his brief reply to a question as to the date of his appointment to the position which he fills with so much devotion.

His father was a well-known man of business, and his mother took an active part in several societies that were formed for the social advancement of women. She was president of the Women's Provident League, and an officer of several kindred institutions. Her son was educated at home and abroad. His first school was Hanwell College under the Rev. James Emerton, D.D., and he afterwards went to Bonn, in Germany, and finally to Paris. He was nevertheless very young when he entered the office of a London merchant, where he rose to a high position of trust; but in the year 1881 he resolved to devote himself entirely to a literary and journalistic career. had made his first contribution to the press when he was at the Hanwell school; it was an attack on the College management in the College journal; and long before he had decided to become an author he had some success as a miscellaneous contributor to various publications. He was nineteen when he became a city clerk, nine-and-twenty when he gave it up. During his commercial career he saw many phases of life and took most of his holidays abroad. already a good French scholar and having a knowledge of German, he picked up several other languages. Then he thought he would write books, and with this view, he began to study character in order to make use of his observations. Of a Bohemian turn of mind, he did not care to dress for dinner every day in order to make a study of "Society." He found it more convenient to investigate backstreets, penny gaffs and bar-parlours; to hang about the early markets and the dock gates and see the life the masses led. The material collected during these experiences has proved valuable in the kind of work Mr. Sims has put his hand to. and no doubt broadened his sympathies for the people in whose interests he has laboured in many ways. Drifting about among all sorts and conditions of men, he met an amateur actor who put him up at a Bohemian club. Here he was introduced to a journalist who let him help him with his work. The outcome of this relationship was his first guinea earned on a newspaper. It was paid for a column of "Waifs and Strays," which he had written for the Weekly Dispatch. Mr. Henry Sampson was a contributor to the Dispatch, and in this connection he and Sims met,

which was the beginning of a lasting friendship. When Tom Hood died Sampson was appointed editor of Fun. He invited Sims to join the staff. For three years Sims contributed weekly to the penny rival of Punch. During a holiday, and over an evening pipe in the little Dutch town of Sittard, Sims and Sampson discussed a weekly paper which in due course, took the form of the Referee. From the first number until now Sims has written for it the feature signed "Dagonet," and it was in the Referee that the "Dagonet Ballads" first appeared.

Of late years Mr. Sims has become better known as a dramatist than in his other capacities. When Planché resolved to become a playwright, he went to France to study his business. There was a time when a knowledge of French, coupled with a certain practical experience of the stage, was sufficient for the making of an English dramatist. Even in our own day some writers have almost persuaded themselves that an English translation of a foreign play entitled them to rank as authors. Mr. Sims, like many another dramatist, has found his inspiration in the French stage, but he has never permitted himself to overlook the claims of the French author.

His first play was an adaptation of "Le Centenaire." It was performed for one morning only at the Olympic Theatre. His next piece and his first success was "Crutch and Toothpick." This was a commission from Mr. Charles Wyndham, who argued from "Mustard and Cress" that Sims might write smart dialogue. James Albery had a special gift in that direction. It had proved of great service to the Criterion Theatre.

Looking, probably, for a pen to succeed Albery's, Wyndham hit upon Sims, who justified the selection, "Crutch and Toothpick," however, was produced at the Royalty under the management of Mr. Edgar Bruce, on the 14th of April, 1879. The merry little play ran two hundred and forty nights, and afterwards went on years of touring in the provinces. Sims was still a city clerk when he wrote this piece, and in his leisure was contributing to the Referee, the Weekly Dispatch, and editing a publication entitled One and All. He was continually working upon a melodrama, which he one day induced Mr. Wilson Barrett to read. This was "The Lights o' London;" Mr. Barrett produced it with great success at the Princess's

Theatre on 'e 10th of December, 1881. Sims acknowledges the great service Barrett rendered him in this work, both as a clever actor and masterly stage-manager. In those days there was still supposed to be "a dramatic ring," through the barriers of which it was deemed almost impossible for an outsider to make his way. Byron and Burnand were among the foremost writers for the stage at the time. Sims had never met either of them. They were personally unacquainted with him; yet among the first letters of congratulation which he received were kindly and complimentary notes from these two gentlemen. So much for the ring, and the alleged jealousy of authors! Since then Mr. Sims has written, probably, more than a dozen plays which have won the approval of managers and audiences. Several of them have over and over again made the tour of the world. They include "The Lights o' London," "The Romany Rye," "Harbour Lights," "The Merry Duchess," "London Day by Day," "Mother-in-Law," "Half-way House," "Master and Man," and "Faust up to Date."

The subject of this brief sketch lives at Clarence Gate, in a house that commands a view of the ornamental waters of Regent's Park. It is a fine, well-appointed establishment, with stables and every possible attraction for a man who, while he wants to live in London, likes to have trees and meadows about him. Given a little imagination, there is no great city in the world that has so many possibilities of combining town and country, either in the way of walled-in garden or favoured positions overlooking the parks, From Sims's windows you have peeps of Regent's Park, with grass and trees and water that might rival a country seat. With these advantages, Sims has the added pleasure of being able to step outside his front door into the park, and interviewing the waifs and strays who drift there on Bank Holidays: or he can take his dogs for a run over the grass without getting beyond immediate touch of the great London crowd. You can be a cockney in your manners and customs though you are not born in London. Some of the most confirmed of the tribe are citizens who never heard the sound of Bow bells until they came to London as men. There is no more persistent town mouse than James Payn, who first saw the light at Cheltenham, and lived many years in Edinburgh; but Sims is native and to the manner born, and has all the peculiarities of the holidaykeeping Londoner. "When I was a clerk in the city," he said to me one day while talking of London ways, "I always looked forward to the Saturday half-holiday, and I kept every other holiday religiously— Christmas, Easter, Whitsuntide—and I do now. The habit of those days still clings to me. I could no more work on a Saturday afternoon than I could fly; and on Bank Holidays I love to go up to Hampstead Heath or visit the Zoo, or stroll out here in Regent's Park and see the people

enjoying themselves."

We are chatting in an orangery, when Sims talks of London and what he would like London to be. Yes, an orangery. It is true, the trees have been cared for by a nurseryman during the winter and the early spring months; but here they are all the same. We are sitting and smoking in a verandah. It is built over the leads upon which give the gate-like windows of an Oriental room. The balcony is deftly covered in, and furnished with lounges and tables, and decorated with orange trees in full bearing. I don't know if Mr. Sims has many foreign visitors, but his balcony would, with its outlook upon Regent's Park, be calculated to astonish some of our Continental friends, not to mention travellers even from the far east. I remember when England was showing considerable hospitality to her Indian and Australian guests during the Colonial and Indian Exhibition, accompanying a select party on a visit to Lord The orangery had Mount-Edgcumb's. been turned into a luncheon room. trees, laden with golden fruit, had been removed into the grounds that skirt the Plymouth Hoe. They formed a beautiful avenue. The Australians were all amazement at such an exhibition of English fruit-growing. Many of them had already expressed their surprise that England was anything more than a mass of bricks and mortar from John O'Groats to Land's End. They had no idea we had miles and miles of lovely meadow lands and picturesque stretches of forest. The run from Exeter to Plymouth had more than impressed them with the beauties of English landscape, and an English garden with an avenue of orange trees, full of fruit, was the last straw on the camel's back of their ignorance. Their

exclamations of astonishment and delight knew no bounds. Similarly you might, in Mr. Sims's balcony, imagine yourself in some picturesque and dreamy corner of ancient Spain. Sims enjoys the astonishment of his guests. He is eminently house-proud, an admirable thing in either man or woman. He loves to point out to you the usefulness of the electric light on the score of cleanliness. "Here are decorations that were painted five years ago. as fresh as when the work was first done, gas would have blackened them out as if the Russian censor had been at work on them." All through his house there is an uniformly clean atmosphere, a difficult thing to maintain in London, but absolutely necessary to health. He has two work-rooms adjoining each other, in one of which his secretary and shorthand clerks are at work. His correspondence is extensive. People write to him about all kinds of things: begging letters, applications for work, offers of children to adopt, requests for subscriptions to some fund or other which he has projected or is helping, inquiries from actors and actresses who want engagements and mysterious missives from faddists and lunatics. I called upon him on Good Friday. He had just come in from the park. "There was a poor, half-starved looking child watching people feed the ducks," he said; "I get on with poor folk I think because I always pretend to chaff them a little. No great opportunity to do much in that way with this tattered little one; she was the stepmother the doorstep-mother, to half-a-dozen other tatterdemalions. She said nobody had fed her little brothers that day; they were not as well off as the ducks. 'What's your father?' I asked, addressing the little stepmother. 'He's got the rheumatics.' 'Where is he?' bed, and mother's ill,' 'But what is your father when he's at work, a Gladstonian?' 'I don't know,' she replied. And now I am going to tell you something you'll hardly believe" (said Sims as he offered me a cigar), 'but I assure you it is literally true. 'What paper does your father take?' 'Oh, anything,' she said. 'the Sun in general, and I reads to 'im.' What part of the paper does he like best?' 'He allers arsks me to read 'im polerticks and serciety." Sims imitates the cockney dialect perfectly, and gave the little scene between him and the girl



MR. H. J. PALMER

by the duck pond with dramatic effect, deducing from it several morals which it is not necessary to discuss here: the various influences of the School Board, for example, that belongs to controversy and not to these Papers on Pens and Pencils of the Press.

Unlike the methodical author who gets up at a certain fixed hour every morning, and writes so many thousand words by a given time, Mr. Sims makes his hours suit his work and his methods depend upon his moods. He manages to get through a great quantity of work, without counting it up into words and pages. He begins his day early, reads and answers his letters before breakfast, afterwards writes until he is tired, or knocks off when he feels like it, and often begins again at night. He is well known to the police, is familiar with lunatic asylums, collects curious

relics of criminal history, has received many strange letters from madmen and murderers, but has no morbid tendencies. He is as manly in his talk as in his appearance, as cheery as his brightest column of Referes gossip, as patriotic as his most stirring ballad, and yet he has a box which he calls his "Chamber of Horrors," calculated to act seriously upon the nerves of the average man. It contains relics of well-known crimes and portraits of notorious offenders, photographs taken for police and medical purposes, letters written by assassins, and pictorial notes of gruesome incidents and trials that have belonged to some of the world's " nine days' wonders."

#### MR. H. J. PALMER.

FROM George R. Sims to Henry J. Palmer is a long stride in journalism and

in distance. It takes us from London to Leeds, from the Referee to the Yorkshire Post, from the typical Londoner to the typical countryman. Leeds at one time was celebrated for a great daily paper that tabooed the subjects which were the raison d'être of the Referes. The Leeds Mercury ignored the turf, and would have little or nothing to do with the theatre. It was at the same time a powerful The name of Baines, Liberal journal. too, was a local strength. Nevertheless, the absence of racing news and the latest betting, together with an equally notable hiatus in regard to the actor's art, left for a rival journalism an opportunity that was in due course taken hold of by the Yorkshire Post, a Conservative paper that did not overlook, wilfully or carelessly, anything in which the public was interested. It is by no means to be counted against the Mercury's enterprise that it could not reconcile with the duties and responsibilities of journalism the dissemination of intelligence which the proprietors considered to be immoral in its tendency; indeed, the Mercury's self-denial in the refusal of betting advertisements, and loss of revenue from a sporting circulation, is an example of devotion to journalistic principle that does honour to the name of Baines, and gives the Mercury a somewhat remarkable position in the history of the Press. It is, of course, possible that the policy may have been a good one even financially; it certainly lifted the Mercury high in the estimation of the serious-minded people of the North, and in every other department than those of sports and the stage, it was always well manned and spoke with fearlessness and authority. How far a great paper can profess to be a mirror of the times, while leaving out two great features of English life, is a matter I don't propose to enter The Mercury, in its strict interpretation of duty, and with other principles that were grafted into a more or less Puritanical policy—and I use the word Puritanical in its best sense—left a broad field open for a Conservative rival that should be backed with money and courage and a policy equally well defined and rigidly followed; and such was the Yorkshire Post, that in 1866 flew its flag in face of the familiar colours of the Baineses, with a record dating back to 1816. The Post made steady headway in public favour, and to-day—with its evening issue

and its great weekly supplementing its daily publication—it is one of the most in. fluential journals in the country. Conducted with enterprise, intelligence and vigour, the Yorkshire people look to it for all the news of the day, and the best of its kind, whether it be political, sporting, theatrical or general. For some years the paper has been under the editorial control of Mr. H. J. Palmer, who is among the youngest editors of our great dailies. He has shown a singular aptitude for his work, is a judicious editor and a writer of varied resource, with an admirable and felicitous literary style. He had for his immediate predecessor Mr. Charles Pebody, whose death was a loss to the local press and to literary journalism. Having watched the career of Mr. Palmer, while that gentleman was associated with the Sheffield Daily Telegraph, Pebody, on his death-bed, named him as one to whom the directors of the *Post* might entrust their property and their political policy, and the choice of the assistant editor of the Sheffield Telegraph has in every way confirmed the judgment of his able predecessor.

Mr. Palmer's story is soon told. in Gloucester, he spent his early manhood as a clerk in the offices of the Midland Railway. Resolved all the time to become a journalist, he reac and studied to this end. and obtained an appointment on the local His work coming under the notice of Sir William Leng, of the Sheffield Daily Telegraph, he obtained a position in 1878 on the sub-editorial staff of that wellknown journal; was speedily advanced to the chief sub-editorship, and from that to assistant editor. Almost from his first association with the paper he had contributed to the leading columns. He imbibed the militant spirit of the paper, and became his chief's best fighting lieutenant. On the eve of a General Election it was a common habit of speakers to ask what the party represented by the Telegraph had done for the working classes. Palmer set himself the task of answering this question in a series of articles which were afterwards published in the form of a broad-sheet entitled, "Some Great Tory Reforms." It became the manifesto of the Tory party; was printed in hundreds of thousands; supplied the text of many speeches and articles; and was accredited with winning many seats for the party. From the Telegraph, Mr. Palmer, with the reluctant consent of Sir William Leng,

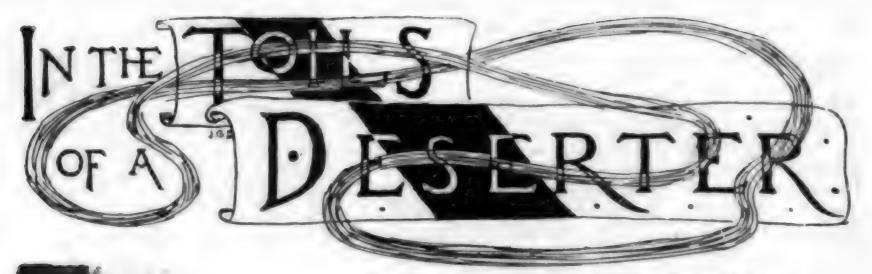
went in 1886 to the Birmingham Gazette as He held this position editor-in-chief. with credit to himself and advantage to the Conservative organ of the Midland city until 1890. At this time he accepted the offer of the editorial direction of the Yorkshire Post, and left Birmingham with many kindly manifestations of good-will and "God speed" from the Press Club, the Conservative Association, the Gazette staff, and from a number of private citizens.

During the past three years Mr. Palmer, through the medium of the Post, has raised £8,000 for charitable objects, £3,500 for the Lifeboat service and £4,500 for the relief of special cases of The Lifeboat money poured into the office in three weeks in response to a letter which Palmer wrote during a

holiday at Lytham.

Apropos of a previous sketch of Sir William Leng, it is interesting to find that the Sheffield editor is Mr. Palmer's favourite iournalistic hero, and it must be admitted

that his worship is worthily directed. Palmer never tires of recounting his experience of Leng at work and play. "Genial company," he said to me the other day, "would always draw out Sir William's expansive social qualities, and arouse his hearty laughter. At an unpretentious office dinner, with al! his staff and hands around him, he was seen to advan-Here his wit and gaiety would bubble up and keep the table in a ripple of merriment. In the summer of 1878 there was such a dinner at Cromford. As the youngest member of the staff, I had to respond to the toast of 'The Ladies,' and in my anxiety to make a point, I ventured to utter a mock protest against the subversal of the usage of gallantry which was betrayed in the placing of the toast at the bottom of the list. 'Ah,' said the chairman, drily, rising a few minutes later; 'our young friend will not be much older before he finds that 'The Ladies' are at the bottom of everything."



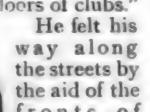
#### TALES OF THE SERVICE.

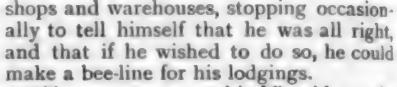
By WALTER WOOD.

STEPHEN GOR-DON emerged from the stuffy atmosphere of his club, feeling that

if he walked slowly home in the keen night air, it would be all the better for him. When he got outside the building, he looked up at the lamp over the entrance. It was a very handsome lamp, with a row of bull's-eyes around it. The bright rays from the thick glass dazzled him, and he blinked painfully as he turned away and began his journey.

"I wonder," said Mr. Stephen Gordon, pausing for a moment, "why they build lighthouses in front of the doors of clubs."





"'Ansom, your worship?" said a cabman who was hidden in a dark doorway.

"No, you insolent scoundrel," replied Mr. Gordon, very deliberately and very severely.

"Then mind the lamp-posts, an' take care o' yer legs; yer seem to 'ave about a dozen," said the cabman. "An' mind that di'mond stud in yer shirt-front. It looks like a 'lectric lamp, w'ich don't speak well for its genuineness. Far better let me drive you 'ome."

"Fellow," said Gordon gravely, "you're

drunk." "I dare say, as far as you can see, the world itselfs drunk," said the cabman, coming from his hiding-place. then, move on, or, by George, I'll set the

bobbies after you."

Mr. Gordon pursued his journey, still slowly, for time was no object to him; and ultimately he sat upon the deep step of a warehouse, so that he might collect his thoughts. Instead of doing that, he fell asleep.

When he awoke he was oppressed with the idea that something was wrong. rose and carefully felt his way to the nearest lamp, leaned against it, and looked upon his figure. A glance nearly sobered him. He was wearing the uniform of a private of the Northton Regiment.

A friend at the little dinner at the club, whose only drink had been a split soda, had, while in a thoughtful mood, endeavoured to prove to Mr. Gordon that so far from things being what they seemed, they might be anything.



"I challenge you to prove to me," said the friend, who had partly read an elementary work on psychology, "that you exist, or that you are what you seem to be. I see before me a person in evening dress, but I don't really know that what I see isn't a mere freak of the imagination." This was half-way through the dinner, and Gordon then possessed all his faculties.

"Chaplin," he said, "put that miserable poison on one side, and try a glass of honest fizz. You lack imagination. As for me, I sort of feel that I exist; but I'm not competent to give an opinion on the matter. I think I can, however, tell what

noils are and what shoddy is."

The friend sipped his soda, and pursued

his reflections in silence.

"Chaplin told me," said Gordon, looking at the regimentals in which he found himself clothed, "that I couldn't prove that I was myself. Chaplin was right. I wonder if, for twenty years—not reckoning five years of infancy, when I couldn't be expected to think at all—I've been under a delusion when I believed that I was Stephen Gordon, now a wool, noil and shoddy merchant, of Walton, and if, after all, I'm only a private in one of Her Majesty's regiments of foot? heavens!" he groaned, "my brain must he softening. Surely it's some hideous freak of the imagination—some horrid nightmare following on the queer dishes that Shackleton provided at the club. No, I'm Stephen Gordon, in evening dress, and not a soldier in a shoddy kersey and a glengarry with only one ribbon. Pooh! I must be further gone than I thought I was; this is ridiculous. A soda and a cold bath when I get back to lodgings, and I shall be as fresh as a lark at sunrise. And yet I talk sanely, and don't reel in my paces. What's that? My watch and chain, and my diamond stud. as sure as I'm alive! They've fallen out of the sleeve."

He picked up his gold watch and chain, and the brilliant jewel which the cabman had disrespectfully likened to an electric lamp. He put the articles into one of the pockets of the kersey, and passed a trembling hand across his brow. "This is too hideous," he murmured. "I cannot trust my own senses. I will ask the first person I meet who and what I am. Ah, here comes a constable—the very man I want."

"Hullo," said a tall policeman gruffly,

coming to a sudden stand before the figure.
'Isn't it time you were inside barricks?"

"Then it's true," thought Gordon, with a terrible sinking of his spirits. "I'm a Tommy, and they'll haul me into barracks willy nilly. The exposure and the shame of it!"

"Come," said the constable, "move on. Drunk, are you? You're the fifth drunken soldier I've seen since I came on duty. You're the lowest and drunkenist ridgiment that ever came to Walton. They don't call you the 'Dirty Drunks' for nothing. Come, get into barricks."

"My good man," said Gordon, with a dignity that astonished the policeman,

" I'm not drunk."

"Then you're worse," said the constable; "you're a soft 'un."

"A what?" demanded Gordon.

The policeman tapped his forehead

significantly.

"I'm not that either," said Gordon; "and what's more, my good fellow, I'm not a soldier."

"No," observed the policeman, with magnificent irony, "of course you're not a soldier. I see what you're after. You're one o' them broken-winded swells that get into the ranks because they haven't the brains or coin to become officers. It's such as you who've given us the most trouble. Now then, set off for barricks; an' as I'm passin' the gates I'll see you safe inside 'em. I should be sorry to see you come to 'arm. Do you know that it you're out beyond the time you should be in that I could take you up as a deserter, an' get rewarded for it? What would your swell parents an' sisters an' maiden aunts think of you then?"

"Constable," said the unhappy diner earnestly, "I assure you, on my honour, that I'm not a private of the Northton

Regiment."

"I'm not surprised to hear you say that," observed the policeman sarcastically. "I met one o' your sort the other mornin' at two o'clock, an' he swore the same thing, only he said he was a general."

"I'm simply a merchant in this town—a wool, noil and shoddy merchant,"

pleaded Gordon.

"How beautifully you believe yourself," said the constable pleasantly. "You've as much faith in yourself as a 'eathen's got in a idol. Why don't you sign the pledge, an' try a spell o' temp'rance? It

ud pay you, mark my words. But come, I can't stand 'ere all night, an' you can't; we must both move on, an' so we'll go barrickwards."

"There is some frightful mistake here," said Gordon; "I assure you there is. I'm not a private. Do I speak like one?"

"Not exactly," the constable admitted; "but what's far more to the point, you look like one. Why, you aren't even a lance-corporal."

"I'm simply an inhabitant of Walton," pleaded Gordon, "and a captain in the Northton Rifles—Captain Ste-

phen Gordon,"

"Haw, haw," laughed the constable. "Why don't you add V.C., K.C.B., an' a few more letters, then you'd sound all the more genuine? Well, you are a rum un. If you're as funny when you're sober, you must be the comic man o' the ridgiment. Now then, are you goin'? not, here's the piquet, an' they'll be a jolly sight less gentle wi' you than I've been."

"The what?" asked Gordon

in horror.

"The piquet," said the police-"Don't you 'ear 'em trampin' up the road? I 'xpect they've got one or two in your condition with 'em."

"Officer, for heaven's sake help me to get away from them. If I'm exposed in this affair I'm a ruined man—the laughing-

stock of Walton."

"This is a mighty queer business," said the puzzled constable. "I don't quite know what to make of you."

"I must go," exclaimed Gordon; "they must not even see

me."

"Ah, but," said the policeman, laying a strong hand on his companion's shoulder, "you can't go without me. I must either see you safe into the barrick gates or with the piquet."

"Constable," said the prisoner wildly, "let me go, and see me safely into my lodgings - 20, Summer Gardens - and

there's this for you."

In his extremity Gordon pulled from the pocket his gold chronometer and thrust it into the policeman's hands.

" By George!" exclaimed the amazed

constable. "Tommies don't as a rule carry things like this loose in their pockets," At the same time, his great hand rested more firmly on his captive's shoulder.

"Let me go, I implore you," gasped

Gordon.

"The piquet's here," said the policeman quietly, "an' if you don't go wi' them, you go down to the Town 'All wi' me."

The tramp of the piquet sounded nearer, and the great-coated men came up. The



"NOW, THEN, BOBBY, WHO'S THIS?"

provost-sergeant saw the scarlet and the blue under the lamp, and when he came abreast of the constable and Gordon he halted his men

"Now then, bobby, who's this?" asked

the sergeant briskly.

"Says 'e isn't a Tommy, and isn't one o' your lot," answered the policeman.

"He's wearing our uniform, though,"

said the sergeant.

! "Some scoundrel has robbed me of my own garments, and put these in their place," explained Gordon.

The piquet laughed aloud, and the sergeant smiled grimly.

"And what the deuce were you doing

to let him?" asked the sergeant.

"To be perfectly candid, I'd been dining at the Union Club," replied Gordon; "and while resting on that step on my way home, I must have fallen asleep for a few minutes."

The piquet laughed again.

"A nice, likely, innocent story, isn't it?"

said the constable.

The sergeant rubbed his chin thoughtfully. As he did so, Gordon noticed the letters "M.P." on the sleeve of his greatcoat. All his doubts returned. "M.P., M.P.," he muttered dreamily. "Surely I've seen those letters before. What do they stand for? Ah, Member of Parliament! What a dreadful thing it is for one to forget one's self so much. My honourable friend," he was beginning, aloud.

The sergeant took his hand from his chin, and exchanged a mystified glance with the constable. "Military police," he growled, "have no time to fool about

honourable friendships."

"Always police," murmured Gordon.

"Do privates of the Northton Regiment carry swell gold watches like this?" asked the constable, showing the timepiece.

The piquet, who did not carry watches

of any sort, laughed again.

"They don't as a rule," answered the sergeant. "Had he that upon him?"

"Yes, 'n wanted me to take it as a little present, just for gettin' im out o' the way

o' the piquet."

"It's a jolly rum business," said the sergeant, rubbing his chin again. "Shut up, and laugh when I teli you," he added to the piquet.

"Possibly," said the policeman pleasantly; "possibly, if I could only feel in that pocket, I might find something else

of value."

He put his hand into the pocket, and

drew forth the diamond stud.

"When the fellow took my clothes," explained Gordon hurriedly, "he left my watch, my chain and my diamond stud—

I had no money."

The sergeant withdrew his hand from his chin, and looked first at the constable and then at Gordon. "What I should say is," he remarked, "that your friend first got them and then got the clothes by

bribing some riff-raff in the battalion to sell his uniform and then do a slope. It isn't a case for me."

"No," said the policeman, putting the articles into his pocket; "it seems to be more in my line. I shall want you as a witness."

"Well, you know where to find me," answered the sergeant. "Piquet! 'Shun. Quick—march."

The piquet tramped onward to bar-

racks.

"Now then," said the constable; come on."

"Where?" asked the dazed diner.

"Town 'All," said the policeman curtly.
"Why?" demanded Gordon, standing

erect and with flashing eyes.

"On suspicion o' stealin' a gold watch, a gold guard an' a di'mond shirt-stud," replied the constable with a stern air. "Come, is it to be quietly, or shall I whistle for 'elp?"

"I will accompany you without a mur-

mur," said Gordon.

"It'll be a lot more comfortable, an' you'll feel respectabler," observed the policeman.

The prisoner's head swam, and more than once the constable had to put a hand upon his arm to prevent him from reeling

into the roadway.

"Chaplin was perfectly right, after all," said Gordon within himself. "He knew better than I did what he was talking about. I'm not Stephen Gordon at all, but a simple Tommy Atkins. What a delusion I've been under these many years. I wonder who and what Chaplin really is, and who and what everybody are."

"Ere we are," said the constable, throwing open one of the great doors leading to the area of the Town Hall. "You first—this way—'ere's the charge office.

Policeman and prisoner stood side by side, the one proud and alert, and the

other numb and crushed.

"What's this — drunk or deserter?" asked a quiet voice. A stout, genial man, wearing a reefer jacket and a silk hat had entered the office, and it was he who spoke.

"I charge this man — " began the

constable professionally.

"Mr. Stephen Gordon!" exclaimed the stout man, quiet no longer, but alive with astonishment.

"Superintendent Sands!" cried Gor-

don, sober now. "Thank God-at last I've found somebody who isn't somebody else."

"What, in the name of goodness, is

this?" asked the sup rintendent.

"An arrest on suspicion o' stealin' a gold watch, a gold chain an' a di'mond stud," replied the constable. "And," he added, with a happy inspiration, "the uniform of a private of the Northton Regiment."

"Fool," said Gordon scornfully; "the stud is mine, the watch and chain are mine, and as for these clothes, they belong

to the thief who is now wearing my dress

"AT LAST I'VE FOUND SOMEBODY WHO ISK'T SOMEBODY ELSE."

suit. Look at the initials on the back of the watch, Mr. Sands—you know it."

"'S. G.'" said the superintendent, examining the chronometer; "that's all right—I've seen the watch before."

"Sergeant o' the piquet said he was none o' their lot," urged the constable,

loth to let his prisoner go.

"Come into my private office," said the superintendent, leading the way into his room. "Now, Mr. Gordon, sit down. You, Bond, say what you've got to say; make it short."

"At one fifteen a.m. this morning," began P. C. Bond, without any pauses

between his words, "I was on duty in the neighb'rood o' Walton Moor Barricks w'en I observed the prisoner ——"

"Mr. Stephen Gordon, if you please," interrupted the occupant of the arm chair

with great dignity.

"Standin' under a lamp-post," continued the policeman, ignoring the correction. "'E was the worse for drink."

"How dare you?" exclaimed Gordon.

"You're not before the Bench, Bond," observed the superintendent drily. "I think I can get to know enough from Mr. Gordon for the present. You can go back to your beat; leave the articles. I know Mr.

Gordon: there's been some mistake evidently."

"But—" began the constable.

"Never mind at present, whatever the but is," said the superintendent mildly. "Go back to your beat."

P.C. Bond put the watch, the chain and the stud on the superintendent's desk, gave a glance of intense dislike at Gordon, saluted his superior, and, with many mutterings, left the building.

"You've robbed him of a good case," said Superintendent Sands,

smiling.

"I'll make it all right," answered Gordon energetically. "Only get me out of this horrible uniform; pray send one of your

men to my place for a suit. There's a sovereign for the man who brings me a change of clothing within half an hour."

"You want a quiet fellow for the job?" asked Mr. Sands, still vastly amused.

"The dumber he is the more he'll get," answered Gordon.

"I'll give them the tip in the charge office," remarked the superintendent, "and have a word with Bond later."

"My good friend," exclaimed Gordon, rising from his chair and seizing the superintendent's hand, "I shall never be able to thank you enough for this kindness."

"It isn't worth mentioning," protested Sands. "But if you think you're under an obligation to me, you can wipe it off by telling me how you came to be wearing this strange outfit."

Gordon, somewhat shamefacedly, told

his story.

The superintendent laughed. "Not to put too fine a point on it," he said, "you

were a bit screwed?"

"The champagne wasn't anything firstrate," replied Gordon, unwilling to admit his error; "and there were some very

queer dishes."

"You'll forgive your enemy, of course?" asked the superintendent, as Gordon put himself into his own garments, which had been brought by a fleet-footed constable under the influence of the promised reward.

"Forgive him?" echoed Gordon. "I shall never rest until I set eyes on the

scoundrel and get my revenge."

"You'll never see him again," observed Mr. Sands. "Do you think a man who could conceive the idea of changing clothes with you would be such a chicken

as to come across your path?"

Gordon had to admit that this was not very likely. "That may be," he said; but somehow I feel that I shall meet the fellow again. I should know him instinctively; and if I come across him, you may depend upon my making things hot for him. I shall have my revenge, but it will be an artistic one. There'll be nothing common or garden about it, you mark my words. Good morning—I see it's three o'clock—and thank you immensely for your kindness."

"Good morning," responded the superintendent. "If you ever meet your friend, mind he doesn't get the best of it."

#### II.

MR. GORDON tried hard to find a clue to the deserter, but he failed. The season for giving dinners at the club had passed, and the time came for him to pay his little yearly visit to Scarborough. He arrived at the watering-place in the evening, and drove to his old hotel. The prospect of a bright two weeks at the coast was in itself invigorating, and in order that he might the more fully enjoy it, he waited for a few moments before he ordered dinner.

Gordon sat at a table in a little alcove overlooking the sea. The window was

slightly raised, and the scent of the flowers from the garden came in to him, and he heard the lazy splash of the ebb tide on the sandy beach. He was the only visitor in the room, and a waiter, who was behind a screen near the door, thought, from his appearance, that he was one of the timid sort who might wait to give his orders until it pleased someone to take Having arranged his tie and given his waistcoat a hitch, the waiter strolled towards the table and, by way of claiming Gordon's attention, gave the cruet a flick with his napkin and hemmed. Gordon turned and glanced at the waiter. "Bring me mock turtle soup," he said.

"Yessir," said the waiter.

Gordon winked his eyes to make sure that he was awake, and the waiter, who had winked his also for the same purpose, hurried off for the soup.

"That's my dress suit," thought Gor-

don.

"That's my man," thought the waiter.
"What shall I do? If I bolt I'm done

for; if I don't I'm done for still."

The waiter paused in the corridor and bit the end of his napkin. Then he slapped his pocket, where coppers of the value of fourpence-halfpenny were lying "A man in dress togs, with four an' a 'alf in coppers, wouldn't ha' much chance outside," he mused; "so I'll keep in an' take my chance."

"Soup, sir," said the waiter, putting the plate briskly in front of Gordon. "Shall I bring you turbot an' lobster

sauce, sir?"

"Wait a minute," said Gordon.

"Yessir," answered the waiter, and instantly began to make off.

" Waiter," said Gordon.

"Yessir," said the waiter, coming back and holding his hand over his mouth and chin, as if he might be reflecting. "For," he murmured, "that'll 'ide some o' my face, at any rate."

"In the inside pocket of my light coat on the peg there—straight opposite," said Gordon, looking hard at the waiter's suit, "you'll find a cigar-case. Please bring it

to me."

"Yessir," said the waiter once more, and he walked away, keeping his back

turned to the visitor.

"That's my suit, as sure as I live," said Gordon. "I know it by the twist of the seams that old Hunter, the tailor, calls his patent. So, my man, I've got you at

last! What on earth shall I do, though? Ah! grand idea—I'll surprise him into a confession."

"There isn't a case, sir," said the waiter, still with his hand over his

mouth and chin.

"Oh, isn't there?" replied Gordon.

"Not as I can see on," answered

the waiter in turn.

Gordon looked round the room to see that no one else was present; then he straightened himself in his chair and, in his smartest and best Volunteer officer's style, snapped out "Shun!"

In the surprise of the moment the waiter dropped his napkin, jerked his legs and feet into proper form, slapped his hands one on top of the other, and stood mutely at attention.

"So." said Gordon, pushing back his chair and rising, "so you're a deserter

from the Northton Regiment?"

"I am, sir," said the waiter, slowly unstraightening himself.

"And a thief?" continued Gordon.
"I'm not, sir," said the waiter firmly.

"How do you make that out?" asked the visitor curiously. "You're wearing my dress suit."

"I am," the waiter admitted.

"And you stole that suit off my very back," continued Gordon.

"Not stole, sir," corrected the waiter, whose eyes were beginning to twinkle.

"What then?" demanded the puzzled visitor.

"Only swapped, sir," answered the waiter, actually smiling.

"Swapped?" repeated Gordon dubi-

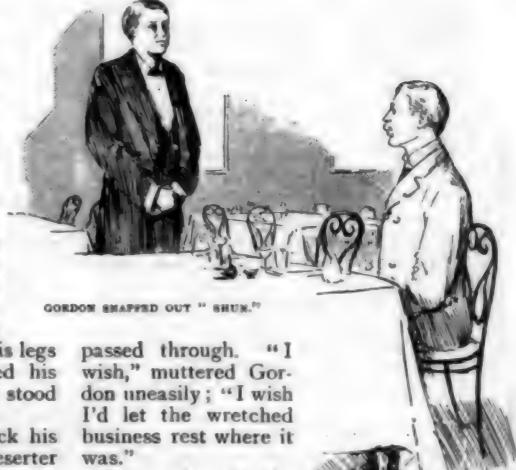
ously.

"Exchanged, sir," explained the waiter.
"Oh," said Gordon; "you call that an exchange, do you? Why the uniform wasn't yours—it belonged to Government."

"That's a fine point. I've had pay enough stopped to buy the clothing of a comp'ny nearly," said the waiter, who was

growing bold.

Gordon found himself in a difficulty. He had come across his man, but what was he to do? Give him up to the police? That was out of the question, because the whole business would then get into the papers, and he would be the laughing-stock of the country-side. Take back the dress suit? That was not to be thought of after what the garments had



It was clear that he must do something to maintain his reputa-

tion, and to show the waiter that he was an evil-doer who had brought himself

within reach of the law.

"I ought to give you up to the police," he said, looking keenly at the waiter to watch the effect of his words. He rather expected that the man would fall upon his knees and beg him to be merciful. But the man did nothing of the sort. He rubbed his chin harder than ever and smiled somewhat more broadly. "I wish you would," he said.

"Wish I would," repeated Gordon in amazement; "how can you wish that?"

"Cos it ud be a sight better than waitin'. Waitin'," continued the exsoldier, "is at a low ebb. Tips is small, an' tippers expect a lot for 'em. I'd be a deal comfortabler in gaol, w'ere everything's provided."

"I only said I ought to give you up." Gordon went on uneasily. "I didn't say

I would."

"It's your duty to call the bobbies in," said the waiter, removing his hand from his mouth and chin, and gazing boldly at his companion.

"I'm disposed to be merciful," said Gordon, feeling more and more helpless, and turning miserably in his chair. His soup was getting lukewarm, but he paid no heed to that.

"I'm not a fit object for mercy," said the waiter, flicking the cruet again with his napkin. "No, I've done wrong, an' your duty's clear. Give me up to the police an' let me suffer. I stole your dress suit -I admit it; I'm a deserter-I admit You need only appear in a that, too. Court an' tell the real truth, an' I should get three months hard at least. would be an affair for the magistrates, not a court-martial."

Tell the "real truth," and cover himself with ridicule? The thing was not to be

thought of for a moment.

"Look here," said Gordon desperately, "you may keep the suit. On consideration, I shall say nothing about it. You need not say anything, though, as to how you got it."

"No," said the waiter stubbornly. "It's very large 'earted on you; but I see how wrong I've been, an' I wish to suffer

for it.

Gordon rose from his chair and paced "I see how it angrily about the room. is," he exclaimed wrathfully. "You think I'm afraid to make a fool of myself by letting this wretched affair become public."

"You are," said the waiter coolly, flicking the cruet once more, but slowly, and in the fashion of a man who was playing

winning and agreeable game.

Gordon knew not what to say, and accordingly kept silence.

"You're aidin' an' abettin' a thief," continued the waiter.

Gordon still said

nothing.

"An' you're a party to a private soldier's desertion from his ridgiment. They're both serious crimes," added the waiter.

"Why, you scoundrel," Gordon burst out. "Would you blackmail me?"

"Not in the least," replied the waiter. "Only I think, considerin' what you want me to do, it's worth payin' for."

"Want you to do?" repeated Gordon in astonishment. "Want you to do?"

"Want me to do," said the waiter placidly. "You want me to keep silence. You don't want me to split an' damage your character as a' officer an' British merchant."

The audacity of the deserter's conduct, and the complete change in the situation dazed Gordon utterly, and he heard as one in a dream the waiter's speech.

"It wouldn't hurt me much to go to prison," proceeded the waiter. "I could survive it; but your friends wouldn't like to think you'd been got at by a common Tommy. It don't look well to think of a gent in evenin' dress, an' wearin' a di'mond stud, lyin' asleep in a ware'us doorway-intoxicated." The deserter paused a moment and looked at Gordon. "Intoxicated," he repeated, dwelling lovingly on the word. "I've 'eard of a Volunteer officer havin' to send in his papers for bein' in that condition—an' at mess, too. It's a shockin' degradation for a man of position, though it wouldn't affect me, as I've said."

"For heaven's sake be silent," broke in Gordon at last. What figure do you

name to close your

mouth?"

"Since I come 'ere," replied the waiter, "I've 'ad the appiness to win the love o' one o' the chambermaids don't care to stop in a land w'ere a reward's put on my head for any bobby that's smart enough to catch me as one o' the Northton What I men. thought it 'ud be best to do 'ud be for me to marry Sarah—that's her name—an' go to America, She's got a brother there who keeps a marine store, an' he could do with two smart folks to 'elp."

"Name the sum you want," snapped Gordon, fearful that



"I'D BE A DEAL COMFORTABLER IN GAOL."

someone would enter the room and that the secret would be made known.

"Unfortunately we've no funds except fifteen an' nine between us," said the waiter, "not havin' saved up for more than a month. But we could go to New York-steerage-for four pun each. Two fours is eight," he went on, putting his napkin under his arm and reckoning slowly upon his fingers. "Two fours is eight; then there's railway fares—say two pun more; then there's sundries, which come in heavy — say ten pun. twenty pun altogether."

"Twenty pounds!" exclaimed Gordon;

"twenty pounds—why——"

"It's only about what you'd pay as a subscription to a club, sir," interrupted the waiter.

"It's robbery - sheer robbery!" said

Gordon angrily.

" It's dirt cheap," answered the waiter. "Think what it is—it's ten pun apiece for two human bein's to cross the Atlantic an' get a' outfit, an' so on. It wouldn't even pay the single fare of a gent like you."

"Give me my coat," said Gordon with

an ill grace.

The waiter fetched the garment and helped its owner into it.



"IT'S SHEER ROBBERY," SAID GORDON.

"There's a note," proceeded Gordon. taking out his pocket-book, "for twenty pounds. Take it, and go to the devil."

"Noo York, sir," corrected the waiter

"Where you like, so long as you get far enough away," growled Gordon, who, being a Yorkshireman, hated to be bitten. "Let me have my bill, and see that my bag is sent on to the station to meet the ten-fifteen for Walton."

"Depend on me for doin' everything in proper form, sir," said the waiter encouragingly and with great amiability. "An' depend on me to keep mum about this sing'lar business. I sha'n't tell even Sarah—at any rate, not till we're on board."

"You've fleeced me," grumbled Gordon

as he paid his bill.

"I didn't speak first," replied the deserter. "It's most likely I shouldn't ha' said a word; but you were good enough to recognise me an' take a' interest in my movements." There was a shadowy smile on the speaker's face as he continued: "It might ha' bin worse for you —it might all ha' come out, an', as I've said alore, your mother an' people wouldn't ha' much cared for that. Good day, sir, good day-mind the step."

Gordon hurried to the station in antill mood, and his wrath had not abated when he called on Superintendent Sands and told

him what he had done.

The superintendent smiled. "You want to let the thing drop,

of course, don't you?"

"Let it drop?" repeated Gordon vehèmently. "Yes, let it drop. If I've anything more to do with it I shall go crazy. I hate to think about it—humbugged by a Tommy!" he concluded bitterly; "it'll be a disgrace to me as long as I live"

"Pooh!" said the superintendent; "don't look upon it like that. I think it's one of the finest

jokes I ever heard of."

"We look at these things from a different standpoint," answered Gordon, and he left the office.

#### III.

"I say, bobby," remarked the provost-sergeant early one morning as he led the piquet to barracks, "what came of that rum case you had two or three months since? You never summoned me as a witness—in fact, I never heard about it."

"Wot case do you mean?" asked Bond, who, with the help of Gordon, had opened an account with Her Majesty's Postmaster General.

"Why, that fellow you found drunk against a lamp-post," snapped the sergeaut.

"I find a many in that state," said the constable vaguely.

"Yes; but hang it," protested the sergeant, "they don't all wear soldier's uni-

form, and carry gold watches and diamond

studs about with 'em."

"Oh," said the policeman, "I've some recollection of it now. Rather a' unusual case; an' I got jolly well sat on about it. It was all right, though."

"All right! it seemed about as all wrong as anything I ever came across,"

said the sergeant.

"It was as clear as noonday sun in June," replied the constable poetically. "You an' me was a bit too clever; we——"

"Don't drag me into it," interrupted the sergeant; "it was none of my doing."



"MUMBUGGED BY A TOMMY."

"It would ha' bin, I 'xpect, if it had bin a thunderin' success," proceeded Bond maliciously; "but let that pass."

"In a word, what became of him?" demanded the sergeant. "One of our fellows bolted that night, and nothing's been heard of him since."

"In a word," answered Bond, "the man under the lamp-post belonged to the depôt of your lot, an' he was over in Walton for a day or two to see his friends before leavin' for India to join the and Battalion."

"Oh, I see," said the sergeant.

"His people are well to do, an' he was takin' a memento or two with him," pursued the policeman.

"What a bungle you made of it; you were just a shade too clever that time, weren't you?" said the sergeant, smiling pleasantly. "Piquet—'Shun!"

"Not nigh so clever as I have bin since," replied Bond, pleasantly also; "only you can't quite see it."

"No matter, bobby," said the sergeant loftily. "Quick-march," he commanded.

The piquet disappeared, and P.C. Bond leaned against the tamp-post and laughed softly.

#### Champion Dogs.

PET AND TOY DOGS.

IMINUTIVE dogs have been favourites with the fair sex from time immemorial, or, at least, since the early days of the Roman period. Chaucer tells us of his Prioress:—

"Of smale houndis had sche, that sche fedde With rosted fleissh and mylk and wasted bred;"

and many old engravings of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries represent "fayre ladies" petting or nursing their favourite dogs, which, in most cases, appear to be a cross between a small spaniel and a maltese.

Of the breed of pet dogs in earlier days we have no authentic record; but that the Roman ladies had their pampered darlings we have the authority of the Emperor, who asked, in scorn: "Have these women no children, that they nurse such

things?"

How much farther back in the world's history small dogs were caressed and fondled by fair humanity the writer is unable to say; but enough has been said to show that the attention bestowed by women on these little mites of the canine race is a custom of somewhat ancient origin, even if we can trace it no earlier than to the days when Rome held the proud position of mistress of the world.

It is hardly necessary to say that, as in other things feminine, the fickle goddess of fashion dominates the breed of the pet of the day. Maybe, yesterday it was the King Charles, with his silken curls and soft brown eyes; to-day the misshapen, bandy-legged Dachshund; and yet tomorrow, perchance, the miniature Blackand-Tan Terrier, or the hairless Italian Greyhound, who holds the coign of vantage in his mistress's lap against all others, and revels in all the delicacies of the season, to the detriment of his health and longevity. Lovers of those charming little pets, the Toy Spaniels, should have a soft spot in their hearts for the "Merry Monarch," King Charles, under whose fostering care and attention these diminutive

dogs achieved the proud position of court favourites, and since when they have been known as the King Charles Spaniel.

"My spaniel, prettiest of his race, And high in pedigree."—COWPER.

That great painter, Vandyck, has immortalised the King Charles of his day with a liver-and-white coat, and no doubt liver, as well as red and black, with white were to be seen, and were correct; but the accepted and established colour of the breed now is a glossy jet black, with rich tan markings. This is the only marking that would win on the show bench, but the older colours occasionally are still to be seen, and the black, white and tan and self-coloured dogs have many admirers, and now in large shows obtain recognised classes to themselves, under the style of Prince Charles and Ruby SPANIELS.

In shape, points and general characteristics, exclusive of markings of colour, these three breeds are practically identical, so that the one description will serve for

the others.

Speaking generally, the weight of these dogs should not much exceed ten pounds for a full-grown dog, and if of good symmetry and in good condition, a pound or so less is all the better. The thick coat adds much to the apparent size of the body of the dog, which should, however, be fairly full in form, broad in the back, with good wide chest, and upheld by stout legs.

The head is, perhaps, the chief distinction of these breeds. It should be globular, or domed, over the forehead, with a deep indentation, or "stop," between the eyes; similar in character to the Bulldog, and the nose, black in colour, appears turned up to meet the overhanging fore-

head.

The under jaw turns up to meet the upper jaw, and should be fairly wide. The eyes should be large, full and soft-looking, of a dark brown black with a large black pupil. They are set widely apart, looking full to the front, and, owing

to their large size, show usually some sign

of weeping on the inner sides.

The ears should be set low on the head, and measure twenty inches from tip to tip. They should hang close to the side

of the head, and be heavily

feathered.

The coat is full and long and beautifully soft and silky when in good condition, and should wave, not curl. In addition to the ears, the feet and back of the legs are also feathered, as the abundance of long, wavy hair is termed,

the heavier and more pro- MR. A. YATES'S KING CHARLES, "MINERVA." Palace for the best in her fuse the more valuable the

The tail is cut to about four points. inches long, and is feathered with long,

silky hair.

As before remarked, the difference between the King Charles and the Prince Charles lies in the colour and markings of the coat, which in the former, should be a jet, glossy black, with dark rich tan markings on the face, chest, feet and part of the legs and the under side of the tail, with a tan spot over each eye.

The Prince Charles has the ground of the coat snowy white, with large patches of brilliant black evenly distributed over the body, the head and ears black with tan markings; the tan should also shade the legs and tail, and there is the tan spot over each eye, as in the King Charles.

Our illustration of the King Charles gives Mr. Alfred Yates's Champion, "Minerva," perhaps the best of this breed ever exhibited. She has a remarkably short face and beautiful ears and coat, and has won over thirty first



MAS. ENIGHT'S RUBY SPANIEL, "TURRET QUEEM."

and special prizes at the leading shows.

In Mrs. Knight's "Turret Queen" we have a champion RUBY SPANIEL of the highest class. The points of this breed are identical with the Prince Charles, save that the coat is self-coloured of a beautifully rich chestnut red. "Turret Queen" bids fair to improve, as she was only eighteen months old when she captured the Championship and two Firsts at the class.

The Blenheim Spiniel, so long associated with the family of the great Duke of Marlborough, is a very different dog to-day. He (the dog) is described as of the small spaniel breed, and much sought after by sportsmen for flushing feathered game and driving rabbits; whereas the



MRS. JENKINS'S BLENHEIM SPANIEL, "GOLDAN TINEY."

Blenheim, as we know it, would probably expire of fright if a "rocketer" rose up suddenly before it, and it could no more tackle a rabbit than fly. All this is owing to the breeding for fancy points, as the original Bleuheim was a handsome and sprightly dog well able to bear a day's

outing amongst the stubble. In general form and fancy points the Blenheim of our day is identical with the King Charles, except that the ears are barely as long; but the colour and markings of the coat are different, and are as follows: The body of the coat should be bright, pearly white, with rich bright red patches evenly dispersed over the whole body. The ears and cheeks should also be red, and a white blaze should extend from the nose up the forehead, ending in the form of a crescent between the ears. In the centre of this white on the forehead there is a spot of red which is known as



MR. T. T. CRAVEN'S PUG, " MAYOR OF LEEDS."

the Blenheim spot. Mrs. Jenkins's lovely little pet, "Golden Tiney," is a perfect picture, and has this spot to perfection. Tiney weighs nine pounds, has magnificent ears and a grand head, and has won many first prizes, besides several cups and specials at the Palace, Agricultural Hall and elsewhere.

The Pug is a very old favourite with ladies. It is said to have been brought to this country first by William III., with whom it was a great pet. In shape, the Pug is plump, or "cobby." compact, and standing firmly on his stout legs. The head is short, with the forehead domed; the nose short, but not retroussé. The eyes are large and prominent, and dark in colour, and with a soft expression. colour they vary from a light yellow fawn to stone or light greyish drab The feature of the markings in the Pug is the mask on the face, which should be a dense black, and should run in a straight line across the forehead, and cover the eyes. The skin on the head and neck should wrinkle, giving a kind of frowning appearance to the face. A dark narrow line runs along the back to the tip of the tail: this is termed the trace, and the blacker it is, the better. The coat should be soft, smooth and fine; and the tail should curl tightly and closely over the hip, good specimens having a double curl in the tail. In weight they run from twelve to seventeen or eighteen pounds. One of the finest Pugs seen for many a day is Mr. T. T. Craven's "Mayor of Leeds," who, in the short space of twenty seven months, has won one hundred and forty-six cups, prizes and medals, and now stands Champion of Great Britain. Mr. Craven has refused £150 for his little favourite, declining to part with "his worship" for filthy lucre.

The Poodle is originally supposed to have been "made in Germany," but is now thoroughly established with us. He is, perhaps, the aptest dog for the trick master, being highly intelligent and of a happy disposition. On the Continent the Poodle is largely used with the gun, especially in waterfowl shooting, and his sense of smell is said to be remarkably keen. Here, in England, we usually find him masquerading as the buffoon of the canine race, his coat clipped into fantastic shapes, and his topknot of hair tied up with a piece of coloured ribbon.

In colour he is usually black, but at times we find a white or red-coated dog. They vary in size a good deal, running from under twenty pounds to upwards of sixty pounds. The coat is usually corded, hanging in long thick curls or twists of rope; others are curly-haired, the coat



MISS HAMILTON'S POMERANIAN, "ROB OF ROZELLE."

being a mass of thick, close curls. The head is large, with small, bright, intelligent, dark eyes.

One of the handsomest of our pet dogs is the Pomeranian He is a bright, active little chap, always on the go, and capable of being taught many amusing tricks. In colour, the coat is usually pure black or pure white, although other self-colours are sometimes met with. The smaller-sized dogs weigh only ten pounds or under, while the larger variety turn the scale at upwards of twenty-five pounds. The texture of the coat should be thick and long but free from any trace of curl or frizz, with a heavy ruff or mane round the neck. The nose should be sharply pointed, the ears

small and erect, and the face loxy in expression. The tail must curl tightly over the back and be abundantly feathered. the hair hanging fan-like over the hips. Miss Hamilton's "Rob of Rozelle" is a medium sized pure white Pomeraman, very affectionate, and a great favourite in

the house. He has taken over sixty cups, first and special prizes, and is a champion of the first water.

The miniature Toy Pomeranians are represented in our illustrations by Mrs. Thomas's "Black Boy" and "Schatyl," two lovely little jet-black dogs, that have won chief prizes at most of our best shows; they are perfect replicas of the larger breed and make splendid pets.

One of the pigmies, if not the smallest of the doggie family, is the BLACK-AND-TAN TOY TERRIER. Some of these are



MR. R. SIMMONDS'S TOY TERRIER (SMOOTH), "NEPTUNE."

almost ridiculously small, weighing but from twenty to thirty ounces; but, like the dwarfs of the human race, such abnormal freaks suffer in their proportions, the head being a size or so too big for the body, while their rickety legs scarcely serve to carry the animal as nature intended. But given a pound or two more in weight, we have a sharp, perky little pet, "the darling" of the ladies. The points of the Toy Black-and-Tan are the same as his bigger brother, described earlier in this article, the only difference being the weight, which should



MRS. C. J. THOMAS'S BLACK TOY POMERANIANS, "SCHATYL"
AND "BI ACK BOY."

not exceed five pounds.

It is almost needless to say that the diminutive Black-and-Tans are so exceedingly delicate in constitution. from the in and in breeding of the race, that extra care should be taken to keep them warm; and in cold weather a

coat is a necessity to them, as well as their masters or mistresses. Our sketch of Mrs. Simmonds's "Neptune" shows one of these charming little pets; he weighs six and a half pounds, and is very intelligent and bright, in strong contrast to some of these mites, which are often intellectually deficient. Neptune, among other victories, has won first prize at the Palace four years in succession.

Another fragile and delicate breed is the Italian Greyhound, imported, as the name suggests, from Italy, where, in that sunny land, he attains comparatively gigantic proportions. Miss Mackenzie's "Como" gives us a good idea of the form of this pretty dog. Como is a perfectly bred little lady, with the bluest of blue blood, and a prize-winner of much merit. In shape and figure, this toy should resemble the English Greyhound, differing only in weight, which ought not to exceed seven pounds at the maximum, and, for show purposes, this would be too heavy by a pound or two. The colours usually preferred are self-coloured, dove colour, red, blue, gold, fawn and cream.



MISS MACKENZIE'S ITALIAN GREYHOUND, "COMO."

The great and usual fault of this breed is a round or apple-shaped head: this is a fatal defect. The head should be flat at the skull and of good length, tapering gracefully to the nose, and as like as possible to his big cousin, the English

Greyhound.

Whether the original of our MALTESE TERRIERS came from the island of that name is a point of doubt with most of the writers who have gone into the question. Life is too short for the layman to delve into these depths, and we must perforce leave this knotty point to be settled by others more learned in canine literature. The chief thing is, that the so-called Maltese is now established as a breed, and so we will discuss his points. The general consensus of the learned in such matters is that the favourite pet with the great ladies of ancient Rome and Greece was our little friend the Maltese. appearance of this charming little dog is very similar to an animated pillow of fleecy white floss silk, that is when his coat is in good order and condition, and no dog sooner shows the want of attention. The hair should be very long over the whole body and head, and is usually parted down the back and the centre of the head, allowing the hair to fall evenly over both sides. The head is so covered that but little of the shape is apparent, but the beady black eyes peer out from the dense covering of bair with comical effect.

There are two other miniature dogs occasionally seen, which come from the far East, viz., the Chinese and Japanese dogs. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales at one time owned a fine specimen of the Chinese, or Chow Chow, as they are sometimes called. In shape they somewhat resemble the Pomeranian, but their chief peculiarity is, that the tongues of this breed are black, instead of the regulation red.

The pet from the land of Chrysanthemums is a lively little chap, affectionate and quick at learning various tricks. His general contour is between a Spaniel and our English Pug. Puggy in shape of body and head, but his coat is a mass of long, profuse straight hair. We are sorry we have not been able to obtain photos of any of these latter mentioned breeds In concluding this paper, let us earnestly advise all lovers of dogs, and may we venture to give our advice more especially to our fair readers, to see that their pets have at all times a sufficiency of exercise to keep them in good health, and a minimum of sweetmeats and similar delicacies. which shorten the lives of more pet dogs than most of their natural ailments put together. Plenty of fresh water and Spratt's hiscuits, with a sufficiency of exercise, will keep our pets, whether big or little, in robust health, and enable them to reach a good old age, and be a pleasure to their master or mistress all their days, which no overfed, unhealthy dog ever can.

## Fred's Annie.

### By JOHN STRANGE WINTER,

Author of "Bootles' Baby," "The Soul of the Bishop," "A Seventh Child," "A Broken Past," "Red Coats," etc.

CHAPTER I.

LTHOUGH she was nearly thirty years old, she knew nothing of the thoughts, feelings, desires and ambitions of the modern What is nowadays derisively called "the new woman" was as a sealed book to her, this Annie of whom I am going to tell. She had hopes and fears, ambitions and desires, it is true, but they were very humble, very feminine – I mean to say of the sort which has been for generations, nay, for centuries, regarded as feminine. Her hopes were that, in time, Fred would get a rise, and that they would then be able to marry and have a home of their own; her fears ran on the same string, and were practically no more than the reverse of her hopes. Her chiefest ambition was to wear a wedding-ring and to be called "Mrs. Fred" by the family, and her whole and sole desire in life was to make a good wife to Fred, to think of him morning, noon and night, to make his way more easy, his career less difficult, in short, to be his willing slave and helpmeet, to live and have her being in and through him—to be first and last, Fred's Annie.

Independence and the suffrage would have had no charm for this exceedingly out-of-date young woman; independence would have implied to her an existence in at least some measure apart from Fred, while as to the suffrage, she had always held that women should hold the same political views as their men-folk; and as nobody took the trouble to convert her from this particular form of heresy, she remained in her heathen darkness, and never knew how dark it was. If anybody had told her of the modern ways and the new woman—if anybody had explained the new woman to her—had told her that

one set of wives thinks it a degradation to use their husband's name, that another objects to be called Mrs. John Smith and insists on being addressed as Mrs. Eva Smith or Mrs. Anastasia Higgins, I am sure that Fred's Annie would not really have believed that such things could be. To her, poor little soul, to be called Mrs. Fred Stanton was a title of honour, higher than which she had neither expectation nor wish should ever fall to her lot.

To go back a little, Annie Moore was one of several daughters. Her father was something in the City—not that kind of something which runs to mansions in the West End, to men servants and maid servants, to carriages and horses galore, oh, dear no; in this case it meant a torty-pound house down Fulham way, a servant who is technically described as a "general," a nondescript meal in the evening which is known as "high tea," and a rigid regard as to the expenditure of every

penny.

The mother had been more or less of an invalid for years, and Annie had never gone out into the world, as each of the other sisters had done as soon as she left You see, Annie was the eldest, school. the stay-by of the sickly wife, the deputymother of the younger ones and the vicechairman of the domestic board. Younger than Annie was Susie, who was a clever girl, and who went straight on from her school-work into teaching, and, at the time of which I write, was already second mistress of a Board school. A year younger was Florence, commonly known as Florrie; and Florrie had, to use her own words, gone into business. She went away from home at nine in the morning, returning at night in time for tea, and had been known to greatly benefit her friends in the way of bargains in the drapery and millinery lines. After Florrie there came a boy, David, who was just twenty and a clerk in a bank. Then there was a gap of two years, when another boy, Harry, came in turn, and Harry was destined to follow his father's footsteps, and become, like him, a mysterious something in the City. Several years below Harry, was a little girl, by name Violet, who was still at school, and who had no characteristics; and, if she had had them, they would in no wise have affected the interests of this story.

So, you see, being the eldest of such a family as this, and having an invalid mother, it was no wonder that Annie had not attempted, in any way, to carve out a path for herself in life. Annie had always had more than enough to do, always. And, moreover, ever since she was nineteen,

there had been Fred.

When Annie was nineteen, she and Fred had become engaged to be married. To themselves and to their relatives on both sides such an engagement had seemed a perfectly natural and suitable thing. True, Fred was only a year older than Annie, but he was doing well for his age, and, as he lived at home and was a steady, quiet young fellow, his parents were, on the whole, rather pleased than otherwise to have him settled so early. Therefore, they not only received Annie, but they also expressed their approval in many ways; and thus, you see, it was soon looked upon as quite a settled thing that she should remain at home to help her mother, and, her future being assured, not trouble to look out for any kind of moneymaking occupation. Her own father and mother had been engaged for five or six years before they had been able to marry; and now, looking back from the standpoint of ill-health and the cares of business and the strain of bringing up a large family, they both regarded the time of courting as one of unalloyed happiness, and saw no reason whatever to object to the marriage on the score of the young couple having to wait until the question of ways and means was pleased to arrange itself in complaisant lines.

And Fred himself was an admirable sweetheart. He spent every moment that he had to call his own in the company of his Annie. He never seemed in any way to grow tired of her; her interests were his interests, her joys his joys, her sorrows his sorrows. He never forgot any of the little domestic festivities, and they passed

bank holidays together, went to the theatre together when time and chance afforded—in short, although they were not married, their lives became bonded together, and Annie was quite justified in gradually learning to have no ideas, hopes, wishes or desires outside the personality of Fred Stanton.

So four pleasant years went by. Fred's Annie was then only three and-twenty, only the same age as her sister Florrie had come to be at the time this story took place, and Florrie had never had a single serious love affair in all her life. Fred was still quite a young man, full young to be married, for one who had his own way to make in the world. They had then come within measurable distance of the consummation of their happiness when something dreadful happened—Fred's people went to smash!

Not his father and mother—that would not have been altogether so disastrous, No, I mean the great firm in whose counting-house he held a responsible post; a firm which he had always believed to be as safe as the Bank of England, and in which he had been sure of continuing to find advancement for many years to come, until, indeed, no further advancement could be had save that of a partnership, to which he was not sufficiently sanguin: ever to aspire. Well, that was all over now; the old head of the house had sunk down overwhelmed with the shame of failure, and died broken-hearted within three months of the bankruptcy being declared; the entire business had gone to pieces, and there was no one with either money or brains left who could even try to patch them together again. And there remained nothing for the many employes of the once great house to do but to go out into the world and seek for bread and cheese elsewhere.

For the honour of the Stanton family, it must be told that, when Fred took the news home, his mother said to him that, with regard to Annie, he had only one course open to him. He must go at once and tell her all, and offer to give her her freedom back again, if she wished to have it. The words fell on poor Fred's hopesick heart like a shower of molten lead; yet he admitted the justice of what his mother said and, taking his hat, he walked round to the Moores' house to do what he conceived to be the right thing before his soul failed him.

"I've been talking things over with

Mother," he began, when he and Annie were left alone in the little drawing-room of the house in Aspidestria Road, "and Mother thinks I ought to give you your chance of saying if you don't care to wait any longer for me. Of course, I've saved forty pounds, Annie, but I may be ever so long before I get another billet, and and ---- "

"Fred," said Annie, turning very pale and beginning to tremble, "will you answer me one question quite true and

plain?"

"Of course I will. Haven't I always been true and plain with you?" he demanded.

"Then, do you want me to give you up?" she asked in a piteously anxious voice.

"Oh, Annie!" That was all he said, but the hurt tone conveyed to the girl exactly what she most wanted to know. She trembled no longer, but flung her fond arms about his neck and held him as if not death itself should ever take him.

away from her.

"Fred-Fred!" she cried, "don't you understand? Don't you know that it would kill me to part from you? Don't you know that I love you with all my heart and soul — that I have no other, better, higher wish in all my life than to be what I am to you? Don't you know, without my telling you, that I would wait four years more—ten—twenty years, if only you will be content to wait for me?"

How can I tell you the rest? It breaks me down to think of it; it broke down the strong man who had forced himself to do what he believed to be the straight thing towards the girl he loved. He did not speak for ever so long, but he held her lightly in his arms and kissed her a great many times; and when at last he set her free there were tears on her cheeks which

were not hers.

"God bless you, Annie; you've made a man of me," he cried, with a suspicious break in his voice which only made him the dearer to her. "If you can wait, I don't mind this break-up, though it's a hard wrench to me. But the very thought of living without you paralysed me."

"I will wait for ever, if need be," was

Annie's answer.

#### CHAPTER II.

THE following day Fred's mother made a state call upon her son's Annie. Mrs.

Stanton was a lady who did not go out much. She went to a place of worship on Sundays if the weather was fine, and she now and then paid a few state calls, visits of condolence or of congratulation. Her yisit to Annie, however, differed from either of these.

"I have always been most careful not to interfere with my children's affairs," she explained to Annie, and to the invalid, Mrs. Moore. "I never cared for my own mother-in-law; in fact, she poisoned the first few years of my married life, and I don't mean to do the same with my sons and daughters-in-law, not if I can help it. So I came on to see you about what I said to Fred yesterday. When he told me the bad news-that his people were done for, with no hope of ever getting right again— I told him what was in my mind: that he ought to give you the chance of saying it you cared to wait any longer or not. Of course, I saw that Fred wasn't very willing; but it falls hard on a girl if she has to wait and wait, with no prospects. But lor, there, my dear, Fred told me what you said; and while Maria Stanton lives you shall never want a true friend. Those that stick to my bairns, I stick to; and I only wish Pa and me had a few hundred pounds to let you start and take your chance at once, that I do."

"Oh, Mrs. Stanton!" cried Fred's Annie, the tears coming into her sweet blue eyes, and a rosy flush over-spreading

her pretty face.

"Aye, that I do, my dear," the motherly old lady went on. "But there, never mind, the time'll soon pass; and when it's gone, it'll seem like a few days. I know."

So the approval of Fred's family was set on the continuance of the engagement between them, and things went on pretty much as they had done aforetime. after this began a period of great tribulation for both; for times were bad, and billets were almost impossible to get, and month after month went by without Fred being able to get employment of any kind. Not for want of trying, poor fellow; he tramped London over till he tramped the boots off his feet, but he could hear of nothing in any way suitable for his powers. More than once he spoke of emigrating; but his father told him that it would be a really silly course, that it was not as if he had a good trade at his back, and that clerks were next to no good in new coun-"You know, my lad," said Mr.

Stanton, with much good sense, "if I were well off, I would say, 'Go out and try your luck in a new country;' only, as it is, though you could get out, and might do well, yet you have just as likely a chance of doing no good at all, and then where would you be? You would just be stuck there, with no means of getting home, and we could not afford to send it to you. No, no; better the devil you do know than the devil you don't—and that's been my motto

always."

Fred Stanton could not but acknowledge the truth of what his father said. Besides that, he knew that he was welcome to a home as long as the home held together, while the moment that he went away from the paternal roof he would have to pay for every fraction of his expenses, and that, at this juncture, would mean a considerable difference in his out-goings. So he struggled on, and at last success crowned his efforts, as success mostly does to those who really try their best to win that difficult guerdon in this life. He got a berth in a shipbroker's office, at a very small salary -one at which he would have scoffed in days gone by. Still, Fred Stanton was sensible, and took what he could get, until the time should come when he could meet with something better worth having.

Annie was jubilant. "Something tells me that this is the turn of the corner, Fred, darling," she cried, when he went to tell her the good news. "You will soon get on again, and we shall not have

to wait so very long, after all."

"And if we have to?" asked Fred,

holding her close to him.

"Why, then we shall have to, that's all," cried she, laughing back at him.

So time went on. The something better did not turn up, but, in due course, Fred got a rise, coupled with a compliment from his employer to the effect that he was very well satisfied with him. True, it was not much of a rise, all said and done; still, a rise, be it ever so small, is a rise, and Fred and Annie rejoiced accordingly. Fred celebrated the event by taking Annie to a theatre—to reserved seats—a terrible piece of extravagance, the like of which they had not committed since the break-up of his old firm. And the next time they went out together they spent a long time in the Edgware Road, looking into the shop windows, and deciding what sort of furniture they would have when they were able to set up house-keeping at last.

Annie never thought of applying to any one of the clever ladies, who help young house-furnishers through their troubles by instructing them, through the columns of a ladies' paper, what to buy and where to buy it. Oh dear, no; as I have said, Annie was a very out-of-date young woman, and would not have delegated the sweet pleasure of arranging her first home—hers and Fred's—to anyone else for all the world.

In due course of time Fred got another rise, together with another compliment from the shipbroker; also a pretty plain hint that, if he went on doing as well as he had done in the past, there would be still better things in store for him. And then something very unusual happened—Mr. Schwartz actually invited him to dinner.

The House was amazed. Hitherto, no one under the rank of head of a department had been accorded such an honour.

"I shall have to get a dress suit," said Fred to Annie, when he had told her the news.

"But it will be worth it," cried Annie, all in a tremour at his unexpected goodfortune.

"Yes, I suppose so. All the same, I don't feel particularly pleased at the prospect," Fred grumbled. "I don't belong to their set, and I don't know their ways; and I dare say the rest of the people will look down upon me, and I object to be looked down on."

"Nobody could look down on you," flashed out Annie in great indignation.

"Oh, couldn't they?" returned Fred, laughing at her anger.

"Have you ever seen Mrs. Schwartz?"

she asked presently.

"There isn't one—she's dead long ago," he replied. "There is a daughter, but, I fancy, no other children at all."

"Have you ever seen her?" Annie en-

quired.

"Oh, yes; she is always coming to the office. She comes to fetch her father—the boss."

"And what is she like?-Nice?"

"Pretty fair. A great big, bold-looking young woman, with great black eyes, and awfully over-dressed. 'Put me my cloak on, Mr. Stanton. Oh, thanks, ever so many—thanks, that's quite charming.'—that's about the sort of thing; and, of course, the governor thinks her perfect. The invitation is from her."

"Oh, do let me see it," Annie cried. He took it out of his pocket-book and gave it to her. It was highly scented and bore a flourishing crest.

"DEAR MR. STANTON,—It will give my father and myself much pleasure if you will join us at dinner on Friday, the 10th, at eight o'clock.

"Very truly yours,
"BARBARA SCHWARTZ."

"It doesn't say much," said Annie, in a tone of disappointment. "Still," with a sigh, "I suppose she could not have said more. And they live at Queen's Gate, Fred?":

"Yes," said Fred, who was wondering how he could find out whether he ought

to wear gloves or not.

"You don't know what it may lead to," Annie went on breathlessly, already looking into the future so far that she saw them living at Queen's Gate likewise.

"No; still, I wish it was over," Fred

replied feelingly.

And, in due time, the dinner did pass over. The other people consisted of one old gentleman, to whom Mr. Schwartz talked all the time, leaving Fred to entertain, and be entertained by, his daughter. And Miss Barbara made every effort to make Fred feel quite at home with them, and succeeded so well that he went away feeling that he had not made a single slip, and that the two shillings which he had expended on an etiquette book had not

been money wasted.

He dined many times at Queen's Gate atter this—nay, more, he went there to dances and evening receptions, at which the company was very well dressed, and many diamonds were shown, and money was evidently of no moment. Of course, he had to spend to live up to it, so that the savings which were to furnish his home and Annie's some day gathered more slowly, and the wedding day seemed further off than ever. And at last, when he and Annie had been engaged for more than ten years, when Annie was nine and twenty—ior the matter of that, nearly thirty—and beginning to look less of a girl than she had once done, and Fred was every day improving more and more, having acquired a more gentleman-like and assured manner from his altered life, Mr. Schwartz sent for him into his office, and told him that he was exceedingly pleased with him, and that he proposed to give

him a substantial proof of the same, adding that, from that day he would have a salary of four hundred a-year, with a prospect of even better things in time to come. "You will come and dine with us to-night, Stanton?" the great man ended.

"Certainly, sir; I shall be delighted to do so," Stanton replied. "At the usual

time?"

"No, we dine at seven; my daughter has a box for the opera. She particularly

wished me to ask you."

Stanton looked at the clock which stood on the chimney-shelf. "I have a good deal to do. If you will excuse me, sir, I will go. I can't thank you enough for all your kindness to me. I only hope that I shall prove worthy of the trust you have placed in me."

"I feel pretty sure about that," said the

chief kindly.

He was a very busy man, but he sat for quite half an hour, thinking, after Stanton had left the room. "A clever fellow; I don't know that Bab might not do worse; and yet—well, there may be nothing in it; but she has set her heart on the young fellow's being pushed on; and, after all, what have I but Bab to live for? I began with nothing myself; and I don't know if I wouldn't rather have my girl confer the favours than have her marry high and be looked down on, as I was. However, she may mean nothing of the kind. Time will show—time will show."

Meantime, Fred had gone back to his desk, with his brain in a whirl, and his heart beating much faster than usual. It was enough to excite anyone in his position; but he was a resolute young man, and he set about the work he had in hand, and finished it conscientiously ere he left the office. By then, however, he found that he had but barely time to get home and dress for the evening's entertainment, and that by no possibility could he make time to run round to Aspidestria Road to tell Annie the good news.

"I say Connie," he said to his sister, as he reached his own house, "I'm in a deuce of a hurry. Just sew me this button on and bring it up to my room, there's a good girl; I've got something to tell you."

By the time Connie had sewn the button in its place and reached her brother's room, Fred was already half dressed. "Look here, Connie," he said, as he tied his tie into a neat bow, "I want you to go round and see Annie. Tell her I can't

come round to-night as I promised, because I've got to dine at the governor's and to go to the opera with them after-Tell her I wouldn't have let it wards. come from another but me if I could have helped it, but I've got another rise—four hundred a-year, and the prospect of more to come; so the way is quite clear for us now, and I don't like her to be a single day without the news."

"Four hundred a-year!" cried Connie Stanton, with what was almost a scream, "and going to the opera with them. Fred, this must be Miss Schwartz's

doing."

"Not unlikely," said he indifferently. "Only you don't find a hard-headed old chap like Schwartz doing that kind of thing unless his own judgment goes hand in hand with his daughter's impulses. Miss Schwartz is a very nice girl, but —\_\_\_\_\_\_\_"

"Pooh, nice! Why, you might marry her to-morrow if you liked, if it wasn't for Annie."

"Ah, but there is Annie, you see," put in Fred with a smile.

"But think of it—an heiress!" screamed Connie, who was older than Fred and had never had a romance in all her life.

"Oh, d—" but he broke the word off short, and turned away from the dingy glass. "Then you'll see Annie and explain just how it is?" he said.

"Oh, yes, I'll explain," returned Connie

ungraciously.

Annie Moore was sitting in the little drawing-room waiting for her Fred. She was dressed in her poor best-yes, I say poor advisedly, for in truth, though she had made sundry attempts at beautifying herself, Fred's Annie was distinctly shabby. She looked up with a smile as her future sister-in-law came into the room. "Oh, is that you, Connie? anything wrong with Fred?"

"Fred has gone to dine at Queen's Gate," replied Connie, taking a chair and regarding Annie with no very friendly eyes. "There are great doings on to-night, for Mr. Schwartz has just told Fred that he means to give him another rise. He

had to go, of course."

"Oh, of course," echoed Annie rather faintly, thinking that Fred might have come round to tell her the news.

"Has it ever struck you, I wonder, Annie," Connie went on relentlessly, "that

there is something between our Fred and Miss Schwartz?"

"Between Fred and Miss Schwartz!"

cried Annie.

"Doesn't it seem queer to you that he should have been pushed on like he has been," the pitiless voice continued; "asking him to dinner, taking him to the opera and such-like, if there wasn't some mean-

ing to it?"

"Do you mean that Miss Schwartz is in love with Fred?" Annie exclaimed, all the blood in her slender body seeming to rush to her face. "Do you mean that if I was out of the way Fred wouldwould -- " but she could not say the hateful words, which to her pure mind seemed like an insult to her sweetheart, even though they had not actually been uttered.

"I told Fred as much just now," Connie went on; "and I said she was in love with He never denied it. Indeed, he said as much that, if it wasn't for

you —— "

"Did Ered commission you to get him out of his promise to me?" cried Annie in a harsh voice. "Speak out plain—don't

beat about the bush."

"Fred isn't that sort," said Connie with a sudden accession of dignity. Fred'll do the right thing by you, Annie, Still, your own common never tear. sense must tell you that it's a chance in a thousand for him, and he's got to miss it because of you,"

"A chance in a thousand," repeated

Annie in a dazed way.

She sat there long after Connie Stanton had betaken herself away, thinking it all Yes, Connie was right; it was a chance in a thousand. And surely Fred must have grown a little tired of her, or he would have made time just to look in and tell her the news and to make his excuses; surely, yes. Oh! it was bitter —bitter—bitter that this rich girl should sail in and take her own love away from Yes, it was bitter, but—she would not stand in Fred's light.

"Mother," she said presently, "I am going for a little stroll If Fred comes in I've left a note for him. Good night, dear; you'll go to bed early, won't you?"

"Yes, I shall not be late," the mother replied. "Go for your walk, dear. I'll tell

Fred if he comes,"

It happened that Fred did call at Aspidestria Road that evening. Things do happen strangely in this world, and among other things which came about that very day was the engagement of Barbara Schwartz to a young man who had been a very frequent visitor at Queen's Gate for several months past. When Fred reached his destination he found only Mr. Schwartz in the drawing-room, who plunged at once headlong into the subject.

"Stanton, I have some news to tell you.
My daughter is going to be married"

"Indeed, sir," replied Fred, "I am delighted to hear it. I hope Miss Schwartz will be very happy. Thanks to your kindness; I hope very soon to be married myself." And truly he was surprised at the strangely hearty way in which the older man wrung his hand.

A little while later, Mr. Schwartz, finding himself near to his daughter, whispered

the news to her.

"Dear old dad," she said; "I've known it all along. That was why I urged you on so to do something for him."

"But you let me think ——" the old

man cried.

"Yes, I know," with a mischievous laugh; "you wouldn't have done it else."

Towards the end of the meal, she contrived to whisper to Fred, "Mr. Stanton, what does she say?"

"I haven't seen her yet. I sent her a message, because I couldn't bear her not to know ——"

"Oh, wouldn't you rather not go with us to-night?" And Fred looked at her.

Thus it came about that he was free to go straight down to Aspidestria Road to talk over the golden news with Annie. And Annie's mother met him with the information that she had gone out for a stroll, but had left a note for him in case he should come. And this was what it said:

"My own Darling,—Connie has told me all that has happened to you, and she let out—don't blame her—that there is a chance of a partnership and a marriage with this heiress. My dear love, how could you be the one to think that I would ever stand in your light. Connie is quite

right; it is a chance in a thousand; so, as I know you would never turn your back on me, and as life without you would not be worth living, I am going to make the way clear for you. Good-bye, my own darling! Good-bye!"

With a terrible cry, Fred flung the paper from him and dashed out of the house. He knew but too well where to go. He knew the very spot that she would be sure to seek. Had they not walked together along the river's bank only a few short weeks before, and did not Annie say to him that it was an ideal place in which to let one's life slip away; that it would be so easy—just a step forward and all would be over in a few minutes. Ah, the words, so idly spoken, yet fraught now with such terrible meaning, seemed to be beating themselves in on his brain as if they would fain impress their hateful significance indelibly upon his mind. He gained the end of the street and ran in the direction of the river, tearing blindly at racing speed through the still summer night. As he gained the turn by which you can reach the pathway which skirts the grounds of the Palace, he sent a great cry along the echoing water—"Annie! Annie!"

Like a madman he tore along, calling every minute or so and keeping an eager watch ahead, but no answering cry came Then something like a back to him. bundle almost at the water's edge attracted him, and he dashed down the bank to where it lay, Oh, God be thanked! God be thanked! it was Annie who lay there; he was in time, for it was a fainting woman, not a dead one, whom he clasped in his arms and besought by every passionate term of love to speak to him, to understand that she was everything, everything to him, both in this world and in time to come.

"Annie! Annie!" he cried. "Look at

me! Speak to me!"

"I heard you calling," she said in a tone of ineffable satisfaction, when she had come back to herself again; "I heard you calling me out of Hell into Heaven."



ALK about "First Books," the early struggles of a literary man are nothing to those of the amateur photographer. If we could get a truthful unvarnished account of the different adventures which befall him on his very first unaided expedition with his camera, what a revelation there would be of ludicrous failures and heartrending disappointments; but who would feel any sympathy for a budding photographic artist who was successful at his very first "go off?" I, for one, should not, but perhaps that is rather a "sour grapey" sentiment, as my initial experiments were not calculated to raise a feeling of admiration in the breast of the least soaring of mortals. I know that the subjects (of course my first endeavours were portraits), showed what I considered a very disa-

greeable and unreasonable spirit in their criticism of my early efforts, but this was largely attributable to their excessive personal vanity, and I solaced myself with the thought that all my brother artists, probably even Messrs. Van der Weyde and Downey, have to put up with this sort of thing occasionally from persons unacquainted with their own facial peculiarities. Was it my fault if my fatal beauty lady-sitter had unfortunately rather useful-looking feet, which she stupidly planted conspicuously in the foreground?

Perhaps they were a little bit exaggerated in my picture, but then I was occupied in focussing the pupils of her eyes, as I had been taught was correct; and surely she might have been trusted to see that her own feet were gracefully placed, not to mention the embarrassment I should have felt at being called on to pose them. Besides, in my opinion, they were not nearly so much magnified as she seemed to think.

The thing, however, which has been my greatest bane in the portrait line is the SMILE, the photographic smile, which every sitter feels to be as necessary to them as to a ballet-girl. The pangs I have suffered as I have seen each successive plate beaming out of the developing dish with that awful contortion! The idiot who invented the "Now, then, madam,

please smile" idea, ought to have his mouth slit from ear to ear. It may be that my countenance is particularly grin-inspiring, or perhaps my victims all think it becoming, but let me remark here, that if any dentist should be requiring a new advertisement for his wares, I can supply him with some very fine teethscapes; only, of course, I could not guarantee that some other professor of his craft might not claim them as his own handiwork.

My smiles, however. were not all of this broad variety; some are long



USEFUL-LOOKING PEET



THE SMILE SENTIMENTAL.

and narrow, and others are small and puckered; in fact, there are all kinds, from the mildly sentimental, which is not nearly so objectionable and is generally female, down to the imbecile bibulous one, which to the uninitiated would suggest liquid refreshment having been previously partaken of. This is invariably a male smile. I have one interesting group of seven persons, each exhibiting a different variety, and no one ever can see it without being "eaten up" by curiosity to know what on earth they

are looking at. To see their faces, one might suppose a jumping monkey were being jerked for their amusement, but no—it is merely the charm which surrounds the unhappy artist. So chiefly owing to this state of matters, and to the fact that all my friends have a rooted objection to seeing themselves as they really are, I decided to confine myself to landscape and inanimate objects in the future. Naturally after photographing such a crowd of simpering, ogling, numberseven-booted idiots, my thoughts turned with longing towards more serious subjects, such as cathedrals and churches; and no grand old cathedral being convenient to my hand, the old parish church at Hornsey was honoured by my first attempt. It is delightfully picturesque, ivy-clad and old-looking, and has, besides this, an added interest in the fact that in the churchyard Samuel Rogers lies buried. Needless to say, I found the church an exceedingly well-behaved and satisfactory model, and I took great pains with my

subject, lying in wait till the sun should be at the correct angle, and taking great care to choose the right point of view, which I found was most pleasing from a little distance away, although this made the church rather smaller, perhaps, than could be wished. Still I felt a large amount of confidence in the plates which I had exposed; and, as I made for the station, my camera felt a mere featherweight, so exuberant were my thoughts as I pictured to myself that delightful moment beloved of all amateur photographers, when, in the soft darkness and delightful seclusion of the dark room, "far from the madding crowd," he coaxes the innocent-looking little white plate, until he sees gradually appearing on its face the beautiful reminiscence of some past summer's day. It may be only a bit of quiet English scenery, with sleepy cattle grazing in the distance, or perhaps it is some quaint old street in a Continental town, where the artist has spent a pleasant, health-giving holiday trudging about with

camera in hand; but, in any case, the moment is delightful when he lifts, from its final clearing-bath, a correctly exposed and perfectly developed plate, and he will feel at that moment what Rudyard Kipling calls "the pure, clean joy of creation."

But alas! woe is me! these delightful feelings are not to be experienced by the mere tyro in his art. They can be earned by hard work only; and I am afraid a very different feeling frequently animates the breast of



THE BROAD VARIETY.



THE LONG, THIN SMILE.



THAT SMILE AGAIN.

the unhappy beginner when he sees appearing something not at all like what he had fondly hoped, that is to say, if it appears at all; and if, supposing it does appear, that it does not immediately slide off again, or hide itself under a horrid film of fog. So many little things are requisite to the making of a decent picture, from the time the plate is put into the dark slide until the final mounting; and, even after all reasonable care has been taken, such a slight thing may cause complete failure! System and order are positively necessary if any degree of success is to be expected; and, in both of these I was wofully deficient at this time, but a severe lesson was in store for me as I retired to my dark room, and complacently sat down to develop the results of my first outdoor trip, namely, the views of Hornsey Church. Gleefully, and with sweeping hand, I poured the developer over the first plate, which all too soon began to show an image appearing, when—— ye powers below! what dreadful thing was this? Was it some weird reflection from my red lamp, or was it one of Mr. Haweis's "Spirit pictures" that appeared before my starting eyes? for, there, beaming with wickedly complacent smile in front of my beauteous little church, loomed a great figure, the head just level with the graceful clock tower, not quite hiding it, but sitting in ghostly manner on the church steps, and rather taller than the church. As the image grew rapidly clearer, I recognised one of my late sitters, and it flashed into my mind that when filling my slides, instead of taking the plates from a fresh

box, I had taken them from one that contained the before-mentioned "undeveloped smiles" which I had carelessly left beside the new ones; so, to my intense disgust. each plate had received two exposures, and consequently, had two pictures mixed up on it. I feel convinced that if I had been a young lady amateur, I should have mixed a few drops of salt water with my developer; but as it was, I made the red lamp shiver with a few muttered words which shall here be blanks. After all my care, to be thus thwarted on my first expedition abroad, by that blighting smile was too cruel. I only developed two more of the batch and the rest I threw away. One of them brought to view a white bull-dog belonging to a friend of mine, sitting as sentinel beside the church and about the same size. The other had a striking and natural likeness of our cook in working garb, and armed with her mop and pail which I had intended to call "Honest Labour," or some such expressive name, but the surrounding scenery, including the church, which she appeared about to knock down with her mop, rather spoiled



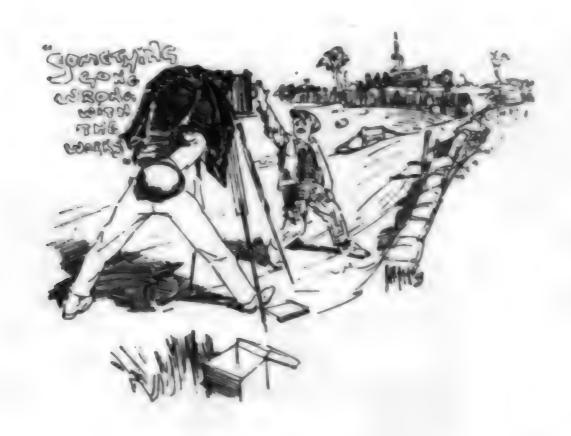
" MONEST LABOUR" SPOILT.

the idea. Unfortunately, with the usual talkativeness of the beginner, I had told all my friends of the intended expedition; and when I was obliged to show the unfortunate result, they, with the usual wrongheadedness of intimate friends, instead of showing a proper sympathy, apparently found them more entertaining than all my finest prints put together. Why the Amateur Photographer should always be treated as a sort of standing joke, like the victim of mal-de-mer and the mother-in-law, is a thing it is hard to understand. If a man chooses to say he

spends his spare moments at the piano or the easel, he is treated with the utmost respect, and no one so much as smiles, although his highest flights in the musical line may soar no higher than "Ta-ra-raboom-de-ay," and the painter man may have no higher ambition than a copy of a chromo-lithograph; but only let him hint at a camera as the companion of his leisure time, and his very best joke will not be received with such mirth as this simple remark. People think that when you buy a camera, it is simply that you may perpetuate the countenances of your friends, and to present them with free copies of their own lovely features. The human race have an overwhelming love of seeing

themselves reproduced on either paper or canvas; and wherever you may pitch your camera, they will try to swarm into your picture, and spoil the landscape by sitting about all over it where no figures are needed. But for me, "I will have none of them;" and I advise all budding amateurs, unless they have a proper studio and apparatus, and intend devoting themselves to that branch solely, to leave portraiture severely alone—but in any case, to be sure they keep their exposed plates where they cannot by any possibility be mistaken for new ones, and so bring discomfiture on the head of the unhappy artist.

B. BARHAM.



# A Carnival Episode.

By EMILY MARTIN,

Author of "Even Mine Own Familiar Friend," "A Stage Triumph," &c.

HE striped awning in front of the house, and the remains of rice on the scarlet-carpeted steps beneath, proclaimed that that mock-festive function, a smart wedding, had taken place from a certain house in South Audley Street.

The last guest had departed, and, in the dismantled bedroom of the bride, the white satin wedding-gown was stretched out the whole length of its train upon the sofa, weirdly suggestive of a white funeral.

Not that this particular wedding had been anything of the nature of a sacrifice on the part of either bride or bridegroom;

on the contrary, it was a marriage of the good old school, to the sound of whose joy-bells the third volume of the conventional novel ends triumphantly.

Captain and Mrs. Archdale were both pleasant specimens of humanity, possessing all the essential virtues that go to the making of the right sort of people. Loud and heartfelt had been the congratulations and good wishes of assembled friends; and, amidst a shower of rice and slippers, they had driven off to Charing Cross, en routs for Paris and the Riviera.

In his choice of a wedding-trip, or, rather, in giving his consent to

Carlo, only two kinds of newly-married folk can

repair with impunity: the very young and innocent and the extremely mature and

Captain Archdale, at thirty-five, belonged to neither category. A thoroughly good fellow in his easy-going way, his good looks and wealth had afforded him exceptional opportunities of "seeing life," and though he had not lived down to the level of the Second Mrs. Tanqueray, he had failed to live up to that of worthy Mrs. Grundy. If his engagement had not been so felicitously short, the chances are that Phyllis would frequently have heard his name coupled with that of Mrs. Merlin, the captivating wife of a rich railway contractor; a woman with mag-

nificent eyes and a tragic intensity of expression in her dark face. Having

> made her acquaintance five years before. Her strange type of beauty had a fascination for him, and



he was persuaded that, under the coldness of manner which repelled most persons, there smouldered a volcano of passion. A whole history of domestic unhappiness seemed written in that face, a history sealed with a silence which he felt sure that proud mouth would never break.

Mrs. Merlin appealed as strongly to Archdale's imagination as to his heart, and during the first year of their acquaintance he gave as much time to the study of her character as would have enabled him to master a language. By the end of that time, however, he had succeeded so well that Mrs. Merlin frankly confessed to having found in him that rare wis for which she had all her life been vainly sighing—a kindred soul.

For a few short, blissful months Frank appreciated the honour duly; then, little by little, the position of soul, the one solitary soul, began to pall upon him; he found himself wishing that a few other chosen spiritscould have shared the distinction. Mrs. Merlin had. by this time, got into a trying habit of regarding him as her special property, and resenting his smallest attentions to other women. The perilous fascination of the first two years began to wear off, and, deftly as the syren wove her chain of roses, Frank began to be more conscious of the fetters than the flowers. The creaking old gate of a

railway contractor, who had bid fair to take his exit at an early stage of their acquaintance, had taken a new lease of life, and his once-coveted wife grew daily less desirable in Frank's eyes.

At length the day dawned when Phyllis Whyte broke like a glorious sunrise over his life, scattering with her wholesome youth, fresh beauty and delightful spirits, all the morbid mists of the old, unhallowed love. Archdale suddenly saw his conduct in quite a new light, and bitterly regretted the chapter in his life-history which he had been writing for the last three years. He would have given a good deal if he could have torn out those pages, once and for ever. He was always in dread of Phyllis hearing that story, knowing that

to her pure, healthy mind the existence of the dreary, pompous railway contractor would make the affair a heinous offence.

The marriage ceremony over, Captain Archdale breathed freely. If those blotted pages in the book of the past could not be torn out, they were as good as erased now, he told himself; and he meant to write his future history in such a neat clear hand from now—he was going to be such a good boy, all round!

At the same time he intended to make the best of both worlds, and his experience had not shown him anything much better in this one than the Riviera during Carnival, so thither, as we have seen, he took his bride.

Phyllis was simply enchanted with



MARRED ATTENTION PAID BY HER WEIGHBOUR.

Nice. It was the first time she had exchanged the fogs and ice of an English February for the sunshine and flowers of the land of palms and orange-trees. There was sunshine in her heart, too, and she entered with glee into the mirth and gaiety of the Carnival folk. Nice and Paradise seemed to her interchangeable terms.

They put up at the Cosmopolitan Hotel, which they found full of bright, pleasant people, mostly English, and all on a footing of easy sociability peculiar to Nice. Something was going on each evening, and in less than a week, one of the fortnightly balls came off. Frank yielded to Phyllis's entreaty to be present, and was more than repaid by her

frank enjoyment. The cotillon was a small triumph for her: she was laden with

flowers, favours, and pretty trifles.

In spite of everything going off so brilliantly, however, there was a little cloud on Frank's horizon. He would have repudiated with indignation the idea of being jealous, but the fact remained that the marked attention paid to Phyllis by her neighbour at table d'hôte spoiled the evening for him. Baron Siegenheim, the gentleman in question, was an Austrian officer, handsome, witty and of distinguished manners, only marred by a too evident anxiety to produce a pleasing impression. Frank had taken a dislike to him from the first: one of those vague but well-founded dislikes that an honest Englishman will sometimes take to a smiling, tawning foreigner. He was wise enough to say nothing of his sentiments to Phyllis, however, conscious that there was nothing whatever in the man's conduct that he could "take hold of;" so the Baron was left free to exert himself to the utmost to entertain his bewitchingly pretty neighbour, an object he certainly attained.

Phyllis was wild to see the tables at Monte Carlo, so Archdale snatched a day of pause during the whirl of Carnival to

take her over.

They went straight to the Casino; and, with a beating heart, the little bride crossed the spacious, frescoed vestibule leading

to the gambling rooms.

Frank took her up to one of the tables. The crowd was so great that it was a matter of time to get into a good position. Gold and notes lay about in heaps, the croupiers raking them in, after each turn of the wheel, like so much dross.

Frank presently staked a louis at random on what proved to be the successful number, thus winning thirty-six louis at one stroke. Phyllis was thrilled when the bank notes were pushed towards him.

"Put one on fifteen for me," she whispered; "I have a feeling that fifteen

will be the number."

Her poor little louis was soon raked in

by the remorseless croupier.

Undeterred, she named number after number—always with the same result. Meantime, Frank, after his one stroke of luck, wisely confined himself to backing the colour. His lucky star was in the ascendant that day, and he ended by winning enough to cover his wife's losses. When matters reached that point, he insisted on their leaving the tables. It was in vain that Phyllis whispered an entreaty to remain. Her vivid colour, the excitement shining in her eyes, only strengthened him in his resolve. He did not like to see the powerful hold the tables had taken of his innocent little wife.

"If you won't play any more, do let us look on a bit," she said, and with an indulgent smile, Frank took her over to

one of the other tables.

She looked round with eager interest. One woman especially attracted her attention. She was beautiful, and had an air of elegance and distinction rarer than mere perfection of feature. There was a settled sadness in her dark eyes, strangely at variance with her reckless The hand with which she put forward her stakes or drew in her winnings was white and slender, with taper fingers eloquent of imagination and Only one thing jarred artistic tastes. upon Phyllis in an otherwise exquisite picture—the deep mourning which told of recent bereavement.

At length, with languid grace, she rose from her chair. Phyllis felt a sudden longing to follow her out, and to try and learn her name. Frank had been ready to leave for some time, so they turned away, the interesting gambler going on just before, so close that when she reached the door Frank went forward to open it for her. As he did so the stranger gave a little start of recognition.

"Frank - Captain Archdale!" she

exclaimed.

"Can it be Mrs. Merlin?" said Frank.

They turned into the vestibule.

"So you know each other?" said Phyllis, when she had been duly presented. "How strange! I don't remember ever being so strongly drawn to a stranger as I was to you as you sat at the table. I could not take my eyes off you, and I was going to ask Frank to get to know who you were before we went back. I am so glad you are a friend of my husband's. I am so glad that we are to know each other."

"You are not more glad than I," said Mrs. Merlin, a smile breaking over her sad face, like sunshine through a cloud.

"I was awfully sorry to hear about—I have not seen you since——" bungled Frank, with a glance at the crape which

was thick upon her for the railway contractor.

Mrs. Merlin turned quickly to

Phyllis.

"Tell me, are you horribly conventional in spite of your prettiness? Do you think it very dreadful of me to come here now and then to try and lorget my

grief?"

"No, indeed, I do not. I was struck with the sadness of your face while you were playing. I am glad you can find a little distraction. always long for people in trouble to find comfort. And grieving too

much will do your relative no good."

"I have lost my husband," said Mrs. Merlin abruptly.

"Your husband?" echoed Phyllis with a change of tone

"She is shocked, after all, you see,"

sighed Mrs. Merlin.

" I-I - " faltered Phyllis, and then she stopped, reddening uncomfortably with a dreadful sense that Mrs. Merlin could read her thoughts.

Archdale came to the rescue by asking where Mrs. Merlin was staying. returned the compliment, and they soon

parted.

On the way home Frank listened somewhat abstractedly to Phyllis's praises of the elegant widow, and replied at random to her questions about the defunct railway contractor, who, she had got into her head, must have been an odious man.

The truth was the encounter had put Frank out more than he would have cared to confess. Mrs. Merlin was the last person he would have chosen to run against while upon his honeymoon.

"What a fool I was to come to the Riviera just at this time of the year," thought he, wise after the event.



"SO YOU KNOW EACH OTHER," SAID PHYLLIS,

might have known that it ever you make a shady acquaintance, which you would willingly let die, he or she is sure to crop up at Monte Carlo. All bent on losing their characters, or with no characters to lose, drift there. I hate the place!"

He could not immediately get on his usual good terms with himself, and he was very silent during dinner. ill-luck would have it, Siegenheim was in unusually good spirits, and did his utmost to entertain his pretty

neighbour. Phyllis's low, happy laughter jarred upon her husband's nerves. This was the first time since the early days of their engagement that he had seen her frankly enjoy the society of another man.

And what a choice to make!

A couple of evenings later, as he was waiting in the corridor to take Phyllis in to dinner, he heard a silken frou-frou close behind him, and, turning round, met the strange, sad eyes of Mrs. Merlin-Mrs. Merlin in a diaphanous gown of black chiffon, which set off her beauty to perfection.

"You here?" cried Frank, with less pleasure than surprise in his voice, but

offering his hand as he spoke.

"I came over this morning. I wanted a change, and, as you spoke well of this hotel, I thought I might as well take a room here." Then, with a sudden change of tone: "Since seeing you, I could not rest at Monte Carlo—even the tables were not strong enough to keep me. Frank, Frank, why did you not wait a little longer?"

Archdale reddened.

"Mrs. Merlin, I will ask you to excuse me," he said stiffly. "I must go upstairs for my wife. The gong has sounded."

And with a bow, he turned away.

Mrs. Merlin's heart swelled with mortification, all the more painful for the aching love which even anger could not kill.

From that moment there was a tragic element in the little comedy: a serpent in the Eden of the married lovers.

Mrs. Merlin's manner to Phyllis was a masterpiece of tact, and each day strengthened the favourable impression she had made at first, but she never found herself alone with Frank for a few minutes without employing every wile of which she was mistress to lure him back. Archdale found the position a very trying one, but he did not yield an inch. To Phyllis he was resolved to be loyal till his latest breath.

It took Mrs. Merlin some time to grasp the fact that the stand he had taken he meant to maintain. When she did so, it only caused a change of tactics, not of

plan.

Be sure this woman had not been at the hotel two days before the fact of Baron Siegenheim's admiration for Mrs. Archdale became patent to her. Merlin summed up the Baron almost as unfavourably as Frank had done, but she was fully aware that his good looks and foreign grace of manner would go a long way in the eyes of a young girl, whom he was so evidently laying himself out to please. She had once surprised a telltale look in his blue eyes as they rested on Phyllis, when she was unaware of his gaze; and she had seen Frank's face harden visibly when looking into Siegenheim's. The old story was being once more enacted, it was evident. should she not hurry on the dénoument a little?

She had made the Baron's acquaintance in the ordinary course of events, and they had speedily found that they had many ideas in common.

One day, when the Archdales were not at lunch owing to Frank's having yielded to Phyllis's repeated entreaties to take her over to Monte Carlo, Mrs. Merlin had a long, and almost confidential chat with the Baron. She drew him out on the subject of Phyllis, and he, reading the woman in spite of all her finesse, fell into the trap just as far as suited his purpose. On one point they agreed heartily—that Archdale was utterly unsuited to the woman he had married.

The next morning Phyllis was not quite herself. She looked somewhat pale and absent-minded. Siegenheim's brightest sallies could not call forth a repartee.

Mrs. Merlin was quick to note the cloudlet on Phyllis's brow; quick, too, in her rusé, insidious way to pluck out the

heart of the mystery.

It was a very simple one. Carried away by the excitement of fluctuating fortune, the little woman had lost no less than fifty pounds at Monte Carlo. Frank had been all kindness and consideration, never uttering one word of upbraiding, but he had begged her to let this be her farewell visit to the tables. In vain had she entreated him to let her pay her losses with the loose fifty pounds her mother had given her on leaving home.

"And yet," ended Phyllis, "I believe I should have won if Frank had had the courage to back me. All last night I lay awake thinking out a way of playing that would be a certainty in the long run. And now I shall never have the chance to

try!"

"Nonsense, my dear child," laughed Mrs. Merlin. "With your talent for gambling—and it shows rare talent to have created a 'system' at your age—it would be a sin and a shame if you did not



WRS. MERLIN HAD A LONG CHAT WITE THE BARON.

recoup your losses. Of course you must

play again."

"But Frank won't let me," sighed Phyllis. "And kind as he is, there is no shaking him when he once makes up his mind. Have you never observed that, Mrs. Merlin?"

"Never, my dear. I have found that Mr. Archdale, like all other men, believes in the French proverb: 'What woman will, God will.' He will not deny you anything long—if you ask for it prettily

enough." "I dare not ask him to take me to

Monte Carlo again, any way "

"Really?" and Mrs. Merlin pressed

Phyllis's hand sympathetically. Then, as if by an afterthought, she said: "How would it be if you won the money back before he knew anything about it? How would it be if I were to run over with you?"

"Would you?" Oh, would you?" cried Phyllis, crimsoning with pleasure at the very

thought.

"Of course I would," said Mrs. Merlin warmly. "I know just how you feel. Why, I would not have lost fifty pounds of poor Mr. Merlin's for the world: and he was a millionaire. I can

fancy I see your husband's delighted face when you come home with your fat little pocket-book and say: 'Part of it is yours —the fifty pounds I lost the other day."

"And you think he would not be vexed that I had gone without his knowledge?

Really, Mrs. Merlin?"

"Vexed if you had won back the fifty?

Oh, you dear little innocent!" "But if I had lost again?"

"My dear Mrs. Archdale, I understood that we were to run over anonymously. As far as I am concerned your husband would only hear of our trip at all if you won."

"Mrs. Merlin," cried Phyllis, with eyes

that glistened suspiciously, "you are a darling!"

"Of course, we could not go without a man: now I wonder who would take us,"

said Mrs. Merlin thoughtfully.

"Why could we not go alone?" exclaimed Mrs. Archdale with spirit.

"For one thing because your husband would never forgive me. You only know the whited outside of that sepulchre—the Casino."

"Oh, then we shall have to give it You see we have no friends out

here."

"I don't know," mused Mrs. Merlin. "Perhaps—one could suggest it anyhow—



BARON SIEGENHEIM WAS AWAITING THEM.

Baron Siegenheim would see us through it. He is always very agreeable."

"I—I don't know that I should like that, Mrs. Merlin."

"My dear girl, in the name of goodness, why not?"

"Well-well-I have no reason, really. I was only thinking of Frank."

"And I was thinking of Frank, and Frank only. You cannot imagine that a woman of my age would ever give a thought to a young fellow like Baron Siegenheim, handsome as he is. He might have been dangerous when I was seven-

So it was arranged in spite of Phyllis's

better judgment. A little fiction was told to Frank to account for her absence from luncheon: she and Mrs. Merlin were going shopping, and might or might not be back in time. In case of being successful, Phyllis meant to confess all the moment she returned; and even if she lost, she felt that she would not be able to keep the secret from dear old Frank. She would, at least, have had the one last chance she craved.

The two women caught the one o'clock express for Monte Carlo. On the platform, at the latter place, Baron Siegenheim was awaiting them, and they went up to the Casino together. For the first time there was something in the Baron's manner that Phyllis did not like; she could not have defined it, but it was there, and she secretly resented it.

"Only this once. Only just to win back my fifty pounds," she thought.

They went into the rooms, and, thanks to Siegenheim's generalship, took up a capital position immediately behind an episcopal looking croupier. Phyllis gave Siegenheim instructions; he staked accordingly; and, singularly enough, for the first time she won largely, and continuously. When the sum reached a round hundred pounds she bethought her of Frank's aversion to gambling for the sake of gambling, and pulled up immediately. Not another louis would she stake, though both Mrs. Merlin and the Baron urged her to "follow up her luck." Her two



companions not having played, had no excuse for lingering. Mrs. Merlin, however, suggested a promenade through the rooms, to which Phyllis willingly assented.

They paused at one of the tables where a celebrated English beauty was the observed of all observers. She was playing a very reckless game, and in a very short space of time had had losses which ran into three figures. While Phyllis was watching her with breathless interest, a hand from the back—a hand she seemed to recognise, pushed forward a bank note. Throwing a glance backward she found herself looking straight into the eyes of her husband.

Frank stared at her for a minute as if doubting the evidence of his senses, then Siegenheim stepped forward, and bowed with easy nonchalance. At sight of him Archdale grew pale to the lips. He came forward, offered his arm to Phyllis abruptly, and led her from the room.

Mrs. Merlin and the Baron followed. Once out of the Casino, Frank hailed a fly, and drove off with his wife, without a single glance at the others.

To Phyllis there was something terrible in Frank's silence and ghastly pallor. The poor fellow felt faint with the heart-sickness which comes over us when we see our life's happiness crumbling into ruins before our eyes.

They drove to the station, and walked up and down the platform until the train was due.

"I am so sorry, Frank,"
Phyllis began, but something in his face froze the
rest of the sentence on
her tongue.

Not till they found themselves in their room at the hotel did she venture to speak again: then, locking her hands on her husband's shoulder, she entreated him to forgive her.

He shrank from her touch.

"You have deceived me. I can never trust you again, never. I will try to be just, though. I was a fool to press you to marry me so much sooner than you wished. Would to God you had met that

scoundrel Siegenheim while you were a free woman!"

"O, Frank!" cried Phyllis, aghast at the suggestion. "You cannot imagine that I could ever, under any possible circumstances have cared for Baron Siegenheim?"

"Do not mock me, Phyllis. You have broken my heart. Let that suffice."

She threw herself upon her knees by his side.

"Frank, darling," she sobbed, "do hear me. I only went to the Casino to try and win back that fifty pounds of yours. It grieved my heart to have caused you such a loss. If I had won, I meant to tell you the moment I came back, and even if I had lost, I believe I should have told you, however angry you might have been. Mrs. Merlin knew just how I felt, and she offered to go with me. She said you would be vexed if we went without a gentleman, so she would try and get the Baron to go with us. And that is how it was. And I did win your fifty pounds back, Frank."

A new light broke in upon Archdale. He suddenly recollected little vague remarks which Mrs. Merlin had dropped once or twice, in which his wife's name was coupled with Siegenheim's. Frank had never deigned to notice them at the time, but the turn events had taken was in sequence with them.

He took Phyliis's tear-stained face between his hands, and looked into it as



"FRANE, DARLING, DO NEAR ME."

if he would read her very soul. It lay near the surface, that pure soul. A sudden passion of regret shook him, regret for those wretched years which had formed the link that had bound these two women, so unlike, together. He felt utterly unworthy of the woman who was suing for forgiveness at his feet.

"Dearest," he said, drawing her towards him, "let us forget this. Please God, this first misunderstanding shall be the last. I love and trust you with my

whole heart."

When Baron Siegenheim took his seat at the dinner-table that evening, he found that Mrs. Archdale and her husband had changed places. His new neighbour ignored him completely.

Later on Mrs. Merlin managed to run

against Frank in the hall.

"I see you blame me for what has

happened," she said abruptly.

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Merlin?"

"Oh, that kind of thing will not do, Frank. We both know all about it. But if you are so averse to scenes of powerful domestic interest, what made you marry a chit of that age?"

"I married a young girl, Mrs. Merlin, because I wanted to get back my faith in human nature. I married a young girl because I wanted to become a better man."

Mrs. Merlin gave an artificial laugh.
"I wish you joy of your bargain! If
only I had your talent for drawing a wet

sponge over the record of the past! It is nothing to you, apparently, that past. The love of years goes for nothing. Here am I, after all this waiting, mocked with liberty at last; and you—you—"

Archdale remained stonily silent.



ARCHDALE REMAINED STONILY SILENT.

# Rambles Through England.

- CONTRACTOR

The English Lakes.—Windermere and District.

- 1954 6



A SIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF WINDERMERE LAKE.

MONG the English lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland we have every type of mountain and sylvan scenery that the most exacting traveller could desire, save, perhaps, those peaks of perpetual snow and ice peculiar to the higher mountains of the world. Derwentwater and Windermere lie embosomed in the midst of grassy hills and foliage-covered heights, here and there relieved or set off by some frowning rockbuilt mountain standing awesome and lonely in its solemn grandeur. Wastwater, in strong contrast to these two emerald-set lakes, is begirt by rocky mountains almost devoid of trees or shrubs, and showing but the scantiest covering of rough grass even in the most fertile spots.

To the lover of nature all seasons of the year have each their separate beauties: Spring, that period of budding youth when all seems fresh, and Mother Earth unveils her smiling face; Summer, with its ripe richness and sunwarmed air; Autumn, the time of gathered corn and tinted leaves; Winter, shrouded in her pure white mantle of gleaming snow and ice-encrusted, with its particles of frozen vapour sparkling like millions of diamonds as they cast back the glint of the low-hung winter sun.

When all seasons are beautiful with their own particular setting, it is difficult to say which holds the palm. The general visitor, however, usually has to take into consideration other circumstances, and, perhaps, the early summer or early autumn are the two seasons which permit the most enjoyment to be obtained in these lovely scenes in the shortest space of time.



RIGG'S WINDERMERE HOTEL.

To most of us time and weather are matters of consequence; and, as in all mountainous scenery rain is more abundant than in the lowlands, the periods we have named are usually the more settled in this important particular. Again, the days then are fairly long, and the weather, if dry, permits of easier and quicker locomotion. There are various ways of seeing Lakeland, and undoubtedly the robust pedestrian has a very great advantage over those who are compelled to travel by

coach or carriage; but a combination of the two methods allows us to visit the most renowned spots in this lovely country, and, to the majority of visitors, affords a sufficiency of exercise, together with charming drives.

Windermere and Keswick are the chief centres from which excursions can be most readily accomplished to the various scenes of interest. The writer chose Windermere as the starting-point, and, leaving Euston in the early afternoon in a luxurious corridor train of the London and North Western Company,

we reached our destination in seven hours, partaking of lunch and tea en route. A frequenter and lover of Lakeland had recommended us to try Rigg's Hotel at Windermere, and thither we accordingly betook ourselves, and, after a light supper, retired to rest, determined to be astir early and secure an appetite for breakfast. Talking of breakfasts, it is a curious fact that at home and in the daily routine of life we barely have time in the morning to snatch more than a hasty mouthful or



THE HEAD OF WINDERMERS LAKE

two of food ere we hurry off to catch the morning train; whilst when we are on the jaunt, no matter what the weather, we are ready for our matutinal meal hours before it is due, and what a meal we have! The staple at all hotels appears to be ham and eggs, but at first we turn up our noses at this with scorn. We start with fried sole or a trout; this acts as a stopgap only and is followed by a chop or cutlets. Then we have time to look around. and spy a luscious-looking piece of beef, which seems to say "Come, eat me"; so we sample it and, feeling then in spirits, desire the waiter to let us know what there is for breakfast. "Ham and eggs,

sir." "Very well, let us have some;" and we remark to each other that ham and eggs are not so bad, after all; and then we toy with a new laid egg or toast and marmalade, and have time to remark to our neighbour that it's a nice day.

But this is a digression from business.



BOWNESS HARBOUR AND THE "OLD ENGLAND" NOTEL.

away into the blue distance, the beauteous lake of Windermere lies spread before us.

We determine on our first day to visit the south end of the lake and the curious little town, Lake-Side; so, after breakfast, we start forth to Bowness, a little over a mile from our hotel, where we can take

one of the pretty little steamers, and thus view both sides of the lake on our way to Lake-Side. Bowness is charmingly placed,

Midway on long Winander's eastern shore, Within the creecent of a pleasant bay,"

and is the port of the lake. There are many good hotels, amongst them "The Old England" and "Belsfield," both very comfortable houses. There are any amount of good rowing boats for hire, and in the

summer the owners of these craft do a

roaring trade.

Our little steamer is soon off, and we can now admire the beauties of England's largest lake. Windermere Lake is about thirteen miles long and a mile broad at its widest part, and, except at the northern



THE RIVER LEVEN AND NEWSY BRIDGE,

We usually get up to breakfast; and what a view it is that meets our enchanted gaze as we raise the blind and peer forth from our window! We have a front bedroom, and the glorious sun is beaming through the cracks of the blind as we pull it up, and then, in all her loveliness, stretching



THE " SWAN " HOTEL AND NEWBY BRIDGE.

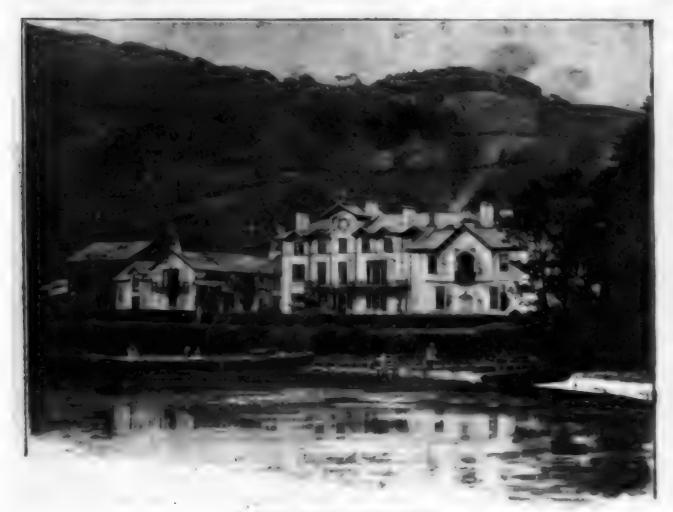
end, where lofty, craggy hills overshadow it, the genial aspect is that of soft and quiet beauty, each shore rising in gentle wooded slopes, and bearing on its placid bosom many foliage-covered islets, of which the largest, Belle Isle, lies off Bowness. It will, perhaps, be more convenient to describe the various points on the lake as we return by the steamer; so that we will now take a stroll round Lake-Side, the terminus of the steamer's trip at the south

end of Windermere. It may be remarked here, that some visitors make this the starting-point-for their tour, as the Furness Railway runs there from Ulverston, and, after viewing the charming country at the foot of the lake, go on by boat to Bowness, Windermere or Ambleside.

After walking through the quaint old town, we turn to the left and soon find ourselves "far from the madding crowd" indeed; each side of the road is bounded by a low stone wall, on the top of which, and in every little cranny, sprout myriads of lovely ferns, whilst overhead a leafy canopy shades us from the midday sun.

Down on our left, we catch, through the openings amongst the trees, glimpses here and there of the waters of the lake, while on our other side are gentle verdure-clad hills. At the end of the road we come to the river Leven, which carries off the waters of Windermere, and over which runs Newby Bridge, close to which is the Swan Hotel, a comfortable old-world hotel, at which we lunch. This is a famous spot for piscators; and followers of the gentle art find plenty of sport amongst the trout and char, for which the lake is famous. We must not tarry here too long, however, as our steamer leaves sharp to time, so we are once more on board and proceed on our return journey up the lake. It is well to start up the lake, as the scenery gets grander and more beautiful as we ap-

> proach its head. A little distance up on the eastern shore we see Storr's Hall, now a private hotel, charmingly situated on the side of a hill. This house was at one time owned by Mr. Bolton, and is celebrated for the meeting there, at one and the same time, of Wordsworth, Canning, Sir Walter Scott and Christopher North. Further on, we call at the Ferry Hotel, on the opposite side



LOWOOD HOTEL, WINDERMERE,

of the lake; behind this hotel we can climb the hill, and obtain some grand views of the lake, both north and south—

"And islands that, empurpled bright,
Float amid the liveliest light,
And mountains that,
like giants stand,
To sentinel the en-

chanted land."

Ahead of us, as we leave the ferry, stands Belle Isle, with its handsome mansion: this island is private property, and measures over a mile in circumfer-Several ence. isles lie smaller near it, on which the lily of the valley flourishes in profusion. Our steamer now puts into Bowness, but we do not land, as we intend to complete our voyage to the head of the lake. We are soon off



STOCK GHYLL WATERFALL, AMBLESIDE.

again, and are enraptured with the new views that open out to our enchanted gaze as we glide along. Opposite Bowness the Heights of Claire run right down to the edge of the water, mantled from foot to summit with lovely foliage of every hue. Rayrigg, on our right, similarly dowered, next calls our attention; and then Elleray, at one time the home of Professor Wilson (Christopher North), comes into view. Passing Calgarth Hall, the Priory, and Ecclerigg, with its little pier, we see the Lowood Hotel, lying on the border of the lake, one of the most charmingly situated hotels in Lakeland. On the opposite shore is a castel-



RYDAL WATER.

lated mansion, Wray Castle, looking rather drear and lonely, perched on its lofty eminence. Now we rapidly draw near to Waterhead, as the head of the lake is termed, and note the grand ridges of hills which retire one behind the other into the dim distance, a mass of solemn grandeur. At the pier here most of our fellow-voyagers leave us to explore Ambleside and its beauties, but we leave this for

GRASMERE CHURCH, THE BURIAL PLACE OF WORDSWORTH AND COLERIDGE.

another day, and are soon on our way back after enjoying a most delightful day.

Next morning we take the coach to Ambleside, the road skirting the margin of the lake almost the whole way, affording lovely glimpses of its varying moods. Ambleside is a very convenient centre to pass a few days, as its neighbourhood abounds in falls and picturesque views. Stock Ghyll Force is our first

attraction; this charming waterfall has its source near Kirkstone, and about half a mile from Ambleside comes tumbling down its rocky glen 'midst overhanging foliage and fern-covered banks. To see the falls in all their beauty you must climb down the rocky bank and stand on a level with the stream.

We now take our way to the little village of Rydal either by coach or on foot, distant two miles at the outside, and visit Rydal Mount, the home for many years of the poet Wordsworth. Rydal Water, a beautiful little lake, lies at our feet, and a short distance farther on we come to Grasmere Lake. The church must also be visited, for in its God's acre lies Wordsworth; a marble tablet in the church commemorating his memory.

The Vale of Grasmere, seen from the centre of the lake, forms a picture of exquisite loveliness, and is well worth the

trouble of the row out.

If one has time to stay a day at Grasmere, there are many pleasant walks within easy distance. A climb up Helm Crag will give a grand view of the neighbouring lakes and mountains, and near its summit are some strange rocks named the Lion and the Lamb and the Old Woman. Another pretty walk is to Easdale Tarn, a small lake at the head of the Easdale Vale. The grand old mountain of Helvellyn can also be ascended from Grasmere; the distance is some six miles, and will occupy about four hours. Pony and guide can be had for fifteen shillings,

but this mountain can be ascended easier from Wythburn near the lake of Thirlemere, the time then only occupying less

than two hours.

From Grasmere or Ambleside we can walk or drive to Langdale Pikes and the Vales of Great and Little Langdale. The coach road from either place of departure is a little over twenty miles for the round trip, and passes through some



GRASMEUE.

charming scenery. The fare is five shil-Of course, if we want to ascend lings. the Pikes, we must do so on foot; and the view then obtained will well repay our The easiest path to the top of the Pike is by Stickle Tarn, a small piece of water reposing under the rocky shadow of Pavey Ark, and celebrated for The top of the Pike is 2,400 its trout. feet above the sea level; and although not so high as some of its neighbours, it affords a magnificent view over the Windermere district and the country to the south. This mountain is remarkable for its sunset cloud effects, which at times are very beautiful. The rocky chasms also, in the time of storms, reverberate the roll of thunder with awful grandeur, suggesting to Coleridge the following lines:

"In Langdale Pikes and Witches' Lair,
And Dungeon Ghyll, so foully pent
With rope of rock and bells of air,
Three sinful sextons' ghosts are pent
Who all give back one after t'other
The death note to their living brother."

The pretty little lonesome lake of Elterwater lies off the coach road to the Langdales, distant from Ambleside about four miles, but can only be approached by a footpath.

Having exhausted our allowance of time



EASDALE.

for this neighbourhood, we now take the coach back to Windermere, to secure a change of clothes and prepare for fresh excursions.

Up betimes next morning, we book our seats on the coach for Coniston Lake, which lies to the west of Windermere



EXPOALS FOOTERDOR.

Lake. We start early, that is, at half-past nine, and, with four fine horses, are soon at the Bowness Ferry, where we cross the lake of Windermere, and, arriving safe and sound on the opposite shore, we drive

along a most charming coach road leading us close to the border of Esthwaite Water, a lovely little lake some two miles long, the waters from which run into Windermere Lake by a little river, called Cunsey-beck. At the head-of Esthwaite Water is the pretty town of Hawkshead, having as its chief attraction to lovers of Lakeland and its poets, the Grammar School, at which Wordsworth was educated, and

"When summer came,
Our pastime was on bright half holidays
To sweep along the plain of Windermere
With rival oars."

Through Hawkshead we drive merrily along, and soon are arrived at Coniston Water. There are so many beautiful ex-

cursions to be made from Coniston that, if time permits, the traveller should make this place his headquarters for a day or more, bringing the fewest necessaries for a night or so in a hand-bag. Coniston Lake is about six miles long by three quarters of a mile wide; at its head it is enclosed by a grand group of bold, rugged mountains, while towards the southern end the banks grow more and more gentle in their slope and are timbered with foliage, rich at this period of the year in every tint of green and brown.

Let us take a sail down the lake and view its varying beauties. Along the shores and amongst the plateaus at the feet of the hills stately mansions and cozy cottages nestle, each embowered in a bed of verdure. Coniston Old Hall is conspicuous on the western bank, while further south on the same shore is Oxen House, near by which the little river of Trevor Beck empties itself into the lake.

As our boat sails back up the lake we have a fine view of Coniston Old Man, as the lofty mountain at the head of the lake



ELTERWATER AND THE LANGDALE PIKES.

is named. This strange cognomen is derived from the British words "ald," a hill, and "maen," a stone (signifying a stony hill), which in course of time has been rounded into "old man." It stands forth in bold, rugged outline against the fleecy clouds 2,633 feet in height, the most prominent of many grey mountain peaks in this mountainous neighbourhood.

On the following day we make the ascent of the Old Man, and find our toil and exertion well repaid by the glorious views we get from his lofty summit. At our feet, as it seems, although in reality



CONISTON LAKE, LOOKING SOUTH.

many miles intervene, we see spread out the whole district of Furness, and southwards to the sea Morecambe Bay lies

glistening like a crescent of silver.

The day is an ideal one for mountaineering, and there is a minimum of haze and dampness to intercept our vision of distant objects. We are, indeed, most fortunate and revel in our good luck. Following the course of the little River Duddon, which runs into the Irish Sea near Dalton, we have pointed out to us a vision of cloud-like vapour, which, however, does not seem to alter its position; far away, as far as the eye can travel, it appears like a blot on the horizon. This, we are told is Snowdon, and by the aid of our glasses, we really believe we can make out the shape of the mountain. the distance, as the crow flies, is somewhere about ninety miles, so we can scarcely expect to be over positive on the identity; but our guide is so certain of the correctness of what he asserts, and

dilates so on the clearness of the atmosphere and the good fortune which brought us to the top of the Old Man on this particular day, with himself as our guide, philosopher and friend, that we feel we must doubt no longer, and that really and truly we ought to be deeply indebted to our loquacious friend for arranging such a charming day on our behalf, and which he evidently means us to remember when we settle accounts with him for his services.

There are several waterfalls on the Old Man worth visiting, besides two tarns, Low Water and Gaits

Water. The latter, surrounded by bleak, bare rocks, forms a scene of wild, desolate grandeur.

> "A Cove—a huge recess, That keeps till June December's snow; A lofty precipice in front; A silent tarn below."

Having exhausted our allowance of time. we regretfully bid adieu to this lovely neighbourhood, and once more take our seats on one of Mr. Rigg's well-found coaches for the return to Windermere.

Our way back is made through Ambleside, instead of returning by the ferry over Windermere Lake. Leaving Coniston, we pass through the beautiful vale of Yewdale, the road passing through some of the most enchanting scenery we have yet seen. The vale is shut in by bold, precipitous, rocky heights, wooded from foot to summit with magnificent foliage. As we gradually ascend the pass, a more extended view of the neighbouring mountains unrolls itself before us, High Yew-

dale Farm is presently passed, and near by we see the particular yew tree, which measures twenty-one feet in circumference, and which gives its name to the lovely vale we have just driven through.

We are now nearing Ambleside, and note several points which we have seen earlier in our visit: and all too soon we are back again at Windermere, having completed our excursions to the lakes and falls in this district, and only wishing we had more leisure to spare to linger around many of the romantic scenes we have had to visit so rapidly.

HUBERT GRAYLE.



UPPER FALL, CONISTON.

# The Memoirs of Dr. Francis Wiseman.

Compiled from Private Papers by his friend, the Rev. David Spencer: to which are added certain Critical Observations and Elucidations by Professor Otto Schultz, the distinguished Oriental Scholar. The whole now published for the first time, and forming an astounding Present-day Narrative of the Invisible and Supernatural.

### By PAUL SETON,

Author of "Revelations of a London Pawnbroker," "Confessions of a Royal Academician," &c. &c.

### PART II.

#### THE SEARCH FOR THE SIGNET.

[NOTE BY EDITOR.—In order not to break the continuity of this narrative, I designedly omit any details of my journey to town for the purpose of obtaining the second part of these Memoirs, which gave promise of exceeding in exciting incident that portion which I had already perused. The house remained apparently in the same condition as when I had last seen it, save that it seemed to me gloomier and more ghost-like than ever. Upon my return I undid the packet marked B, with an eager and unrestrained curicsity to learn the conclusion of this strange matter. I found the contents, though in perfect order, more disjointedly put together than the preceding part, which had resolved itself into a connected history without the necessity of any extraneous aid. In fact, the whole of this latter manuscript may be said to have naturally separated uself into clearly-defined divisions, each, so to speak, complete in itself. I have, therefore, treated it accordingly, heading each portion as a distinct adventure which title, indeed, must strike every thoughtful person who may happen to read this astounding record as singularly appropriate and well-deserved. I have left the style practically untouched, only altering a passage here and a sentence there to render the s meaning less obscure, while I have at the same time studiously refrained from interpolating any comments or opinions of my own.

#### ADVENTURE THE FIRST.

Y friend, Professor Otto Schultz, duly put in an appearance at Brook Street at the time he had named, and was received by me with feelings of lively, and by Graham with a somewhat languid interest. The Professor was a man of about fifty, with a typical German face, ornamented with a huge white moustache. With the exception of an occasional idiomatic expression, he spoke English as well as myself, which was not at all surprising, seeing that he was generally credited with a perfect acquaintance with at least threefourths of every known language, living and dead. I had made his acquaintance some years previously, when we had conjointly conducted some curious experi-



MY FRIEND, OTTO SCHULTS.

ments, the nature of which, however, does not in any way affect this history; and ever since then he had never failed when passing through London to give me a call. Whilst, therefore, delighted at his present coming, I was by no means surprised, although, could either of us have foreseen its ultimate consequences, there would have been ample room for the most boundless astonishment. The Scarabæus in his pocket was duly produced and sufficiently admired, but that ancient object, albeit undoubtedly interesting, did not evidently constitute the main object of his visit, and ruthlessly sweeping aside all other considerations and topics, he speedily plunged into what was very obviously the subject uppermost in his mind.

" My dear Wiseman," he began, after he had safely bestowed the Scarabæus in one of his capacious pockets, "you are, I know, very much attracted and fascinated by anything which appears to you to partake of the marvellous and supernatural. Now I have, during my recent explorations in Egypt, encountered a most singular man who is possessed of a most singular idea. This remarkable person has solemnly declared to me his belief that the lost signet of Solomon, the son of David—or Suleymán Ibn-Dáood, as the Arabs out there style him-is still in existence, and that when it is found, as it one day will be, its fortunate possessor will most certainly become at one bound the richest, wisest and most powerful individual in the whole world."

Graham and I exchanged significant glances at this, which did not escape the keen eyes of the Professor, who, however, continued his story without remark,

"This is, of course, a very strange belief for any sane person to hold in these days, and this man is as unquestionably sane as—shall we say?—yourself. But what is still more extraordinary, is his firm assurance that he himself is one of the three last descendants of the great Hebrew king, and that he, therefore, has a greater right to its possession than any other living being, with the sole exception of his elder brother, if still in existence."

Once more did the eyes of Graham and myself meet in surprised understanding, and once more did the Professor look curiously at us, as though he half comprehended and half wondered what the meaning of those mutual glances might

be. Nevertheless, he made no sign, but

went on as quickly as before.

"One might not unnaturally think all this quite sufficiently astonishing, but my unconventional friend was determined to give me yet one other surprise by way of finale. On the morning before I proposed quitting the land of the Pharaohs he came into my tent-for you must know that I was, at this time, camping out on the fringe of the desert—with a request which completely took away all my breath. 'You have,' he said gravely, 'an English triend by the name of Wiseman. Is it not even so?' Your information is perfectly correct,' I replied, staring at him with open mouth, though how on earth you became acquainted with the fact is altogether beyond my feeble comprehension.' 'Do not give yourself concern on that score,' he returned, in his most superior manner—and really, for a wandering Israelite, his manner, when he chose, could be very superior indeed: quite worthy, in fact, of a genuine descendant of the lofty King Solomon himself: 'did it please me, I could without difficulty give you far greater cause for wonderment than this. You will be seeing your friend upon your return?' 'It may be so,' I answered rather coldly, for I could not imagine to what end all this was intended to lead; 'but why do you wish to know?' 'Will you undertake to deliver a message to him from me?' he said quickly, without the slightest regard to my question. Let me hear the message first,' I replied cautiously, 'and then I will give you my answer.' He drew himself up to his full height on hearing this, and crossing his arms with much dignity on his breast, delivered himself of this very remarkable speech."

The Professor paused, and drew out of one of his numerous pockets a small russia leather note-book, from which he proceeded to read as follows: "'Benhanan, the Jew, sendeth greetings to the learned physician, whose fame as a healer bath penetrated even to the East, and also by the same hand a warning. Let the Dispenser of Health take heed to himself, for he standeth in the shadow of a mighty peril. Concerning the nature of this peril, it is not given to him who speaketh to say further, save that an enemy plotteth it, and that it leadeth down to the mouth of the grave. In gratitude for benefits rendered unto a poor and unknown brother, Benhanan sendeth this message of caution. Well shall it be if he to whom it is addressed receiveth it with wisdom and consideration.'

It was a strange enough message, and I expressed myself to that effect. The Pro-

fessor cordially agreed.

"Nevertheless," he said cheerfully, "we must take things in this world as we find them. There can be no doubt of its perfect accuracy, for I took the precaution of writing it down on the spot." And he

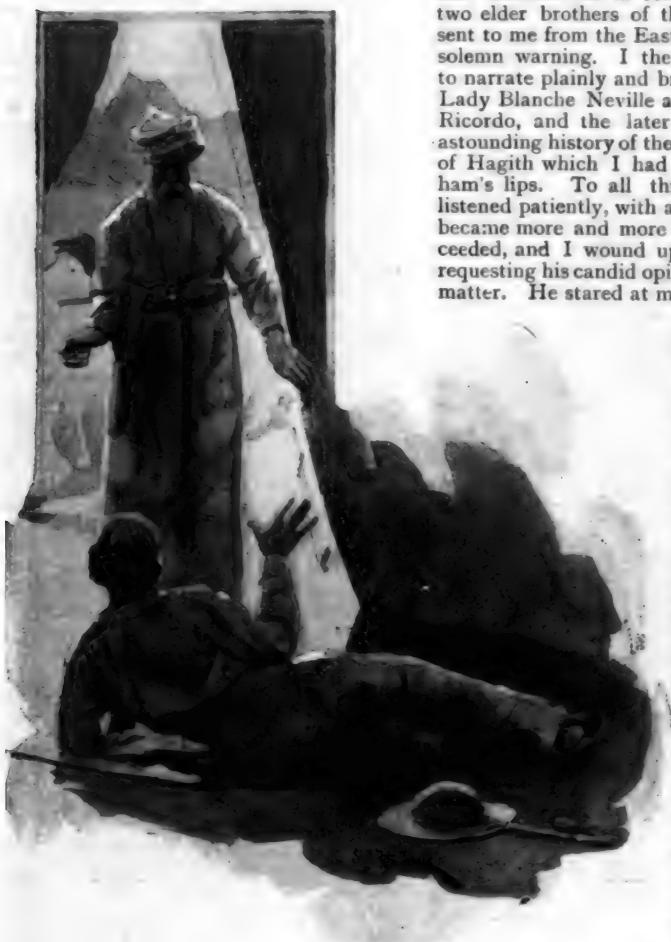
closed his note-book with a snap that defied contradiction.

For some moments after this we sat in silence, unbroken, save for the ticking of the clock upon the chimney-piece. length I lifted my eyes enquiringly to Graham, who was not slow in rightly reading the question they contained, and in returning the answer I anticipated. For it had come upon me strongly that I should tell the Professor the whole of the strange experiences which Graham and I had encountered in connection with the two elder brothers of the Jew who had sent to me from the East this strange and solemn warning. I therefore set myself to narrate plainly and briefly the story of Lady Blanche Neville and the Prince di Ricordo, and the later and even more astounding history of the tragic invocation of Hagith which I had heard from Gra-To all this the Professor ham's lips. listened patiently, with a grave face which became more and more serious as I proceeded, and I wound up my relation by requesting his candid opinion on the entire matter. He stared at me thoughtfully for

some time before replying, and then said: "If I were

you, I would take a little trip, and see Benhanan for yourself. Depend upon it, he, if any, holds the key to all these singular and, at present, seemingly inexplicable occurrences. Besides, not only would you thus obtain a clearer meaning of his somewhat obscure warning, but you could, at the same time, discharge what seems to me almost a duty by conveying to him the information of his remaining bro-

ther's fate."



4 ' SOU HAVE A PRIEND CALLED WISEMAN."

"Nonsense," I exclaimed, considerably startled by this novel suggestion; "you must be joking. You surely cannot seriously expect me to leave my practice for the sake of such a wild goose expedition as this."

"Why not?" he returned calmly. "It is not such a wonderful journey, after

all."

"But," I answered, disconcerted beyond measure at the notion, "what is to become of my patients in the meantime? I cannot, you know, procure a locum tenens after the fashion of the ordinary practitioner."

"Bah!" was the contemptuous retort.

"It does not take a year nowadays to get to Egypt. You can do it all, easily enough, within the month. You are looking a bit fagged, I notice. Take a few weeks' holiday; the journey would do you good. I am returning myself immediately after Christmas, and shall be pleased to act as your guide, philosopher and friend; and if your friend here would also like to go, why, we could make up quite a com-

fortable little party."

It was certainly a surprising proposition to suddenly spring upon a fashionable physician; and yet, when I began to reflect, it did not seem half so preposterous or impossible an idea as it did when first brought forward. Under the able guidance of the Professor, the journey might be safely accomplished well within a month, and I should then be back before the commencement of the London season. Moreover, the Professor was quite right about my looking tagged. I not only looked it, but I felt it also, and I remembered, with a sudden feeling of comical indignation, that I had really not had a holiday out of England for several years, although I was passionately fond of foreign travelling. My wife, I knew, would be glad of the opportunity to visit some friends in the North, and I—well, I finally said I would think the matter

"and I am sure you will thank me for the suggestion. Besides, I must confess that, notwithstanding my strong inclination to disbelief in the supernatural, your tale has interested me immensely. Indeed, so great is the curiosity which you have excited within me that I must acknowledge a very great desire to be present at what I cannot but consider will prove a very remarkable meeting. Do you know,"

he went on more seriously, "it is quite possible that this curious ring which adorned the finger of the great Solomon so many years ago may still be knocking about somewhere in the world, and if so, depend upon it our esteemed friend, Benhanan, is more likely to possess the clue to its whereabouts than any other living being on the face of the earth. That the Wise King of Israel did possess such a ring, to which his superstitious subjects attributed a mysterious necromantic power, cannot be doubted. I myself, in the course of my researches, have discovered enough to place this beyond all question."

"Oh, I dare say he did wear a ring of some sort," I replied carelessly, for, to tell the truth, I was thinking more of the proposed trip than anything else at the moment, "but the chance of its recovery

is quite another matter."

"Of course it is," returned the Professor arbanely, "but, all the same, I don't see why it shouldn't be found some day. Many objects of equal interest and incomparably greater antiquity have been recovered when it was thought they were lost to the world for ever. In fact, if the idea doesn't frighten you too much, I should enjoy, above all things, joining you two gentlemen in a search for its discovery."

In my folly I burst out into a loud laugh on hearing this. I say in my folly, for how could I dream that the Professor's words would prove so strangely prophetic, and that I should, indeed, make one of such a party as he suggested? I was recalled to a sense of my rudeness by a

question from the Professor.

"By the way," he said, "have you any idea what this wonderful ring is like?"

"Well," I replied, with delightful vagueness, "I can't say I have any precise notion, but I should imagine it was some very magnificent piece of jewellery with a matchless precious stone as a seal, upon the face of which was engraved this mysterious and all-powerful name."

"And that is precisely where you are wrong, my friend," said the Professor, with a little laugh. "It is here where a little of my despised knowledge comes in to great advantage. The ring itself, so far from being of the dazzling magnificence which you suppose, was of the plainest possible description, being composed, indeed, of two metals, neither of which is

held in any estimation for purposes of personal adornment — namely, iron and brass."

"A curious combination," I observed,

in some surprise, "for a ring."

"You are right," remarked the Professor gravely; "yet it was upon these two metals, and nothing more valuable, that this dread name was engraved, by virtue of which its owner was reputed to have worked such marvels, and which served so admirably its twofold purpose.'

"Its twofold purpose?" I said en-

quiringly.

"Even so. With the brass portion this Holder of the Key of the Hidden Gates of Light, as he has been somewhat grandiloquently described, was wont to stamp his written commands to the good spirits under his control, and with the iron his orders to the bad—iron being the metal of which those evil spirits went most in terror." And the Professor, having thus successfully aired his curious learning, blew his nose with a triumphant air.

After some further conversation of a desultory character, the Professor rose to take his leave, and it was arranged that he should call again on his return from Scotland, where he had some private business to transact with the trustees of some museum devoted especially to the furtherance of Egyptology, it being understood that I would give the question of the proposed trip my most careful consideration in the interval, and let him know my decision on his return after the holidays. And so the year wore rapidly away to its close, and the wintry sun rose upon it for the last time ere I finally made up my mind upon the course of

action I had best pursue.

When, after many inward misgivings, I had definitely resolved the matter in the affirmative, I proceeded to the more delicate task of acquainting my wife with my determination. To my surprise, she received the announcement with manifestations of profound grief and alarm, and strove by every effort in her power to turn me from my resolution. But, having once decided, I was firm, and gently, though positively, refused to be moved from my purpose. I represented to her that I should only be away for a month at the utmost, and that my absence would afford her an excellent opportunity of paying that long-deferred visit to the North which had been put off time after time on account of my inability to accompany her, and her reluctance to leave me alone. I urged also the state of my health and the positive necessity of taking some little relaxation, lest the strain should prove too much for me. All in vain. Like Rachel weeping for her children, she refused to be comforted. Throwing her beautiful white arms clingingly around my neck, she drew me closely to her bosom and besought me, with tears in her eyes, to abandon this unhappy idea for her sake. She foresaw disaster in it great risks — and, possibly, even death. Could I not yield to her solicitations, even for this once only, and stay at home in peace with her? No, I could not. Manlike, every additional entreaty only rendered me the more obstinate, and whereas up to a few hours previously I had been tossing to and fro upon a very sea of uncertainty and doubt, I now felt as though no shadow of irresolution had ever darkened or perplexed my mind. My whole being, as it were, seemed suddenly bound up in this journey to the East to see a man of whose very existence I had not even heard a fortnight ago. So, seeing my firmness, she at length desisted, and withdrew, I fear me, to weep alone over a rashness which was entirely beyond her sweet and tender control.

With Graham I experienced no difficulty whatever. He was willing and even anxious to come. The horrible sense of that ever-present, intangible Something rendered him only too eager to seize upon any distraction which promised a temporary relief to his overstrung feelings, and to take him out of himself for the time being. So it was arranged, and together we sat down and waited for the Professor's

arrival.

He came at last, bringing with him a young, fair-haired nephew about eighteen years of age, fired with the ambitious resolve to follow in his distinguished relative's steps, and to explore for himself the wonders and mysteries of those ancient eastern climes. He was a bright, intelligent youth, this Harold Carwardine; full of life and fun, and one who promised to form an acceptable addition to our party. But little time was required to complete our preparations, and it was arranged that we should start on our journey the following evening, vià Newhaven and Dieppe, for Paris, where the Professor had some further matters of



STROVE TO TURN ME FROM MY RESOLUTION.

importance—chiefly relative to mummies—to attend to, which would necessitate our remaining in that city for a couple of

days. The longer route had been selected, as it was intended that our number should be increased at Rouen by the distin-

guished company of an eminent Pharaoh and his no less eminent consort, for the reception of which royal pair suitable apartments were even then in course of

provision at the Louvre.

It was a wild night when we arrived at Newhaven, and the Professor, not being the best of sailors, promptly retired below as soon as he had set foot on board the steamer, his example being speedily followed by young Carwardine. Nothing in the way of salt water ever affected me deleteriously, and I therefore elected to stay on deck in preference to being stifled to death by the malodorous atmosphere of the cabin. Graham, being of the same way of thinking, remained with me, and we lighted our cigars and continued to patrol the planks until the last twinkling lights of England had finally vanished from our view. Feeling somewhat chilly, I then proposed an adjournment to the smoking-room, but Graham preferred to continue where he was. The pure ozone, he declared, did him good. So I left him, and proceeded alone to the cabin set apart for smokers. I lighted another cigar and ordered a brandy and soda; and, having thus attended to my creature comforts, I fell into a dreamy, retrospective train of thought, the subdued melancholy of which was not altogether unpleasing in my present surroundings. From time to time I caught a glimpse of Graham's tall figure through the saltencrusted windows of the cabin as he paced perseveringly to and fro in his solitary walk; but gradually external objects became less and less distinct, and I suppose that, whilst thus idly engaged, I must have dropped off into some sort of uneasy slumber, for the next thing I remember was hearing, with a sudden start, a stentorian cry of "Man overboard!" together with the clanking of the reversing engines and the customary bustle and confusion attendant on such accidents at sea.

I rushed on deck immediately, where I found the sailors already hard at work lowering the boats. The sea was running very high, but fortunately there was a slight moon, which shed sufficient light to enable objects to be faintly distinguished some little distance from the steamer. I pressed to that side of the boat where the people were mostly congregated, and peered eagerly into the dark waste of heaving waters, straining my eyes until I

caught sight of a tiny black speck bobbing up and down far - terribly afar, as it seemed to me—astern. By an instinctive action I turned to look for Graham, and suddenly my heart went sick within me. He was nowhere in sight. I tore down the stairs leading below, nearly upsetting the Professor and young Carwardine, who were half-way up, in my precipitate descent. To my still greater alarm, they had seen nothing of him, and were quite confident he was not in the cabin they had just left. A hasty search convinced me that he must be on deck or else—and I felt my head swim and my eyes haze over at the horrible alternative—he must be that little black speck I had seen tossing helplessly to and fro in our wake a few moments By the time I reached the deck again the boats were out and were pulling vigorously towards the spot where I had last seen that ominous sight. great cloud passed over the face of the moon, and in an instant all outside the ship was inky darkness, save for the dull glimmer of the lanterns carried by the boats. There was a terrible interval of suspense, during which I nearly forced the eyes out of my head gazing into that pitchdark void beyond, and then there came a faint cheer from the distance, instantly taken up with enthusiastic heartiness by those on board, and I knew that the hungry waters had once more been deprived of their expected prey, and that the drowning man was found.

My conjecture had been correct enough. It was Graham, lifeless and pale, that the boats brought back to the vessel. No, not lifeless, for by assiduous and skilful attention, he was gradually wrested from the fierce embrace in which Death had clutched him with tenacious grasp, and won again to consciousness and life, though anyone might well have been pardoned for supposing that all vitality had for ever fled from that white and senseless form. On the arrival of the steamer at Dieppe he was taken to an hotel on the quay, where, after a few hours' rest, he was sufficiently recovered to resum: the

journey thus rudely interrupted.

It may be supposed that we were not slow in enquiring of him the cause of such a well-nigh fatal mishap, and his account, to which he persistently adhered puzzled us not a little. He had been pushed overboard—so he asserted—by some invisible hand; and to this he steadfastly stuck, in

spite of all the Professor's arguments to show that he must have been the victim of a sudden attack of drowsiness, and in this unconscious state have tumbled into the sea. It was certainly not a good beginning to our trip, but before we reached the French metropolis we had agreed to let the matter drop as far as possible, lest the recollection of it should interfere with the comfort of our expedition. Indeed, had we not done so of our own accord another and still more startling circumstance would have speedily driven it from our minds.

beckoning to us to approach, said to our utter amazement:

"Gentlemen, our journey to the East is ended, at any rate, for the present. Instead of our having to go to the mountain, the mountain has come to us. Permit me to introduce to you my friend, the learned Benhanan, the Master of Wisdom, as he is sometimes called, whose opportune presence in this city at the present time will save us the necessity of a pilgrimage to the Pyramids." And the Professor drew out an immense pocket handkerchief, and wiped his forehead with



GRADUALLY WRESTED FROM DEATH.

We had arrived at the St. Lazare terminus, and the Professor, whom we all acknowledged as our supreme leader, was engaged in directing a porter where to wait for our luggage, when all at once he uttered a loud exclamation of surprise. We naturally turned to see what unusual event had transpired to thus astonish this usually imperturbable man, and found that he was gazing fixedly at an elderly and venerable looking man, with a long white beard, who was advancing as rapidly towards him as the crowded state of the platform would admit. Shortly afterwards they were greeting each other with much cordiality, and then the Professor, the air of a man who has performed a great and meritorious action.

This unexpected encounter filled us not only with astonishment, but also with some little confusion to boot. We had pictured the Jew to ourselves as we fancied he would appear under the burning rays of a blazing Eastern sky, reflecting in solitude upon the departed grandeur of his unhappy race; and here he was standing calmly before us in the very heart of the gayest city in the world, clad in the ordinary everyday garb of European civilisation! It was nothing short of a severe shock to our nerves, from which it took us some little time to

recover. If, however, we were embarrassed by this unanticipated situation, no such feelings appeared to prevail in the breast of the Jew. He was calmness itself, and when he spoke, his voice was as cold and hard and unmoved as though this extraordinary meeting were the most

commonplace thing imaginable.

"I am staying here," he said, in an even, metallic voice, utterly devoid of anything like emphasis or emotion, "for some time, in a house which I have taken in the Boulevard Haussmann. I was looking for some friends who have not come, and I have found, fortunately, others who have to take their place. This is a welcome event. You must come to my house: it is close by—nay, I will take no denial. While you are in this city you must consider yourselves my guests." And before any serious objection could be raised, we found ourselves in a handsome carriage, which drove swiftly without stopping until it arrived at a fine house near the

Arc de Triomphe.

We passed through a spacious courtyard, in the centre of which a marble fountain was playing, into a hall of singularly elegant appearance, richly hung with arms and trophies, some of which even a cursory glance told me must be of almost priceless value. From thence we proceeded up a noble staircase, our strangely-found host leading the way, and entered a room the magnificence of which I had never before seen equalled, much less surpassed. A rich Smyrna carpet covered the floor, masterpieces by ancient and modern painters adorned the walls, while costly objets d'art were scattered with lavish profusion throughout the apartment, which was furnished in the most sumptuous and tasteful style of Louis Quatorze. Little time, however, was allowed us for the examination of all this splendour. Observing that dinner would soon be ready, and that we would doubtless wish to attend to our toilet after our journey, our host touched a bell, and we were severally consigned to the care of a gorgeously-attired lackey, with instructions to conduct us to our respective rooms. What my fellow-travellers thought of all this unexpected display of grandeur and wealth I had no means of ascertaining, but I know that I followed my conductor to my chamber with the feelings of one in a bewildering dream. Nor was the room into which I was now ushered with so much state one whit behind the other in the prodigality of its superb appointments, the contemplation of which occupied far more of my attention than did my personal appearance. loud clangor of a bell below warned me to hasten; and, therefore, abandoning my examination of these glories until a more convenient season, I hurriedly completed those changes in my attire which I deemed necessary to render myself presentable, and then, under the same resplendent escort, proceeded to rejoin my companions. Dinner was almost immediately afterwards announced by the maître d'hôtel, that functionary himself preceding us to the dining saloon, where a table was spread with every conceivable requisite to a perfectly-appointed banquet. During the progress of the meal, which was served in princely fashion, I cast several furtive glances at the Professor, to see if his face reflected any signs of that profound astonishment which I felt was only too plainly depicted on my own; but that imperturbable person apparently regarded it all as a matter of course, and his face betrayed no more wonderment at his surroundings than might have done the immobile countenance of an Egyptian The conversation, which was Sphinx. chiefly maintained by our entertainer and . the Professor, was of the most general description until dessert was reached, when the last-named suddenly gave a vastly more interesting turn to it, to my undisguised joy and satisfaction.

"I must confess," he said seriously, addressing the mysterious figure at the head of the table, "that this remarkable display of almost regal magnificence on the part of one whom I left a few weeks ago leading the plainest of lives in a desert country, with nothing but bare canvas walls to shelter him from the scorching blasts of day and the freezing dews of night, constitutes a puzzle which I freely admit my total inability to solve. You will pardon my rudeness in remarking upon this, but I am sure that you will be as pleased to tell as I shall be delighted to hear how it is that I now meet with you under such vastly different circum-

stances."

I waited breathlessly for the explanation of this, to me also, inexplicable enigma; and I could see that my eagerness was fully shared by my companions. The Jew toyed idly with his knife for a moment before replying, and then said, in that same coldly unsympathetic tone which I had previously observed and disliked:

"The explanation of all this, like the explanation of most astonishing things, is exceedingly simple. When I last saw you I was a comparatively poor man, filled with a visionary's dream of recovering a long-lost treasure."

"And you have done so?" burst in Graham irrepressibly, his face aflame with excitement. "Then it is all true—this story of your great ancestor's mystic ring, which I heard from the lips of your

brother?"

"You are mistaken, my friend," replied the Jew coldly. "It is not as you imagine. Indeed, so far from this vain story being true, I believe it to be nothing further than the worthless figment of an idle imagination, the impossible pursuit of which, I regret to say, has wasted the best years of my life."

This declaration, so totally opposed to everything we had anticipated, filled us all with astonishment, but none more so than

Graham.

"Do I understand you, then, to say," he stammered at length, "that you now regard the whole of this story as an absolute myth?"

"I do," was the decisive reply; "and I rejoice that I discovered its illusory character in time to prevent the remainder of my existence being sacrificed to such a useless chimera." He paused for a moment, as though allowing us time to fully digest this positive statement, and then resumed: "I was about to explain how it was that you find me here in the altered circumstances to which Herr Schultz has just alluded, for surely it is unnecessary for me to dwell longer upon my obvious reasons for abandoning the pursuit of an idle and unprofitable fancy. Since I have last seen you," he continued, addressing himself more particularly to the Professor, "a friend of mine, to whom I once rendered some particular service, has suddenly died, unconditionally bequeathing to me, to my great surprise, the whole of his immense fortune, in recognition of his gratitude. This house in which you now are, together with all its appointments, servitors and other belongings, was formerly his property; and I beg that you will do me the favour to consider it as your own during the remainder of your stay in Paris."

This surprising announcement completely reduced us to silence for the time being, though, after all, there was



VOL. VII.—AUGUST, 1894.

nothing in it which could be said to be impossible, or even improbable, still it was too vast to be swallowed at a single gulp. The Professor was the first to recover himself.

"And what, pray," he asked curiously, was the name of this princely personage who manifested his gratitude in so muni-

ficent a manner?"

And like a thunderclap came the astounding reply: "His Highness the

Prince di Ricordo."

This amazing information, though its effect upon us generally was the same, had the result of producing some ludicrous and diversified attitudes. Graham sprang from his chair in his excitement, with a fork still nervously clutched in his hand; I knocked over and smashed a couple of wine-glasses by my side, covering them over in my confusion with a plate; while the Professor held his serviette fluttering to and fro between the table and his face like Mahomet's coffin suspended in mid air, but otherwise our unanimity was wonderful.

"The Prince di Ricordo!" we cried simultaneously, and with an utter disregard of all the proprieties. "The Prince

di Ricordo! Impossible!"

Impossible or not, the Jew repeated his assertion, and we listened to his tale with feelings bordering on dismay. Once, he declared, he had been the means of saving the Prince's life; their mutual researches into the various departments of occult science had afterwards thrown them much together; it was not unnatural that the Prince, having no legal heirs, should have been prompted by gratitude to thus dispose of his vast wealth, and—voilà tout.

"But," I observed uneasily at the conclusion of his narrative, "though you have ceased to believe in the existence of Solomon's great talisman, I presume you have not altered in your conviction that I am menaced by some alarming though hidden danger. Might I ask you to explain in what this unknown danger

consists?"

"The danger is past," was the calm and passionless reply. "It ceased with the death of him who, though a friend to me, regarded you with implacable animosity—as an enemy who had deprived him of his intended bride."

There was no gainsaying the likelihood of this. The whole affair, though strange to a degree, was not more so than many

other strange things of this nineteenth century; but after what I had just heard my head was in a whirl, and I was glad enough when a pretext occurred to seek the seclusion of my room. I had been sitting there some time cogitating over the exciting events of the day, for I felt too much disturbed to think of retiring to rest, when I heard a low tapping at my door. I rose softly and cautiously opened it. To my great relief it was the Professor, who, restless like myself, had come to talk over the occurrences which were uppermost in both our minds. But though we talked long and earnestly, and though the Professor—who, in spite of his erudition, was a thorough man of the world—was unable to discover any reasonable ground of doubt or to detect any flaw in what we had heard from the lew, still he candidly admitted there was a great deal more in all this than he could at present understand or explain. It was finally arranged, however, between us that, as our expedition to the East had been brought to such a premature and inglorious conclusion, we should remain for a few days in Paris to compensate ourselves in some measure for this most disappointing fiasco. I was shaking hands with my friend, preparatory to bidding him a last good night, when I happened to express my surprise that this lew, who now seemed so cold and hard and unsympathetic, should have taken the trouble to send me, a short time previously, such a kindly message of warn-I drew from the circumstance a high-toned and exceedingly improving moral as to the debasing influences of great and unexpected wealth. The Protessor gave a little shiver, and looked me curiously in the face.

"My dear Doctor," he said very slowly and gravely, "what you have just said is certainly very true. Sudden wealth will often change the heart, but never before have I known it to operate in a similar

manner upon the voice."

"What on earth do you mean?" I exclaimed in great perplexity, and not without a certain ill-defined sensation of alarm. "What, in the name of goodness, do you expect me to conclude from that?"

"Oh, nothing," he answered rather hastily; "nothing at all. The Benhanan you have seen to-night is the Benhanan of the desert, only clad after the European manner, and afflicted also with the European fashion of harsh, un-

sympathetic speech. Speaking for myself, I don't at all admire the change." And without affording me any chance of re-

plying, he was gone.

The next morning when we met, our host announced that he should be compelled to leave us to our own devices during the day, but that he hoped to have the pleasure of meeting us all again at dinner in the evening. Thereupon a general breaking-up of our party ensued. The Professor, after paying a visit to the Louvre, proposed calling upon some friends living the other side of the Bois de Boulogne, Graham and young Carwardine, whose first visit it was to Paris, determined upon a morning sight-seeing expedition, while I decided in favour of a solitary saunter on the Boulevards. Of the noise and bustle of these, however, I speedily tired, and I turned aside into a quiet by-street in order to escape the prevailing confusion, which ill accorded with my present humour. No sooner had I done so than a voiture, most recklessly driven, came dashing down upon me at the very moment when I was crossing from one side of the road to the other. With the utmost difficulty, I managed to save myself from being run over — indeed, had I not displayed the greatest agility, I could not possibly have averted such a catastrophe. I called to the driver to know what he meant by such extraordinary conduct, but his only reply was a savage cut at me with the butt end of his whip, which would most assuredly have stretched my head open had I not leaped aside to avoid it, and ere I could recover from the stupefaction which this further act of violence induced, the miscreant had vigorously whipped up his horse and disappeared from sight.

It was in an exceedingly sober frame of mind that I returned to the Boulevard Haussmann, where another disagreeable shock awaited me. I found Graham there in a state of supreme excitement, and with also an unpleasant tale to tell. He had wandered with Carwardine about the streets until they had emerged in the Place de la Bastille. The sight of the monument inspired Graham with an irresistible desire to ascend it, and, leaving his companion at one of the numerous adjacent cases with a foaming book in front of him, he climbed the toilsome staircase and stood on the little overhanging ledge on the summit.

engaged in enjoying the view two men, who had, unnoticed, followed him up, suddenly pounced upon him and endeavoured with much violence to hurl him over the low surrounding railing to the ground below. Taken by surprise as he was, Graham, who was still, in spite of his indisposition, a splendid specimen of muscular development, succeeded in throwing them off, after a short though herce struggle, and, rushing hastily down the tortuous stairway, proceeded to acquaint the gendarme on duty at the bottom with this audacious attempt on his life. But that superior functionary of law and order had listened with a supercilious and incredulous smile, and broadly hinted his belief that Graham was little better than a madman, whose friends were greatly neglecting their duty in not placing him under restraint. Finding that no redress was obtainable in this quarter, he made his way to the café where he had left young Carwardine, but to his surprise and dismay he was nowhere to be seen. Full of this double misfortune, he had hailed a cab and driven back to the Boulevard Haussmann in the hope that the other might have preceded him home. We were still engaged in comparing notes regarding our respective adventures when the Professor entered hurriedly with a more serious look on his face than I ever remembered to have seen there before. We told him of the various incidents that had happened to Graham and myself, and then we found that he, too, had yet another experience to narrate, and, unfortunately, one even of a more serious nature than our own. Returning from visiting his friends at the further side of the Bois de Boulogne, he had selected a secluded portion of the wood as offering a short as well as pleasant route homewards. Whilst in the most lonely part he had been suddenly set upon by three strangers who, armed with small stilettos, had endeavoured to terminate his earthly career in a summary and sanguinary manner. Fortunately, though the odds were seriously against him, he retained all his presence of mind, and a well-directed blow from his stick stretched one of the ruffians at his feet, while a scientifically delivered coup de savate effected the same result in the case of another. The third, perceiving the imminence of defeat, hurriedly withdrew, like a wise man from the field of battle, abandoning the wounded in his flight to the tender mercies of the victorious Professor. Though he told us the story in a semi-humorous way, it was easy to see that the Professor was seriously concerned at what had taken place, and, indeed, who could denv that there was here ample, and more than ample, food for the gravest reflection? It was not only that such things. were possible in open daylight in the capital of France, but and this was the ominous part of it—the lives of everyone of our little party, with the exception of young Carwardine, had been attempted almost simultaneously, and with an audacity well nigh passing belief. Moreover, even of young Carwardine's safety we were none

WELL-DIRECTED BLOW FROM HIS STICK.

the circumstances when, to our relief, the door was again opened, and the Jew entered the room.

He listened to what we had to say with the utmost attention, and with frowning brows and an expression of obvious and high displeasure. It was intolerable, he declared emphatically, that such things should be possible for one moment in a great city like Paris. It should be his

too well assured, and we were still eagerly first business on the morrow to see the discussing what had better be done under Prefect of Police and lay the whole matter before him, in the fervent hope that some clue might be found to the rascally wouldbe assassins. As for our young friend, he would doubtless return soon; in the meantime dinner was ready, and perhaps it would be just as well not to wait. And, having no suitable reply to make to this suggestion, we adjourned to the diningroom without appetite and with heavy But young Carwardine did not return that night, nor the next day, nor the next night, and with our own experiences fresh in our memory, we were consumed with anxious fears as to his probable fate. The following morning, while it was yet dark, the Professor, of whom I had seen nothing the preceding day, came hurriedly into my room, before I was well able to understand whether I was still dreaming or awake.

"Get up at once," he whispered sternly, "and come with me, for I am afraid there is bad news of my poor nephew." And as I hastily struggled into my clothes, he told me how a body had been fished out of the Seine a few hours previously, and that from the description which had been sent him he had little doubt it was that of the unfortunate youth who had started so merrily with us a few days ago on this fateful and most inauspicious trip.

The morning was raw and cold, and neither of us spoke much during our drive to the Prefecture of Police. Our hearts, indeed, were too full of melancholy reflections to permit of conversation. On our arrival at that great headquarters for the detection of crime we were shown into a small reception room, and in the interval of waiting which now ensued my companion told me how, alarmed by the probability of a serious mischance to his nephew of a similar nature to our own, he had placed himself in communication with the authorities, whose duty it was to look after and protect the lives of those within the city, over which they stood perpetual sentinel, with an urgent request that any information regarding the fate of his unhappy relative should be forwarded to him without delay. After the lapse of another quarter of an hour we were conducted into the presence of the Prefect himself, who told us, in a few kindly and sympathetic words, that we must be prepared for the worst, adding that he had deputed an officer to accompany us to the Morgue.

The name of that terrible death-house fell with an awful chill upon our reluctant ears, and full of the most painful anticipations, we proceeded to that ghastly receptacle of the unknown dead of Paris, under the escort of the plain-clothes official assigned to us by the Chief of Police. Our most gloomy fears were speedily realised, for there on a marble slab behind the thick glass wall lay the body of

the fair-haired youth, whose unlucky association with this ill-fated expedition had cost him nothing less than his life.

I left the Professor to make the necessary arrangements for the disposal of the remains, and returned to the Boulevard Haussmann with a firm determination to quit this accursed place at once and for ever. I found the Jew and Graham at breakfast, and to them I told the object of my melancholy pilgrimage in the early morning. Graham was profoundly affected, and even the Jew seemed visibly moved By way of diverting our at my story. minds from this sorrowful event, as he said, he proposed, at the conclusion of the meal, an inspection of the jewel vault of the late Prince di Ricordo, in which, he asserted, was stored such an assemblage of precious stones as seldom, if ever, had been seen before in the collection of a single private individual. We yielded a languid assent, for until the Professor returned, and I could arrange with him to leave Paris without indecent haste, it was immaterial to me how I employed my We therefore descended to the basement, where our conductor unlocked a massive iron door, and we entered the treasure-room of the man from whom I had once wrested a greater jewel than any which it had ever by any chance con-

Truly it was a dazzling, bewildering spectacle which that iron-wrapt vault presented. On every side hung strings of diamonds, emeralds, rubies, sapphires, pearls—flashing back their myriad colours upon us as the rays from the lamp which the lew held aloft touched their polished surfaces and lighted them into life. There were drawers full of jewels such as an Eastern monarch never even dreamed of. The rarest and most costly opals glowed with their hidden fires; carbuncles large as hen's eggs blazed out in all their bloodred beauty—it was a scene of such incomparable fascination that we could not repress a low murmur of admiration as we stood gazing at it with wonder-filled eyes. A mocking laugh, followed by sudden darkness, and the clang of closing iron recalled us to a sense of our position. turned hastily round. Heavens! We were alone! the door was shut! we stood there prisoners! enclosed in a magnincent living tomb!

I pass over our sensations as we gradually realised the frightful hopelessness

of our situation. How that dreadful day wore out, to be succeeded by night as we supposed, for we had no means of ascertaining positively the time, and then again by another day, and yet another and another, I prefer to pass over in silence. Our tortures were intense. Hunger, thirst, sleeplessness—all these the treasures around us only served to aggravate beyond belief. For our fate seemed certain. We were undoubtedly destined never to leave that horrible place alive.

It was on the fifth day of our imprisonment—as we afterwards found out—when we heard voices for the first time. Immediately afterwards the door was flung open, there was a great blaze of light, and I fell into the outstretched arms of the Professor, behind whom stood a commissary of police and half-a-dozen officers gazing curiously, as well they might, at the strange scene before them. We were carefully conveyed from our splendid dungeon to the air and light and life above, where we received every consideration which anxious thought could dictate, but it was some time before we fully recovered from this terrible shock to our systems. At last, however, I felt sufficiently strong to enquire of our deliverer how he had managed to effect our rescue. His reply was brief but pregnant with weighty information. Unable to get rid of the idea that there was something more than mere coincidence in the various attempts upon our lives, he had resolved to abstain from returning to the Jew's house, procuring a watch to be set upon it instead. Finding that neither Graham nor myself made our reappearance he repaired again to the Prefect of Police, who ordered a search of the house to be made. This resulted in nothing, and a second fared no better. But the Professor was not to be daunted. Convinced that we were immured somewhere within the building he, not without difficulty, obtained leave to make a third and final search, with the happy issue which I have set forth to the best of my ability above.

"But where was the Jew all this time?"

I enquired, when he had finished.

"The Jew, as you style him, seems to have utterly and entirely disappeared—vanished, in fact, completely into space—from the very commencement of your imprisonment."

"When did you first begin to suspect there was anything wrong?" I asked, when I had digested all this a little further.

"I hardly know," was the grave reply.

"Almost from the first moment I heard his voice, I think. Read that." And the Professor drew from his pocket a telegram

and held it out towards me.

I seized it eagerly. It was from Cairo, and was nearly a week old. It was very brief. "Benhanan is here," was all it said, and it was signed simply "Darley." I read it over and over again, but I could make nothing of it, and I handed it back to the Professor, and looked at him enquiringly.

"Yes," he said reflectively, "Benhanan is still in Egypt. Lucky, wasn't it, that I thought of telegraphing to a friend of mine, who is staying at Shepheard's Hotel, and ascertaining this fact as soon as I did?"

"Then this Benhanan that we have

seen ——" I began feebly.

"Is not the real Benhanan at all," was the startling and almost incredible reply.

"Not the real Benhanan at all!" I repeated mechanically. "Then, who, in

the name of goodness --- "

"Listen," interrupted the Professor, speaking very seriously. "Let me at once frankly confess that the events of the past week have convinced me that there is more truth in the story of Solomon's signet than I was previously prepared to believe. It cannot be denied that both you and Graham have been most strangely brought into contact with those professing to be the rightful heirs to this talismanic ring. Furthermore, it is equally certain that the very greatest efforts have been made to prevent your meeting with the real Benhanan. Bearing in mind these two important facts, and remembering also that we have been actually stopping in the house of the Prince di Ricordo, who likewise claims affinity with the great Jewish king, it seems to me that but one conclusion from all this is possible."

There was no need to ask what that conclusion was. It was only too plainly apparent. The Prince had lured us there with an evident view to our complete destruction, lest we should in any way interfere with the plans which he himself had doubtless formed for the discovery of this all-powerful ring. But there was yet a still more disturbing thought behind. What mortal could have personated Benhanan with such success as to deceive even the critical eye of the Professor?

To this question neither of us could return an answer in any way satisfactory to ourselves. There was one solution which occurred simultaneously to both our minds, but we hesitated to put it into words. With a great effort, however, I did so at last.

"Professor," I said solemnly, "that was no mortal which met you at St. Lazare, and brought us to this most accursed house. It must have been —"

I paused. The Professor completed the sentence for me.

"A spirit," he said, looking straight in my face. And I felt that he had, indeed,

spoken nothing but the truth.

It would have been well had we determined to pause here while still, so to speak, on the very threshold of our undertaking, and reckon up carefully the probable cost of our future advance, having regard to the gravity of recent events, and the ominous shadows which they projected into the future. Nothing of the sort, however, was even suggested by either of my companions, who were both on fire to proceed. Neither was there matter for great surprise in this. When, alas, did mortals ever yet elect to listen to the soft and timid voice of prudence in preference to following the masterful dictates of hot and eager curiosity? And certainly there was much justification for our pushing forward. Many things which now appeared to us altogether inexplicable it was more than likely would have a sharp and lurid light thrown on them, did we but succeed eventually in obtaining an interview with the real Benhanan. We were

not, however, allowed to leave Paris without receiving a friendly warning which should have affected us far more than it did.

It came from the Prefect of Police. That high functionary actually did us the honour to call upon us in person the following morning, somewhat to our dismay at first, for we immediately jumped to the conclusion that his unexpected appearance in our midst boded further disaster of some sort or other to ourselves. But no; we were mistaken. He had, he said, merely called for the purpose of affixing the official seals to the contents of the Prince di Ricordo's house, of which, in the absence of any tangible owner, he now took formal possession in the name of the law. This accomplished, he turned somewhat abruptly to the Professor and remarked:

"If you and your friends will take good advice, you will give this Prince di Ricordo and his associates a very wide berth in the future. He is a man of the most dangerous parts, and when, as I assure you, he is able with impunity to defy the entire police of this powerful country as often and as long as he chooses to do so, you may easily judge what little chance you possess of thwarting him in any matter upon which he has set his heart. You will comprehend. A word to the wise is always sufficient."

But to us it was not sufficient. In spite of all this, nay, even in very consequence of it, we determined to lose no time in resuming forthwith our journey

to the East.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



HIDDEN SKETCHES .- THE CAVALIER .- FIND THE TWO HORSES AND TWO DOGS,

## Young England at School.

BRIGHTON COLLEGE.

College Motto: "TO D'EY NIKATO"—"Let good prevail."



ENTRANCE TO BRIGHTON COLLEGE.

To find at Brighton, where the climate is so health-giving, and which is a sea-side resort recognised as second to none in England, a public school of some magnitude, where parents may send their sons, thereby availing themselves of the combined advantages of health and education.

The College was established in 1845 as a Public School, on similar lines, as regards discipline and organisation, to those usual in such institutions—the principal object was that of providing a thorough, liberal and practical education in conformity with the principles of the Established Church.

According to Mr. H. J. Mathews, M.A., who edited an excellent College Register of the first thousand boys, the date that may be considered as that which set the seal for the foundation of Brighton College is October 27th, 1845, for it was upon that day that a provisional meeting was held at the National Schools, Church Street, Brighton, to consider the advisability and probability of establishing a college. This was followed by another on December 15th, when a council was appointed to carry the project through.

The late Vicar of Brighton, the Rev. H. M. Wagner, was one of the leading spirits in the venture, and he worked hard to complete the list of College officers.

At first it was the wish of the officers to obtain, if possible, Royal patronage; and to this end Mr. Wagner made application to Her Majesty to accord this favour.

Unfortunately the Queen had only two years previously withdrawn from the town; and the beautiful palace, now the Pavilion, was about to be dismantled. The Vicar's request, therefore, was made rather at an inopportune time;

and great was the disappointment when a letter was received through Sir H. Wheatley expressing "regret that the Queen could not comply with the request to become Patron of Brighton College without subjecting herself to considerable embarrassment from applications of a similar nature which Her Majesty had been obliged to decline." The next step was to apply to Dr. A. T. Gilbert, the late Bishop of the Diocese, who readily consented to become Patron.



THE SIXTH FORM ROOM AND SCHOOL HOUSE.

On May 4th, 1846, a large house at the top of Portland Place, known as Portland House, was hired from Mr. Fearon, for the temporary purposes of the College; and at a meeting held on the 18th of the same month things had so ripened that it was found convenient to advertise for a Principal and Vice-Principal.

Three months later these appointments were given to the Rev. Arthur John Macleane, B.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge, and the Rev. William Smith, M.A., Fellow

of Trinity College, Cambridge, respectively; but a week afterwards the latter gentleman withdrew from the appointment, and the Rev. Henry Cotterill, M.A., late Fellow of St. John's, Cambridge, was elected in his stead, and in consideration of his very high academical distinctions and other valuable qualities as a master a higher salary was given him than that stated in the advertisement.



THE AVENUE IN THE QUADRANGLE.

On January 26th, 1847, Brighton College, Portland Place, opened its doors to forty-seven pupils—a red-letter day in the annals of the School—when the Bishop of Chichester, before a large party of friends of the College and its pupils, declared Brighton College open.

Towards the end of the same year steps were taken to procure a permanent site for the College; and on January 8th, 1848, the secretary was authorised to hire on lease for ninety-nine years, with option of purchase, the present site of the Col-

The design by Mr. (afterwards Sir) George Gilbert Scott was chosen; and regarding this event rather an interesting relic was shown me by the present secretary, the Rev. E. H. Woodward, M.A.

lege, and to advertise for designs.

It was an envelope bearing the words, "To be opened after the selection is made," and its contents were simply a piece of paper with the signature of the famous architect, George Gilbert Scott.

On June 27th, 1848, the foundation stone of the new College was laid by the Bishop of Chichester, but only a portion of the proposed College was built; and on January 24th, 1849, possession was taken of the new building. At first the College comprised only the principal front, containing the class-rooms, although the plan of the architect embraced schoolroom, dining - room, Chapel and Headmaster's house. These, however, have since been erected, and several other buildings from plans prepared by Mr. T. G. Jackson, an old Brightonian, and a pupil of Sir G. Gilbert Scott.

The success of Brighton College is due, in a great measure, to the various masters, each one having carefully guided his charge with one aim—that of making his School prominent amongst the Educational seats of England.

The masters of Brighton College should not be overlooked in this short article on the College, and I think that even a mention of their names may bring back to many Old Brightonians agreeable reminiscences of their school days upon the Brighton Downs:—

The Rev. Arthur John Macleane, M.A., Trinity College, Cambridge, Headmaster 1847-51; afterwards Headmaster of King Edward's Grammar School, Bath, and Rector of Charlcombe. Mr. Macleane

died May 14th, 1858.



The Rev. John Griffith, LL.D., St. John's College, Cambridge, was appointed in 1856, and remained until 1871, being afterwards appointed to the Vicarage of Sandridge, Herts. On July 30th, 1892, this respected Master and Pastor died at Selbourne Cottage, Hassock's, and was buried at Sandridge

Old Boys of Dr. Griffith's period will be glad to hear that a tablet to the memory of their old



THE REV. H. CHAMBERS, M.A., MEADMASTER.

master is being executed from a design by the Old Brightonian, Mr. T. G. Jackson, A.R.A., which is to bear the following inscription:—

To the Honoured Memory of JOHN GRIFFITH, M.A., LL.D., of St. John's College, Cambridge. Incumbent of Trinity Chapel, Brighton, 1853-56.

Principal of Brighton College, 1856-71. Vicar of Sandridge, Herts, 1872-90.

This stone is set up as a monument of their lasting reverence and love by colleagues, pupils and friends, whom he attracted by his intellectual gifts, won by his large and loving heart, held by a perfect sincerity, and inspired by a rare example of devotion to duty.

without doubt, lies rooted deeply in his heart, and the genial smile with which he greets you instantly impresses one that he is a man of earnest and affectionate disposition.

One other master, George Long, Esq., M.A., late fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, will be remembered by many Old Boys as an able and brilliant Classical

Lecturer at their old College.

Mr. Long was a colleague on the staff with the first three Headmasters, viz.:—Mr. Macleane, Dr. Cotterill and Dr. Griffith. He was also associated with Lord Macaulay and the late Professor Walden in the election to scholarships at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1821, and preceded them by a year in being elected Fellow.



THE LIBRARY.

For ten years from 1871 the Rev. Charles Bigg, now Rector of Fenny Compton, held the reins of office with distinguished ability, and was succeeded, in 1881, by the Rev. T. Hayes Belcher, who left Brighton in 1892 for the Rectory of Bramley, respected by his colleagues and pupils, making room for the present Headmaster, the Rev. R. Halley Chambers, M.A., of Corpus Christi College, Oxford.

Mr. Chambers during his short sojourn at Brighton has endeared himself to all connected with the College. His work,

It may also be interesting to note that after being Professor of Ancient Languages at the University of Virginia (where he was the frequent guest of Thomas Jefferson, twice President of the United States), and subsequently Professor of Greek in the University of London, Mr. Long spent the last twenty-one years of the active part of his life as Classical Lecturer at Brighton College, whence he retired in 1871. Mr. Long's death in 1879 was deeply mourned by a vast number of Old Brightonians,

It was a beautifully balmy day when our artist, Mr. Thomas, and myself visited the College, quite enjoying the refreshing walk along the front towards Kemp Town situated at the east end of the town. College Road leads directly to the great Brighton Educational Establishment, the entrance tower of which gives the building an important and dignified appearance.

The tower itself is better described by the illustration, although it may be said to be of the late Perpendicular style, and provides ample accommodation for the offices of the Executive, including a very handsome council room.

Immediately the gateway is passed a short but pretty avenue bisects the quadrangle, which leads to the old building or the College proper. On the right, as we walk through the avenue, is a noble residence. with gardens and tennis courts in front, apportioned to the Headmaster; while on the left are the comparatively new boarding

houses and the Chapel, with gymnasium attached.

My first friend at Brighton College was the present secretary, the Rev. E. H. Woodward, M.A., who at once greatly interested himself in our visit, and to whom I am indebted for most valuable assistance.



THE CHAPEL,

I think I am right in saying that Mr. Woodward is the oldest member of the Collège staff. Many will no doubt remember him as one of their masters, which position he most ably filled for many years, and to those I should say, that their old tutor is now working as hard as ever for the interest of their old

school and seldom have I spent a few hours more pleasantly than those in company with the College Secretary, and Mrs. and Miss Woodward, while my host recounted a few of the interesting events during his term at the College and his trips abroad.

Mr. Chambers, the Headmaster, conducted us over the College, and explained the various points of interest.

The Sixth Form Room, situated over the entrance hall, is a fine large room, which served at one time as the



A GROUP OF THE MASTERS.

Chapel, and the small gallery which still exists is found useful for young Brightonions to listen to the discussions of the debating society The library on the ground floor is an excellent one, and its

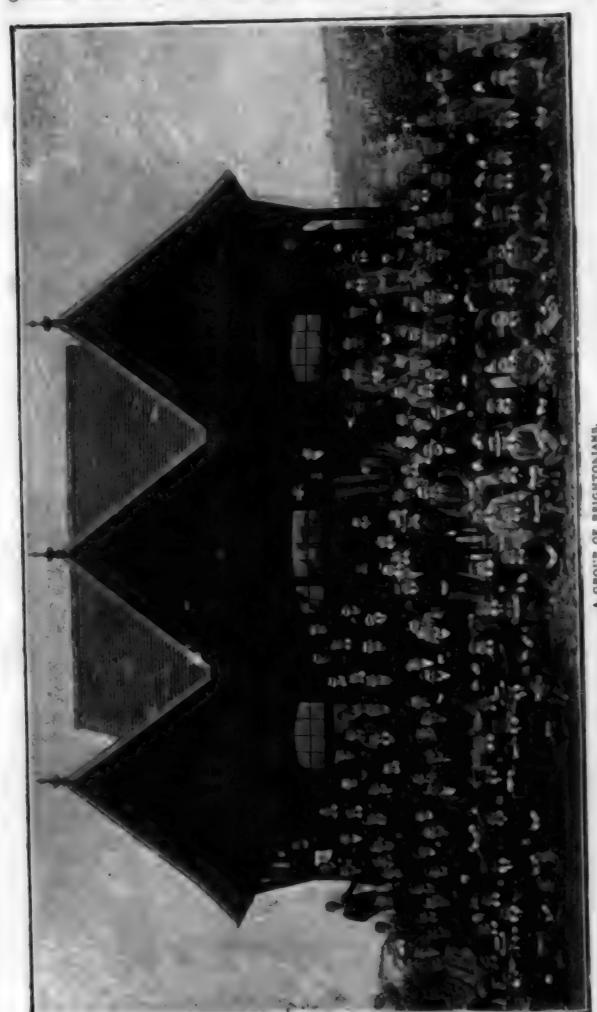
At Brighton there is a growing body of day boys, beginning now to rival the boarders in number. They have assigned to them a portion of the building, with its own large sitting-room, changing-

> rooms and lavatories. In fact, they are organised into a regular House for school purposes, and play as a House in the competitions for school cups, showing considerable combination and esprit de corps. In fact, the two elements work harmoniously together; so much so that it would be within the province of a day boy to become Captain of the School Cricket or Football Eleven.

As at other schools, the Chapel at Brighton College is the centre of cherished associations. It is true that its tradition is not very ancient, for the unique edifice was only finished in 1859, but, nevertheless, it has gradually won the attachment of all Brightonians on account of the interesting history of distinguished sons of the College whose heroic deeds are told upon the walls, and the many interesting ceremonies that have taken place before a large audience of O.B.s and distinguished worthies.

It will be noticed by our illustrations that several memorial tablets have been erected in recognition of some dear friends of the College who have joined the majority. Of these probably the most

notable is that to the late Captain W. J. Gill, R.E., who, it will be remembered, was murdered, with Professor E. H. Palmer and Lieutenant H. Charrington, R.N., in the desert of Sinai, when on a



cases are well stocked with a valuable assortment of instructive works, etc. On the same floor, to the right, is the spacious School House dining hall, which also serves at times for festival occasions.

special commission for his country. The unveiling of the tablet, November 15th, 1883, was performed by General Sir Lintorn Simmons, G.C.B., and only those who occupied a seat in the College Chapel on that day can fully describe the impressiveness of the ceremony.

Captain Gill and his companions were interred in St. Paul's Cathedral, where a tablet is also erected to the memory of

these gallant officers.

The name of Gill is further commemoby the establishment of three scholarships in his name, founded at Brighton College for the sons of officers of the army. Amongst other tablets, may be found one to Augustus Raymond Margary, who was the first to penetrate from China to Burmah, and was murdered at Manwyne; another to Lieutenant Francis G. Kinlock, who was killed in the Kurum Valley; and two (one each) to the Brothers Hovenden, Lieutenant-Colonel J. St. John and Lieutenant Henry F., two benevolent benefactors of the College.

Amongst the most noted of Old Brightonians, I find Sir H. N. D. Prendergast,

Sir Herbert Stewart, Sir Charles Elliott (Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal), and Sir E. J. Poynter (Director of the National Gallery).

After leaving the Chapel, I looked into the gymnasium, which adjoins, as I have already said. It is small, but probably equal to the work asked of it, for Sergeant Instructor Reynolds, who previously held a similar position for many years on the Army Gymnastic Staff at Aldershot, explained that it was not the aim of Brighton College to make a show of a few smart gymnasts at the Public Schools Gymnastic Competition, but to provide healthful and necessary exercise to one and all under his charge.

On our way to the playing fields, which occupy six acres of ground in the immediate rear of the College, we passed the carpenters' shop, where a competent instructor takes charge of those whose inclinations turn to that craft. Here also are situated the observatory, a sanato-

rium and tennis courts.

The cricket field, which has been levelled at a very great cost, is considered able to provide as fine a wicket as any ground in England. It may appear, at first sight, small for so large a school, but when we are assured that in winter tour games at Association football can proceed without interruption, and yet leave the sacred centre of the ground untouched, we can only say: "Well, it is deceiving!"

A noble pavilion, with ample accommodation, is adorned with groups of school

teams dating many years back.

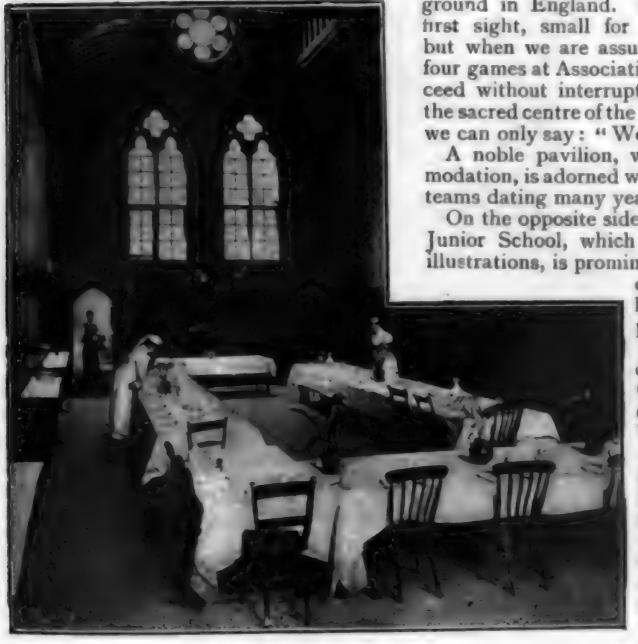
On the opposite side of the ground, the Junior School, which forms one of our illustrations, is prominently situated, and

commands an excellent view of the playing fields.

This important department of the College is presided over by Mr. D. C. Wickham, M.A.

Not only are Brightonians noted in cricket, but in football they have contributed some of the grandest exponents of the game to our Universities.

As far back as 1860 the Brighton



THE SCHOOL MOUSE DINING MALL.



A CORNER OF THE CRICKET GROUND.

College could boast of no less than four O.B.'s in the Cambridge 'Varsity Eleven; and since that period Brightonians have been well to the front in all athletics. A few only need be mentioned of those who owe their early training to their exertions on the

cricket ground at Kemp

There is S. M. J. Woods, who this year captains the Somersetshire County and an O.B. As an all-round cricketer, he has few superiors; and at football he has not only gained high distinction in Inter-'Var-

sity games, but in international contests he has stood conspicuously amongst the greatest of England's

players.

Town.

Few will doubt that the old Brightonian, G. H. Cotterill, is one of the finest centre forwards that the Association game has ever possessed amongst its long list of amateurs.

The inclusion of this brilliant player, who has had the honour of leading the English Eleven into the field against Scotland, is always considered a tower of strength to any football combination.

Then, again, we have the famous stumper and custodian, L. H. Gay, who has kept wicket for his 'Varsity against the Dark Blues, for the Gentlemen of England v. Players at the Oval, and defended England's goal at football against Scotland.

G. L. Wilson is another Old Boy, and one that every Brightonian is proud of; and I will also mention the name of N. C. Cooper and must then stop, for those deserving of full recognition for their brilliancy in the athletic world and hailing from Brighton College are too numerous for me to mention in the short space allotted to me here.

With such talent emanating from the College at the



THE PREPARATORY SCHOOL, FROM THE COLLEGE GROUNDS.

Queen of seaside towns, it is but natural that we Londoners hear so much of the Old Brightonian Football Club, an organisation of Old Boys most prominent in the Metropolis, and one that can always place a team in the field sufficient to be found most formidable rivals to some of our strongest combinations.

Lancing College play inter-matches with the College Eleven, and these contests are always fought out with the keenest friendly rivalry, owing to the close neighbourship of the two institutions.

Swimming is taught at Brill's Baths, and only those who have thoroughly passed the test applied to assure the authorities of their capabilities in the ex-

cellent art are allowed to bathe in the

The Glee Club, Natural History Society, and the Debating Society, to which I have already referred, are well supported, and most excellent work is done in all branches.

Singing forms an important item and by many is considered an instructive luxury. The choir is cared for by the able or-

ganist, Mr. G. Sampson, F.R.C.O., who has set to music, in strains well known now by every Brightonian, the words of Mr. W. D. Eggar, O.B., which form the School Song, whose remembrance connects young and old pupils of the College in that lasting brotherhood, so similar to Freemasonry, that only public school life can give us.

WM. CHAS. SARGENT.

\*\*\*\*\*

Our Islustrations are from a splendid set of Photographs specially taken for the LUDGATE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE by Mr. R. W. Thomas, 41, Cheapside, E.C., from whom Prints from the original negatives can be obtained.

The following Schools have already appeared in The Ludgate Illustrated Magazine:—Eton, Harrow, Rugby, Winchester, Westminster, Christ's Hospital, Dulwich, St. Paul's, Charterhouse, Wellington, Merchant Taylors', Marlborough, Clifton, Cheltenham, Leys College, Bedford Grammar, Haileybury College, Uppingham, Cranleigh and Highgate (Harrow and Rugby are out of print), but back numbers of the others can be chained through all Booksellers, or airect from the Office, 53, Fleet Street, London. Post-free, 8% each copy.



By JOHN ADAMS.

ON'T mind him, Fred. He's been cranky for weeks, and he's getting crankier every day. Oh, you won't go away like this? You can't go. You—" But here Flo broke down, and hid her tear-stained face on my shoulder.

"You mustn't cry like that, darling, unless you want me to give way altogether. It's hard enough to go; don't

make it harder for me, Flo."

In spite of my resolution, there was a choking feeling in my throat as these words came out in gulps, and I was glad that she could not see the tears which dimmed my eyes.

She only sobbed the more, and clung

the closer.

"Nothing in the world but honour could drive me from you, Flo," said I, raising her little head with both my hands. and gazing into her fathomless black eyes, which the tears could only cause to flash the brighter; "but after what your father has said, there is only one course open to me. I must go, and at once."

As I attempted to remove her hand from my shoulder, she made an evident effort to be calm, and, looking me steadily in the face, asked: "Why can't you make money quick, Fred? They tell me that papa

used to be quite poor, but he made money very fast, and now ——"

"And now, Flo, he is one of the chief merchants in Chicago, and a pillar in the church, and has forgotten how he 'made his pile;' at any rate, he hasn't told me the secret."

It was ungenerous, but my wounded spirit could not, at the moment, spare the shaky reputation of old Rawlins. He was highly respected now, but old men shook their heads when his early transactions were mentioned.

"But I can wait, oh! ever so long!" replied my comforter, in words so gentle as to make me despise myself for my cruel sneer at her father, while her concluding remark showed that she did not understand. "And I'll coax papa to show you how to make money. He always does what I want in the end. Oh! if I only had a mamma, like other girls!"

This was a very common remark with Flo, and as I had no fresh reply to make, I merely braced myself up and held out my hand, as the only form of parting which our new relation to each other could

justify

But this cold formality, so far from terminating the interview, only led to fresh tears and endearments. Man is but human, after all, and it was to be our last

meeting.

Seeing that I was really determined to keep to my resolution, she made me promise to try to make money quickly. I agreed, with a painful effort at a smile, to this, and to her next demand—that I should write to her that day twelve months.

As I gradually worked my way towards the door of the deserted parlour, our

misery increased.

"You'll never, never, never forget me, Fred?" she pleaded. "You've got my photograph. I'm so glad."

"Your father made me promise to

return you your photo. But

'Mine eye hath played the painter, and hath steeled Thy beauty's form in table of my heart.'

A flush of pleasure crossed her pale face at these words; and it was almost with a smile that she answered:

"But he didn't forbid me to send it back. You'll enclose your address; won't

you, Fred?"

It was decidedly against the spirit of my agreement with her father, but the temptation was too great. I yielded, and taking advantage of her momentary pleasure, I took good-bye in the old, old fashion.

In front of my master's house I paused for a moment, in doubt which way to turn. I do not remember how I decided, but I turned along the Michigan Avenue. The reflection of the moon danced on the rippling waters of the lake, but I had no thought for it. A little white face—how I hate your apple-faced damsels—crowned with short, crisp, curling hair as black as the jet of the eyes beneath; a little mouth so ravishing in its beauty when closed, that one must have declared it perfect, had not an enchanting smile now and then showed the existence of still higher beauties; a chin that indicated character without marring the symmetry, were surely enough to warrant my abstraction that evening, and even my disregard of the

Her face was so clear to my vision that I felt halt inclined to put out my hand to see if it were in very deed a mere shade, a memory. Even yet, I have only to drop my pen, close my eyes, and lean back in my chair, to have as clearly as ever before my mind this memory of a memory.

It was no use going home that night, to be in wakeful misery in my unromantic boarding-house bedroom. Besides, I was afraid some of the other boarders might notice my distraction. Almost all that night I wandered along straight streets and across bridges, heedless atike of the moon, the street lamps, and the street trees. I do not remember how I got home, though I shall never forget how I crept up to my room that morning.

As I walked, I reflected bitterly that the very charms upon which my mind loved to dwell rendered my pretensions all the more hopeless. How could I hope to compete with young millionaires like

auncey and Harland?

True, they had not crossed the ocean, and given up a profession for her sake. Even in my distress, a smile crossed my features as I pictured to myself old Rawlins's amazement if he were to learn that my appointment as his confidential clerk was a "job" of his daughter's. But he must never know that his London correspondent, who recommended me, had acted under Flo's instructions.

No two things could be more unlike than the brand new hard and fast scientific bridges of Chicago, and the old Magdalen bridge at Oxford. It must have been the mere fact of crossing a bridge that recalled the college days, before I had

deserted Minerva for Venus.

What ought I to do now? Should I return to my dear old home in England, and tell my father the whole truth? How I had met Flo at Dresden in my student days, and had, like all our set, straightway lost my heart. But he, straightforward soul that he was, would be shocked at my—at our—deceit, and would probably tell me that I ought to have gone about the matter like an English gentleman, instead of pretending a disgust at study and a thirst for the gold to be won in the States.

No, he must not know. At least, not yet. No man cares to go home to confess that he has deceived his friends, especially if his deceit has failed of its purpose. All sorts of vague plans for the rapid accumulation of fortune passed through my confused brain, and my few hours of slumber that morning were broken by strange dreams, in which I figured in many characters, ranging from merchant prince to highwayman.

Next morning I received the following

letter:-

"DEAR SIR,—Despite what has taken place between us, I shall expect you to

appear at the usual hour at the office tomorrow morning. It will prevent idle gossip, and, besides, I think it is your duty to continue your services for a day or two, till I can find a successor in your somewhat important position. I may have spoken too harshly last night. If so, it was to show my inexorable determination to oppose a union which could only make you both unhappy.

"I am, yours faithfully,
"John Rawlins."

This struck me as particularly cool from a man who had just refused me his daughter's hand in the most wildly insulting terms. However, I determined to turn up as usual; and since I boarded on the south side of the town, I was soon in my cus-

tomary place in the office.

Mr. Rawlins did not enter my room all day—a most unusual circumstance—and merely sent his instructions and notes by a boy. But all the office declared that the "old man was touched." He went about restlessly, prying into trifling details, forgetting important engagements, and scolding the inferior clerks, from whom he ordinarily held himself proudly aloof. Vanity can do much, but it could not blind me to the fact that my "affair" was not sufficient to account for such strange conduct. During my six months under him I had observed how he acted under strong passion. It made him quieter and colder than ever. He shrank within himself, instead of, as now, seeking outward excite-

To my astonishment, he left me entirely to myself for three days, and did not make the slightest allusion to my departure. Meanwhile, I could not help hearing the ugly reports that began to spread. Old Rawlins had been heavily let in. He had dabbled in European loans. He had "plunged" in mining shares. He had held up too long against the new S. W. Railway. So ran the contradictory rumours.

Mr. Rawlins usually conducted a weeknight prayer-meeting. This week he sent a substitute. On the fourth day after his note he called me into his room, and asked me to read a telegram in cipher, which had just come to hand. The cipher was my own invention, so, after a few moments'

figuring, I read out:-

"Grandroth just returned. Bona fide. Millions in it. Can't understand rumours. Must be a ring."

The old man greedily drank in every word.

"That's what I made of it," he exclaimed, "but I could not trust myself. It's almost too good. I'll have it out with Jauncey yet."

There was a savage vindictiveness in these last words that startled me. He noticed my wondering look, and hurriedly closed the interview with the words:

"By-the-by, Atherton, I shall have something to say to you in the afternoon."

Two hours afterwards I was again sent for, and again Mr. Rawlins put a telegram into my hand, this time without a word:—

"Grandroth been tampered with. Bogus specimens. Down 3½ in City since last wire. Sell out at 13."

As before, I read it aloud, but my employer seemed to take no notice. He was seated at his desk, and was busy balancing the ruler on his finger. After a few minutes of perfect silence, he let the ruler fall, and looked up to me with the words:—

"Of course, you know what that means,

Atherton?"

"You have not, so far, favoured me with

your confidence," I replied stiffly.

"I don't know that I have done much to deserve your sympathy or help," he replied, looking me steadily in the face; "but I must trust someone, and you seem to me the one whom I must trust."

I bowed. He went on:

"After my heavy losses in that Nicaragua affair, I made up my mind to recoup myself. My New York agent, as you know, is always to be depended on. He advised me to buy up these South American silver shares at 44, and I now hold two-thirds of the Chiquamandara mines."

He looked up to me, evidently expecting sympathy. But my heart was beating with a wild joy, which I could hardly prevent my face from showing. I made no

sign, so he went on:

"I originally owned three-fourths of the shares, but I had to sell out some to meet pressing demands. Instead of rising rapidly, as I expected, the shares have fallen steadily ever since I bought, and are now quoted at 13. I have held on till now, in spite of Henderson. I never went against his advice before, and have only done so now from desperation. His first

telegram to-day seemed to justify my action, but now—now you understand."

"Who is this Grandroth?"

"An engineer and mineralogical specialist. Henderson, when I saw him in New York, promised to get him to go to the mines as a miner, so as not to excite suspicion. If I sell out now I am ruined. I should not realise more than two-thirds of my liabilities."

Again he looked appealingly to me, and

again I hardened my heart.

"You must know how humiliating it is for me to apply to you under the circumstances. Have you no suggestion to make? If you care so much for my daughter, I think you might show a little consideration for her father."

"Better leave her out of this discussion," replied I coldly. "I can only say that these telegrams appear to me uncommonly fishy. Are you sure of Hender-

son?"

"A month or two ago I should have answered 'absolutely.' Now I can only say that I can depend upon him as much as I can depend upon any living soul."

"M! Don't you think I might take a run to New York and see for myself?" I suggested. "I could wire you the result. A day or two doesn't matter now. If they continue to fall, you can only break in any case."

"Yes; but," he replied hesitatingly, "I was thinking of selling out, and—and——" He looked up into my face enquiringly, and stopped. Getting no encouragement, he concluded: "Yes, your plan is the best. God grant it may all turn out well!" This wasn't a religious expression. It was too sincere for that. All his clerks knew the difference between his religious tones and his secular.

A couple of hours afterwards I was speeding along the railroad to New York. I felt that I had before me a very delicate piece of business. Despite Rawlins's confidence, I strongly suspected Henderson.

I had never been in New York before. Nobody could possibly know me. Yet the nature of my occupation made me long for a disguise. I left the cars with a little soft hat on, and my overcoat up to my ears. I laugh now at these silly precautions, but at the time they seemed quite natural, and were, indeed, almost involuntary.

It was afternoon when I arrived, and, seedy as I was, I made for Henderson's

office at once, lest I should miss him. He was gone. Had started for the South yesterday afternoon. Called away by an urgent telegram just before the telegram

arrived intimating my coming.

For the moment I was crushed. But it occurred to me that Grandroth might be interviewed with good results. I should simply have to do my best to ferret out the truth from him. Hungry and disappointed, I drove off to the specialist's hotel. Out. Would be back by eight o'clock. This was terrible. But there was nothing for it. I ordered dinner, and worried out the two dreadful hours of waiting.

A few minutes after eight my man returned, and I was shown into his room. He quite disappointed me. He was a jolly, red-faced little man, with hard-skinned hands, not the least like a deep villain. I told him that I represented

Mr. Rawlins.

"Ah, that Chiquamandara business. Queer set. Blamed if I know what to make of it. Say, why doesn't old Rawlins buy up the whole concern? Dirt cheap, and millions in it. What's the good o' keepin' down the stock like this?"

"But I understood that you had been mistaken - that is, in fact, Mr. Henderson recommends him to sell out at any price."

"Well, I'm d-d! What do they mean? When I saw those Spanish and Irish labourers deliberately working at the wrong rock, and lots of them not working at all, an' still drawing their pay, I thought Rawlins was a cute old chap with some big swind—thing on. But this new dodge stumps me."

"Am I to understand that you reported favourably on the mines, and that you

still maintain your opinion?"

"Of course. Favourably! Why Potosi was nothin' to this. Say, ye don't mean to say you're seriously thinkin' o' sellin' out?"

"Really, I am as much puzzled as you, Mr. Grandroth." I thought it best to tell him all that I knew myself. He listened attentively.

"An' he went off jest before your telegram, did he? Jest so. They've been tampering wi' the wires, mister."

"What! And who are 'they'?"

"Oh! that's for you honourable business men to decide. But it seems plain daylight that your people are bein' let in considerable."

The whole thing became plain. All the telegrams had been false, except that of yesterday forenoon. But how had it been managed? To this question Grandroth answered:

"May've been done by tamperin' wi' the people at this end, or at that end, or like enough at both ends. It may've been done by 'tappin' the wires. Disconnectin' them, you know, an' readin' all the messages, an' sendin' only what suits them."

"What on earth can I do? It's no

good wiring."

"Not much. You just get aboard the first car back to Chicago, an' explain matters. He won't do anythin' till he

hears from you."

This was very true, but the dreadful thought struck me that he probably had had a message from me already, to suit the plans of our enemies. All my combative nature was roused. I wanted to beat our unknown opponents, even though in doing so I should place Flo once more beyond my reach. I believe, at the time, I represented it to myself as disinterestedness, but, on reflection, I must admit that love of fighting had a good deal to do with it.

"If they have only worked at this end, all we have to do is to go to the nearest branch office. Surely they couldn't interfere with the switching on to the main

wires?"

"Not likely; an' that shows that on the whole they've worked on the other end," commented Grandroth, with the most exasperating coolness. "Really, I don't see how we're to manage. Let's see. The one true message must have slipped through when none of them were on duty—an' precious careless of them, too."

"D'ye know any clergyman in town?"

I asked excitedly.

"Well, no. Not exactly," was the reply, accompanied by a bewildered look. "But if you want one particularly, you know, I think I might ——"

"You've got a Bible, at any rate?" I

interrupted.

"Well, I dare say, if I turn out my oldest trunk, I might come upon such a thing. But what on earth are ye driving at?"

"I've got an idea for smuggling in a bond fide telegram. If we can get a minister to send it, it will be all right. Old Rawlins's religion will be of use to him in a new way, I hope."

"Oh! In that case, I think we may manage to supply the parson without

leaving our hotel.'

We got a clergyman who readily enough lent himself to my plan when I explained fully what our circumstances were. The account which follows between the stars is imaginary, in the sense that I did not myself see it thus occurring.

\* \* \*

While I was waiting for Grandroth at the hotel, my employer was sitting anxiously in his room, waiting for my message. A knock at the glass door, and the clerk places a telegram on the desk. The door closes, and with trembling hands the merchant tears the envelope. It is from me, and he reads from the cipher:

"Henderson has bolted. Grandroth has never been near the mine. Shares absolutely worthless here. If you can get anything for them, take it."

His head falls forward upon his breast. For more than an hour he hardly moves. Then he reflects bitterly that it is too late to do anything to-day. To-morrow all will be known, and then——

The gas is still unlit when the clerk again opens the door, and again leaves a telegram on the table. His master looks

up, and tells him to light the gas.

Left once more alone, the merchant trifles with the envelope. Suddenly his listlessness gives place to a gleam of interest as he observes the direction. The envelope is addressed to his private mansion, though, as usual, it has been forwarded to the office.

He opens the envelope; but how differently from its predecessor. As he glances over the sheet his brows gather. "From Rev. Joshua Ransom? Why, the Rev. Joshua is in Chicago, and the telegram has come from New York.

" James!"
" Yes, sir."

"Mr. Ransom has not left town, has he?"

"Not that I know of, sir. But I'll find out in a few minutes."

"All right. I'll wait till you return."

It is long past his usual time for leaving the office. yet Mr. Rawlins still toys listlessly with the open telegram. His momentary interest has gone. He thinks no longer of his reverend friend. Another knock. It is only the clerk to say that Mr. Ransom is at present at home. What, then, of the telegram? He turns to it with some slight interest, and reads:

"The text you require is Prov. xxiii., 23, last part of first clause. Trust your poor folks will find it edifying."

"Must have some reference to my prayer-meeting. But who can have sent it? Why do I 'require' a text? What

does it all mean?"

Still listlessly he thinks it out. Happy idea. What is Prov. xxiii., 23, last part of first clause? Half unconsciously he pulls out the pocket Bible, always kept in the right-hand drawer of his writing-table. Mechanically he turns the leaves, gets the place, and reads:

"Buy the truth, and sell it not." The

last part:

" And sell it not?"

"Why! What! 'Sell it not.' He sees it all now. Ha! ha! Clever fellow that Atherton. New kind of cipher

by ——-"

Half hysterically he puts things together in his mind, and finally comes to a pretty correct notion of how matters really stand. He goes home calmly, and kisses away the tears from poor Flo's sad face. Of one thing he is sure. Nothing shall make him sell out his Chiquamandaras.

I should like to end just here. It is less painful to the reader than to me; and it casts a gloom over the story to write what follows But the reader has a right to know the end, since I have troubled him with the beginning

As the cars whistled along the railroad that night, I was harassed beyond measure by turning over in my mind all the disagreeable possibilities of the case. Would Rawlins believe my telegram as forged by our adversaries? Would he look at my Scriptural message at all? Then arose an image never very far from my thoughts; and a pleasant drowsiness, born of my long wakefulness, combined with sweet imaginings, soon brought me the slumber I needed so much.

Waking and sleeping, I passed the long night and most of the dreary day. It was night when we arrived. Hurrying

out of the station, I drove, just as I was, to my employer's mansion. Despite my weariness, I actually bounded up those steps I had thought never again to mount. The servant was remarkably solemn, and I was shown in silence into what my employer called his study. In a few minutes Mr. Winthrop, the lawyer for the firm, entered and silently shook hands.

"I waited for you, Mr. Atherton. Sad

business this."

"I don't understand, Mr. Winthrop; has anything happened?"

"Straight from the cars! Of course you

couldn't know. Prussic acid."

I began to understand. My message had been too late. My main fear all the journey had been that he would sell out, and make a disgraceful bolt. His words to me had almost warranted the suspicion. But I had never dreamt of this.

"Did he sell?" I asked eagerly.

"I really don't know," replied the lawyer, a little contemptuously; "it's only three hours ago, and I had not thought that buying or selling was the main consideration under the circumstances. However, he has left a sealed letter addressed to you. It may satisfy your curiosity."

As he spoke, he produced from the study-table drawer a heavy packet addressed to me, and watched my face narrowly as I read the letter enclosed

along with many papers. It ran

"MY DEAR ATHERTON,—On the brink of the grave, I give you my daughter. Get her removed from here the moment you arrive, and for her sake, never let her know my shame I began life badly. The enclosed papers will explain. Thirty years of repentance must surely counterbalance, to some extent, the sins of my early life. Jauncey found out my delinquencies, and threatened exposure. tried, God forgive me, to buy him off with my daughter. You now understand my violence to you. He was the ringleader in the conspiracy against my Chiquaman-Thanks to your skill, he was daras. He has just left me. beaten. mised him my answer in an hour. By that time I shall be before my Maker. give him up my wealth would not put me out of his power, and would drag my darling into my disgrace. I being dead, he can do nothing beyond hurting Flo, and that, I know, you will prevent.

It is not altogether cowardly to die for my child's happiness. Mr. Winthrop has all the papers necessary to constitute you my executor. Farewell God will demand an account of your dealings with my child.

"J. RAWLINS."

Next morning I got Florence removed to an aunt's house at Aurora. She trusted me implicitly when I lied to her about sudden death, contagion, and so forth. It was with the greatest difficulty that I could prevail upon her to let me return alone to the funeral.

I sold out the Chiquamandaras at a wonderful price. No doubt I could have got more if I had waited longer. But in the first place, I am always distrustful of

mining shares; in the second, I wished to make immediate reparation to those whom my late employer had injured. Some of them were dead, but most had left some representative to whom principal and interest might be paid

terest might be paid.

When all claims were settled, Flo and I were not quite millionaires, but we had more than enough for our modest wants, and our love infinitely surpasses any equivalent of dollars. To this day my wife does not know how her father came to relent before his death; nor, for the matter of that, do any of his fellow-townsmen. If Mr. Rawlins had sinned, Jauncey, as we know, was not spotless in the matter, and it was tacitly agreed that mutual silence was the best policy.



THE REFLECTION OF THE MOON DANCED ON THE RIPPLING WATERS.

# Whispers from the Woman's World.

## By FLORENCE MARY GARDINER.

restation of

THE EVOLUTION OF FASHION.

CURIOUS HEADGEAR.

PART IV.

► HE auburn tresses of H∈r Gracious Majesty Queen Elizabeth, were always bien coiffées, if we may judge from her various portraits. She scorned the hoods, lace caps and pointed coifs, worn by her contemporaries, and adopted a miniature crown or jaunty hat of velvet, elaborately jewelled. Her fair complexion and light hair were thrown into relief by ruffles of lace, and this delicate fabric was stretched over fine wire frames, which met at the back and remotely suggested the fragile wings of a butterfly, or the nimbus of a saint, neither of which ornaments was particularly appropriate to the lady in question. The front hair was turned over a cushion, or dressed in stiff sausage-like curls, pinned close to the head, and was adorned with strings and stars of flashing

gems and a pendant resting on the fore-head.

That splendid historian, Stubbs, who has left us such minute particulars of the fashions of his time, quaintly describes the coiffure of the ladies of the Court. He states:— "It must be curled, frizzled, crisped, laid out in wreaths and borders from one ear to the other, and lest it should fall down, must be underpropped with forkes and weirs, and ornamented with gold or silver curiously wrought.

Such gewgaws, which being unskilful in woman's tearms, I cannot easily recount. Then upon the toppes of their stately turrets, stand their other capital ornaments: a French hood, hatte, cappe, kircher and suchlike, whereof some be of velvet, some of this fashion and some of that. Cauls made of netwire, that the cloth of gold, silver or tinsel, with which their hair was sometimes covered, might be seen through; and lattice caps with three horns or corners, like the forked caps of popish priests." The Harleian MSS., No. 1776, written in the middle of Elizabeth's reign, refers to an ordinance for the reformation of gentlewomen's headdress, and says: "None shall wear an ermine or lattice bonnet unless she be a gentlewoman born, having Arms." This latter phrase, we may conclude, refers to armorial bearings, not to physical development.

The wearing of false hair and periwigs

was left to the sterner sex for some years after the restoration of the House of Stuart, and women were satisfied with wellbrushed ringlets escaping from a bandeau of pearls, or beautified by a single flower. The hair was often arranged in small, flat curls on the forehead, as in the sketch of a Beauty of the Court of Charles II.; and this fashion had a softening effect upon the face, and was known as the "Sevigné style."

Dutch fashions naturally prevailed in



ELIZABETHAN HEAD-DRESS.



A BEAUTY OF THE COURT OF CHARLES II

the Court of William and Mary, and this queen is represented with a high muslin cap, adorned with a series of upright frills, edged with lace, and long lappets falling on the shoulders. Farquhar, in his comedy "Love and the Bottle," alludes to the "high topknots," and Swift, to the "pinners edged with colberteen," as the lace streamers were called. About this period the hair was once again rolled back from the face, and assumed enormous dimensions, so much so, that in some cases it was found necessary to make doorways broader and higher than they had hitherto been to allow fashionably-dressed ladies



END OF 17TH CENTURY.

to pass through without displacing the elaborate erections they carried. Stuffed with horsehair, clotted with pomade and powder, and decked with every conceivable ornament, from a miniature man-of-war in full sail, to a cooing dove with outspread wings, presumably sitting on its nest, or a basket of flowers wreathed with ribbons. Naturally, the aid of the barber was called in, as ladies were incapable of constructing and manipulating such a mass of tangled locks. We may imagine, on the score of expense and for other reasons, the hair was not dressed so frequently as cleanliness demanded, for in a book on costume a hairdresser is described as asking one of his customers how long it was since her hair had been opened and repaired? On



FASHIONABLE COIFFURE OF AN ELDERLY LADY IN THE 18TH CENTURY.

her replying, "Nine weeks," he mildly suggested that that was as long as a head could well go in summer, "and, therefore, it was proper to deliver it now, as it began to be a little hazarde." Various anecdotes of this nature make us feel that personal hygiene was a matter of secondary importance to our ancestors.

Planché, in his work on British Costume, informs us that "powder maintained its ground till 1793, when it was discarded by Her Majesty Queen Charlotte, Consort of George III., and the Princesses."

Varied, indeed, have been the fashions of the 19th century, the close of which is fast approaching. Only a few of the styles adopted can be briefly touched upon,

and, naturally, those will be selected which form the greatest contrast to each other. The helle of 1830 was distinguished by upstanding bows of plain or plaited hair, arranged on the crown of the head, and the front was generally in bands or short ringlets, held in place by tortoiseshell sidecombs. The simplicity of this coiffure was compensated for by the enormous size of the hats and generally bonnets worn with it. These had wide and curiously-shaped brims, over which was

stretched or gathered silk, satin, aerophane or similar materials. Garlands and bunches of flowers and feathers were used in pro-



fusion, and bows and strings of gauze ribbon floated in the wind. In this bewitching costume were our grandmothers wooed and won by suitors who evidently, from the impassioned love letters still in existence, believed them to be perfect types of loveliness.

Towards the middle of Queen Victoria's

reign the hair was dressed in a simple knot, and the front arranged in ringlets, which fell gracefully on the chest and shoulders. Even youthful married ladies, in the privacy of their homes and for morning dress, were expected by one of those potent but unwritten laws of the fickle goddess Fashion to wear muslin or net caps, with lace borders, embellished with ribbons.

The labours of Hercules would be mere child's play compared to giving a faithful record of the chameleon-like

changes which have affected that kaleidoscope, public taste during the last forty years, and a very limited study of this fascinating subject at once convinces us that whatever peculiarities may appear, they are certain to be revivals or modifications of styles favoured by our more or less remote ancestors.

In 1872 loomed upon us that ghastly horror the chignon, which bore a faint resemblance to the exaggerated coiffures



of the 18th century. Upon this monstrous edifice, with its seductive Alexandra curl, were tilted bonnets so minute, that they were almost invisible in the mountains of hair that surrounded them. These were replaced by hats à la Chinois, like shallow plates; while for winter wear, others of fur or feathers were introduced, with an animal's head fixed firmly on the brow of the wearer, and resembling nothing so much as the fox footwarmer, with which ladies now keep their pedal extremities at a proper temperature when en-Besides joying an airing. these, there were pinched canoes turned keel upper-

most, and flexible mushrooms which flapped and caught the wind, till it was necessary to attach a string to the edge, to keep them snug and taut; such hats as Leech has immortalised in his sketches. Turbans and facsimiles of the delicious but indigestible pork pie, Gainsborough, Rousby and Langtry hats, all named after styles worn by their respective namesakes; and hats made of straw, leghorn, crinoline, lace, satin, and of silver and gold tissue, of every shape and size that fancy could devise, or the heart of the most exacting woman of fashion could desire. The hair beneath



PRESENT DAY, .894



BIRD'S-WEST CHIGNON, 1872.

was dressed like the frizzy mop illustrated, in plaited wedges flowing like a pendant hump half-way down the back, or in a cascade of curls reaching from the crown of the head to the waist. These were followed by gigantic rolls at the back of the skull, Grecian knots, varying from the dimensions of a door handle to those of a cottage loaf, and latterly by that hideous monstrosity, the "bun." Another turn of the wheel of fashion has given us a simple mode of dressing the hair, which is well adapted to the average English head and which is fully explained by the ac-

companying sketch. It may be taken as a safe rule, when the forehead is low and face small, that the hair may be drawn back with advantage, but a long face is generally improved by arranging the hair in soft curls on the torehead, and by waving it slightly at the sides, which adds to the apparent width of the countenance. But whatever style is in fashion, it is sure to have its admirers, for has not Pope left on record:

"Fair tresses man's imperial race ensuare, And beauty draws us by a single hair."

### THE GUEST CHAMBER.

The very name guest chamber recalls the many pleasant rooms in which one has sojourned briefly, and where a kind and ungrudging hospitality has been freely extended. Those dainty bowers in country houses, where fresh air and sunshine seem always at home—rooms redolent of the scent of roses, which peep shyly in at the windows, or, tapping gently against the pane, woo you to early rising, and to a close acquaintance with the manifold joys of Nature. Did ever modern furniture take so rich a polish as that of Sheraton and Chippendale, which has been vigorously rubbed by three of four generations in succession, till its surface reflects one's face as accurately as the cheval glass, which is invariably found in such a chamber? How spotless are the muslin draperies which shade the lattice; and what a quaint, old-world air is suggested by rose-coloured chintz or white dimity. Most of us have hidden, in the storehouse

of our memory, such a haven of bliss. Then there is the other extreme—an apartment of palatial splendour, so vast that even in broad daylight dim shadows lurk in unconsidered corners, and panelled walls or antique tapestry, in subdued colourings, dimly remind you of a church, an illusion which is deepened when innumerable wax candles are lighted to allow of an elaborate dinner toilet; a room to which one retires with the firm conviction that the midnight hours will be disturbed by uncanny visits from your hostess's dead and gone relations, whose spirit forms seem to look round the heavy silken draperies of the funereal fourposter, or sit in solemn conclave round the bright wood fire, which, under other circumstances, would cheer one's loneliness.

Then there is the bright little bedroom of the modern town-house or suburban villa, with all the conveniences of civilized life. A handsome suite of furniture provides for the comfort of the guest; or, better still, the apartment is surrounded by a series of fitments, designed with due regard for the requirements of visitors, masculine and feminine. The movable furniture should also display a certain amount of elegance; and very appropriate for such a room are the brass bedsteads (five feet six inches in width), ornamented with mother of pearl. A nice inlaid writing table, with two or three drawers, should always be found in the spare room, as well as a box ottoman couch, with plenty of daintily-frilled pillows, a comfortable easy-chair, and a couple of stands to avoid that back-breaking process—packing and unpacking with one's boxes on the A handsome bordered Brussels carpet, with an oil-cloth surround, always looks well, and cannot be improved upon, from a hygienic point of view; and a satin-faced paper, of not too dark a shade, with paint to correspond, generally proves satisfactory. From good furnishing houses chintzes to match the mural decorations can now be obtained, and give the apartment a finished appearance; and a guipure lace quilt and toilet covers, lined with the prevailing tint, will harmonize with most

China flower-baskets (attached by chains to the curtain rods), containing hardy ferns, and a few vases of cut flowers, add to the general effect; while a couple of plants in art pots, standing in the fire-place in summer, will partially conceal a neatly-arranged fire, ready for lighting,

near to which should stand a well-filled coal box. Chilly mortals, even in August, sometimes feel, on a rainy day, that they would like to put a match to the aforesaid fire, and if the hostess is really anxious that her friend's visit should be a pleasant one, she will give her carte blanche in this direction. Her other tastes should be duly consulted. For example, after the busy round of a London season, many of us, when away from home, are glad to indulge in breakfast in bed. This arrangement is often a convenience to a hostess, who can then make sure of a couple of hours in the morning, free from interruption, for her household duties or correspondence. others, a cup of tea, with the hot water, is all that is required, and to these breakfast in bed is an actual penance. In houses where there is only one bath-room, care should be exercised that the visitor has undisputed possession at some pre-arranged hour daily, and that there is an ample supply of really hot, not luke-warm, water at command. It is more agreeable to many to bathe before dressing for dinner than in the early morning, and a detail of this kind is easily arranged. One would imagine it was superfluous to mention that everything appertaining to the bath-room should be scrupulously clean, but sad experience, I regret to say, compels me to give a hint on this rather unsavoury subject; for British matrons, with their multitudinous engagements, are sometimes taken advantage of in this portion of the domestic realm, if they do not keep a very sharp look-out on the ways of the modern maid, and then the guest suffers, as they say in the Law Courts, acutely. Only a little tact is required to discover the idiosyncrasies of the stranger within your gates, and a just appreciation of these will smooth the wheels of hospitality.

At the present moment, when the majority of us are receiving visitors or paying visits, perhaps I may offer, without offence, a word in season to the guest.

When we partake of the hospitality of those who welcome us into their family circle, surely in return all should conform, as far as possible, to the habits of the household. Visits should not be made to strangers, or invitations accepted, without first consulting the mistress of the house; and any plans of your own must be promptly waived in favour of arrangements made by her for your entertainment. She has a right to expect that you

will exert yourself to be agreeable to her and to any of her guests, for no more embarrassing position can be imagined than to get two people under the same roof who are antagonistic; so any private feuds, out of respect to the hostess, should be buried for the time being. Ladies, too, are apt to monopolise the services of one of the maids, often to the great inconvenience of the entertainer; so that if they are travelling alone they should endeavour, for the time being, to minimise their requirements as far as possible.

Another bone of contention is the untidy manner in which visitors often leave their rooms. A few moments' attention will reduce them to decent order, and will prevent anyone feeling that all the efforts made for their reception have been wasted. It is a small matter for the guest to carry with her loose covers for her trunks of some pretty neutral-tinted material, yet they make all the difference to the appear-

ance of her apartment.

A mutual forbearance and desire to give pleasure will result in a visit being looked upon with feelings of satisfaction by all concerned, instead of, as it so often is, as a disagreeable duty to be endured.



A SUMMER TEA-GOWN.



WALKING-DRESS.

#### FASHIONS AND FRIPPERIES.

Mourning for the dead in sable garments is an institution of great antiquity; and in a very curious manner have different nations at various epochs of the world's history expressed their respect for the departed. Of late years there has been a decided tendency to modify its depth and the length of time it is used; while a preference has been given to delicate neutral shades, like grey, lavender and steel colour, instead of to the lugubrious black invariably used till a recent date by both sexes and all ages. Though the greatest lady in the land has by example and precept followed ancient traditions. her distinguished and beautiful daughterin law, who exercises such a marked influence on the costume of the present day, is known to hold different opinions. Her patronage has never been extended to crape—once regarded as an absolute accompaniment to the mourning of a near relative, and when her great sorrow fell upon her, now more than two years ago, not a vestige of this fabric was employed for the mourning habiliments of herself

and daughters - a sensible departure, which has been largely imitated by the Na-I have chosen this month three very charming dresses suitable for demi-The tea-gown is of deuil. that lovely material, Liberty satin, which falls in such easy and graceful folds, and is particularly adapted for such a garment. The tint is a delicate lavender, relieved by a pointed cape of royal purple velvet cut in points and finished with small silken tassels. The under-dress is confined at the waist with a loose girdle, and is trimmed at the neck and edge of the skirt with passementerie and lace. Such a robe is eminently suited for home wear, and suggests the ease and comfort we have a right to expect in the family circle, and yet is absolutely removed from the dowdy slovenliness some manage to associate with that essentially English garment, the tea-gown.

Equally stylish is a chic morning dress of white foulard with black spots. The cuffs and corselet are of black satin ribbon and silk guipure. The drawn yoke is trimmed to correspond, and finished with small rosettes of baby ribbon; and the plain skirt is edged with a narrow flounce, also embellished with a triple row of satin. A sunshade of the same material as the gown is used with this stylish costume, and the fancy black straw chapeau has upstanding bows of satin and bunches of

gardenias.

A handsome walking-dress of black and white tweed is made with a plain skirt, finished with rouleaux and tiny kilting of the material. The bodice opens over a vest of white watered silk, and has revers and cuffs of the same, trimmed with bands of jet, which appears again at the waist: also round the triangular openings in the front of the bodice. A charming little Puritan bonnet of white chip is trimmed with fan-like bows of black lace, and ar aigrette and bunches of white primulas.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Owing to the rapidly increasing circula-



A MORNING GOWN,

tion of this magazine, and the time which must necessarily elapse from our going to press and its reaching the public, social events, often of the greatest importance, cannot be referred to till some time after they have hap pened. I feel that no excuse is needful, however late in the day, for offering congratulations to the youthful parents, and the Nation at large, on the birth of a child to the Duke and Duchess of York. Little more than a year ago it was my pleasing task to announce to our readers the marriage of Prince George and Princess May; and now the final seal has been set upon their happiness by the advent of a son and heir. Elaborate have been the preparations for providing a proper outfit for this important but tiny atom of humanity; Her Majesty the Queen, the Princess of Wales and the Duchess of Teck have

spared no pains to make it as complete as possible. It is mainly composed of fabrics of British manufacture of exquisite fineness, and was entrusted to the same firm—Messrs. Edmonds and Orr, Wigmore Street, London, who made the layettes of both parents. Her Majesty has presented to the Duchess of York the cradle prepared for the Princess Royal, in 1840, and used by all the Queen's children. It is covered with richest white satin, woven in Spitalfields, and draped with Honiton lace. The small sheets are of Irish linen, trimmed with lace and embroidered with the Royal Crown and Arms, the blankets are similarly treated, and the eider down quilts are of white and pale pink satin. A second cot is of dark mahogany, inlaid with gold, with curtains of pearl grey brocade, and a quilt to correspond. The robes and nightgowns are all hand embroidered, and ruffled with web-like lace, and the hood and cloak (also his great grandmother's gift) are of white Zibeline, a rich silken material, admirably suited for this purpose.

Mrs. Frank Leslie, a woman of great literary ability, undoubted business capacity, and withal possessing a magnetic attraction which makes her a universal favourite, both with her own sex and the opposite one, has been a prominent figure at various fashionable functions of the season of 1894. The widow of an English journalist, at one time engaged on the Illustrated London News, Mrs. Leslie very early in life was left to struggle with the many difficulties which surrounded the editor of an illustrated paper, which at that time had not taken so firm a hold on public opinion as it deserved. With indomitable energy, she has succeeded in making the different periodicals which bear her name, some of the finest properties in New York for her interest in which she has recently received £80,000, an unprecedented amount for a woman to acquire unaided in the journalistic world, and which at once makes her an example to those women who in labour, pain and anguish are contending with the many difficulties of the thorny paths of literature. Her own prosperity has not (as is so often the case) hardened her heart. On the contrary, countless instances could be recorded of the kindly helping hand she has extended to fellow workers in the world's hive, and who attribute their good fortune to a little timely assistance from her.

\* \* \*

To those who are debating where they shall spend their summer holiday let me suggest Wales, which offers so many attractions that it cannot fail to please the most diverse dispositions. Lovely scenery, fresh water and sea fishing, good

bathing and excellent accommodation at a most moderate price are at the disposal of tourists, who, after a brief sojourn, in this modern paradise, return refreshed and with renewed strength to their daily The London and North avocations. Western and Great Western, in conjunction with the Cambrian Railway Companies, run quick trains between the Metropolis and Aberystwyth and Barmouth in six and three-quarters and seven and a half hours respectively; and the Northern and Midland towns have special facilities offered them. Barmouth is a most convenient centre, from which a number of coaching, rail and sea excur-The hotels and sions may be made. apartments are good, and there is a wide stretch of sand which affords endless amusement to children. Aberystwyth is another fashionable resort, which has many enthusiastic admirers. Borth, Aberdovey, Towyn, Criccieth, Nevin and Pwllheli are well suited to families who desire a quiet watering-place; while Dolgelley, Machynlleth, Beddgelert and Bettws y-Coed are surrounded by mountains of the most picturesque description. Golf and tennis clubs on the coast are a source of pleasure to visitors, and antiquaries will feel a keen interest in the castles and churches of Wales. To those who propose visiting the Principality, "The Gossipping Guide to Wales" (1s.); "Picturesque Wales" (6d.); "Where to Stay and What to See" (2d.); "The Cambrian Railway Time-Table" (1d.); and "The Cambrian Railway Programme of Rail and Coach Excursions" (1d.), will prove of service and can be obtained on application at the head office of the company at Oswestry.

## The Dance of Death.

### From the French of GEORGES DAMPT.

"YOU must go and fetch the deathwatcher," said Mother Cadet, as she wiped away, with the corner of her apron, a great tear which was shining on her cheek. "Do you hear me, Annette? This is the twelfth sleepless night that we have passed, my girl; I don't blame the poor, dear man; but now that he is gone, our presence can't do him any good, and we must get some sleep."

Annette fetched her hood and her sabots

and her lantern, and went out.

The great, dim room was lighted by two smoky candles, which stood on a small table, and cast their yellow and flickering rays across the face of the dead man. There he lay in his great Burgundian bed, with its curtains of blue serge; the sharp joints of his bony knees outlined under the sheet, his jaw fastened up with a chinstrap, on his head a high cotton nightcap, with a tassel. He seemed to be slumbering in the calm sleep of a tired vineyard-dres-Between the two candles stood a soup-plate, filled with holy water, in which lay a bunch of box, and every time that Mother Cadet passed the bed of her old husband, she shook the branch mechanically and sprinkled some drops over the corpse.

Annette had not yet returned; so Mother Cadet began to put the room tidy; she carried off the phials which encumbered the furniture, and, with the instinctive dislike that the peasants have for all that comes out of a chemist's shop, emptied their contents out of a window, only keeping such

bottles as had ornamental labels.

By this time everything was in order; the sink well scrubbed and the pails refilled, the table pushed away into a corner, the bread-bin cleaned and shut up, and the red plates on the dresser arranged in their proper lines.

She heard footsteps on the road, then the voices of the two women, who stopped talking as they neared the house. It was

Annette with Marie-Jeanne.

Marie-Jeanne was the wife of the bellringer, who performed, at the same time, the functions of sacristan; he also beat the drum on Sundays, to give the public notice of the day when the vintage or grapegathering was to begin. It is Marie-Jeanne who watches all the dead folks in our parts, and when she is angry with any one in our village, she never fails to say to him with a sinister look: "Wait a bit, till I have the watching of you, old man!"

All the same, everyone liked Marie-Jeanne. For one thing, there is no one her equal for telling ghastly stories about the dead who "walk," or of former inhabitants of the village who were buried alive, and discovered the next day stark naked outside their graves. The women grow pale as they listen to her, but the men

secretly admire her.

And then, besides, Marie-Jeanne never says No to a draught of sour wine; she is not one of those affected creatures who stick at a second glass; she would never water her wine and spoil the good God's gifts. That's the sort of woman we like in our parts—as hardworking and enduring as a man, and the mother of bouncing children.

"Good-day, Mother Cadet," she cried, pushing the door open. "So he's gone—your poor old husband? Ah! the dear

man; how quiet he is."

Then, by force of habit, she popped down on her knees and mumbled a few appropriate words. In a short time she rose and walked round the bed, giving it little pats, drawing up the shroud over the crossed hands—well skilled in all such lugubrious details—and bestowing all her attention on the dead man.

"Did he suffer much at the last?" she

"No," replied Mother Cadet; "he ex-

VOL. VII.—AUGUST, 1894.

pired quite peacefully — like a candle flickering out."

And thereupon great tears coursed rapidly from her eyes, and grievous sobs

shook her breast.

"Come, come, don't take on so, Mother Cadet," exclaimed Marie-Jeanne in her hoarse voice; "it's all for the best, devil take it. Once our hour has come, see you, the cleverest doctors in the world are no good. Go to bed, mother, and you too, my girl; and make up a good fire in the bakehouse, so that you needn't shake with ague in your beds."

After this, Mother Cadet and Annette

went off quietly.

As soon as she found herself alone, Marie-Jeanne began her preparations for her watch. She kicked a bundle of twigs on to the hearth, and threw on the top of it two or three blocks of oak, which began to crackle with a great shower of sparks. Then she stacked up her brazier with charcoal and hot cinders, drew her knitting out of her pocket, and sat down near the corpse, with her feet to the fire.

Outside the wind shrieked with rage, lashing against the frosted windows the

snow which had now begun to fall.

Marie-Jeanne, shivering with cold, went on knitting, her eyes fixed on the dead man, whilst her fingers mechanically moved the steel needles and unrolled the wool. At the end of a quarter of an hour's work her eyes closed, her hands dropped the stocking just begun, her head drooped on her bosom, and loud snoring echoed through the silence of the great room.

Suddenly, the door of the bakehouse opened, and Annette appeared in her night-dress, holding a candle in her hand.

"Marie-Jeanne!" she cried from the threshold, afraid to enter the chamber of death.

The watcher slept so profoundly that

she heard nothing.

"Marie-Jeanne!" repeated the young girl still louder. Only a snore answered her appeal.

"Marie-Jeanne!" she cried again for

the third time.

The old woman awoke with a start, her eyes starting with fear, and ashamed at having been caught napping.

"Well, what's the matter?" she exclaimed. Good gracious! aren't you asleep yet? What do you want?"

"I forgot to tell you that mother put some bread and sugar for you in the winebin. If you are hungry, take what you want."

"All right, all right," grumbled Marie-Jeanne; "go to bed, my girl. If I'm

hungry, I'll eat, never fear."

She resumed her knitting; the snowstorm grew wilder; great gusts of wind roared through the roof and shook the cottage; at every gust the smoke blew out

of the chimney in puffs.

The battle of the winds outside the walls kept Marie-Jeanne awake; for an hour or two she got on very well; the knitting grew rapidly, as the fine stitches slipped along the needles. All of a sudden she remembered, as in a dream, Annette's words; a burning thirst consumed her throat. With limbs cramped from long sitting, she rose, and staggered over to the wine-bin. She drew from it two or three bottles of claret, a pint of marc\* and some sugar. She took a glass from the dresser, filled it, and drank it off at one gulp; but the wine was icy cold, and froze her gullet. The cold increased; it was nearly midnight; Marie-Jeanne felt chilly shudders running down her back; her blood congealed.

"Well, I am an idiot!" she murmured; "instead of freezing my inside with this icy wine, I might make myself a good drink of hot wine; I've got all I want here, claret, marc and sugar. I can't let myself freeze in this horrible weather."

She took down a saucepan, poured into it two or three tumblers of wine, a handful of lumps of sugar, and some brandy, and put it on the fire. Very soon the decoction began to bubble in the saucepan, exhaling a delicious odour. Marie-Jeanne, who was an accomplished gourmande and a Burgundian to her backbone, snuffed up the air with nostrils dilated at the good cheer. When the wine was boiled to a turn, Marie-Jeanne drew it off the fire and swallowed it in little sips.

She rubbed her stomach with satisfaction, congratulating herself on her happy

inspiration.

"Oh, my! how good it is!" she muttered between her teeth, whilst she cast regretful looks on the smoking saucepan, which grew emptier every moment.

When she had drunk it all up, and when the last sugary drop had slipped between her lips from her tilted glass, Marie-Jeanne returned to her seat near the corpse.

<sup>\*</sup> A coarse wine, made after the last pressing of the grapes.

But she seemed to have grown nervous and restless; she was afraid of growing cold again, and she did not want to go to sleep again either—it gives you the jumps to wake up with a start beside a corpse. There is nothing like hot wine to warm up your blood and keep you awake; why had she boiled only one saucepanful for herself? And now she began to feel as hungry as a wolf.

Her eyes wandered upwards to the black beams, whence hung great sides of bacon, with their shining skins, long golden sausages and festoons of fat saveloys, which sent forth a savoury odour of garlic; on a crate, suspended by two laths were tiny round cheeses, from which dripped

curds and cream.

Marie-Jeanne yawned two or three times, and could not make up her mind. She rose from her chair and walked round the room, stamping her feet to warm them, and casting longing glances at the

tempting victuals.

B

Suddenly she came to a decision, walked straight up to the table and dragged it into the middle of the room; with a knife in her hand, she climbed on to it, cut a long slice of bacon, unhooked a testoon of saveloys, chose the strongest-smelling of the cheeses, and got down again. On the brightly blazing fire she put a large saucepan, and poured into it two bottles of wine and three glasses of brandy. Then, in the presence of the dead old man, stiffened by the cold, began a Pantagruelic least; the old gourmandiser threw herself into it, heart and soul; the tit-bits disappeared down her throat as if by magic. The bacon went first, saveloy followed saveloy, and between each mouthful she swallowed a gulp of hot wine, renewing the mixture in the boiling saucepan as fast as it diminished, and throwing in, ad libitum, the claret and marc and lumps of The bottles grew empty, the saveloys disappeared, the loaf of bread grew rapidly less, but still Marie-Jeanne's jaw worked away without cessation, as if it had done no work for a fortnight!

But the keenest hunger is at last satisfied, and when she had finished the cheeses Marie-Jeanne pulled up half suffocating and gasping for breath. Her cheeks were flushed from the exertion of gobbling; she could scarcely swallow another mouthful—she had to wash them down with gulps of wine. At last the saucepan was empty.

When she tried to get up, Marie-Jeanne felt her legs giving way under her; the table, the chairs, the dresser and the cuckoo in its wooden house, seemed to be curvetting all round her in a giddy dance; even Daddy Cadet in his great, white bed, seemed to be spinning round and round also, as if awaked from his eternal slumber.

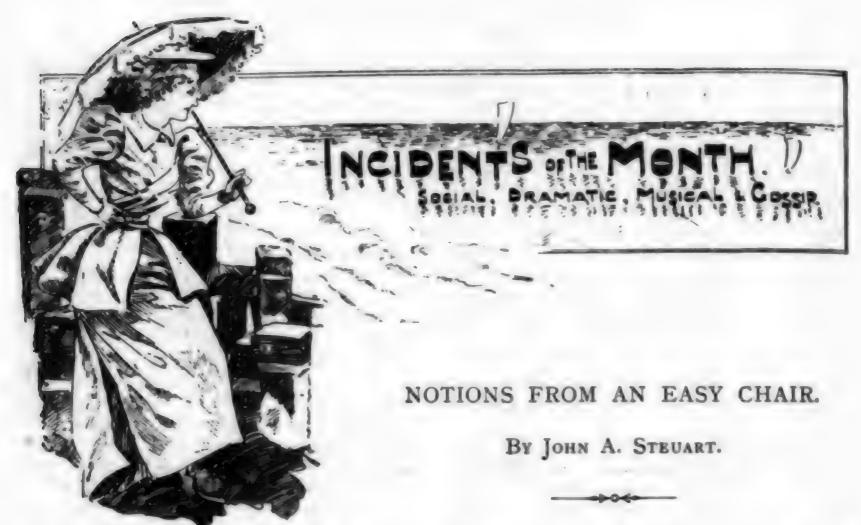
To fortify, her courage, she made a snatch at the bottle of marc, and, putting the mouth of it to her lips, drank it at one gulp. This was the climax! The dance of the furniture turned into a weird whirl, an infernal country-dance; the dresser set to the wine-bin, and Daddy Cadet, draped in his shroud, executed intricate capers before the delirious cuckoo. Marie-Jeanne tried vainly to hold on to the table; the table dragged her along in its course and pitched her on to her nose; she tried to sit down on her chair; the chair rolled over, jogged about and turned in such a frenzied manner that she had to let go of it also. Every piece of furniture, one after another, refused its support to her.

Then swaying and staggering, zigzagging first here, then there, with parched lips and glassy eyes, Marie-Jeanne ap-

proached the bed.

In the twinkle of an eye, she undressed herself, pushed the corpse to the edge of the bed, blew out the candle, and slipped in between the sheets.

On the following morning, when Annette entered the chamber of death, she saw through a slit in the curtains, two heads under the shroud. Marie-Jeanne was snoring stertorously on the breast of Daddy Cadet!



HE gentle Anarchist flourishes. Whether his gentleness will enable him to possess the earth is doubtful: but there is no doubt at all of his rabid propensity to shed innocent blood. The murder of President Carnot is the most diabolical act yet accomplished by Anarchy, though, as we are informed, it is but an earnest of horrors still to come. One cannot find words strong enough to express the loathing and disgust one feels for the fiends in human shape who go about seeking whom they may destroy from pure love of destruction. Christianity tells us we ought to return good for evil; but I confess he must be a much better Christian than I am, who, getting his hands on the bloodthirsty Santo, would let him escape scatheless. If there is one thing more astonishing than another in connection with the ghastly tragedy at Lyons, it is that the assassin was not cut down on the spot. One would imagine that a hundred sabres would have been sheathed in his body before the murderous hand could have returned to his side. This is, perhaps, anarchist doctrine in itself. But if a fool ought not to be answered according to his folly, there are times when justice demands that a villain shall be dealt with according to his villainy. Santo is said to have gloried in his success. In the dock he asked if the President were dead, and smiled with an insolent satisfaction when he learned that the blow had proved fatal. When

questioned he refused to answer save before a jury.

A jury indeed! Why, in the name of all the Gods of Justice, should a murderer taken red-handed, and in the very act of spilling the blood of a person who had never done him harm—never, indeed, come into the most remote relations with him—why, I ask, should such a felon have the benefit of trial by jury at all? Is the concession not an abuse and violation of the spirit of our whole system of jurisprudence? I know it will be answered that in dealing with criminals other questions besides that of guilt have to be determined. Santo may, for example, be insane, and to put an insane man to death would be repulsive to our common humanity, as well as contrary to the eternal principles of right. That is undoubted. In a sense, indeed, Santo must be insane. Like every member of the sanguinary brotherhood to which he belongs, he is insane with a desire to kill. That seems to me the only kind of insanity which can be pleaded on his behalf, and with that sort of irresponsibility those who are not mere sentimentalists would make short work. In general I do not believe in capital punishment, because it rarely serves as a deterrent. But in a case like Santo's the ancient Mosaic law of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth is the only one applicable; and the eye and the tooth ought to be taken without the formality of a trial.

\* \* \*

So far as the victim was concerned the end was uncommonly tragic. M. Carnot went to Lyons reluctantly, and there was an exceedingly touching incident at Dijon with his little grand-daughter. How much happier he would be, he said, to remain at Dijon than in proceeding to Lyons to take part in tiresome fêtes and ceremonials. Was there a presentiment of impending evil in that reluctance to go

on? The Scotch people believe in a sort of supernatural intelligence or premonition which they call feyness. When a person has dark forebodings and shows a disposition to linger among those he loves when duty urges him to go elsehis State functions, a strict observer of ceremonial, the most harmless and ornamental of figure-heads, as his enemies occasionally reminded him, yet withal a man of much personal force and dignity of character. The domestic affections, the affections which are specially valued in England, were almost abnormally developed in him. Amid all the pomp, the bustle and intoxicating artificialities of his position, his heart was ever with his family. As often as he could escape from the official treadmill, he went to them, and he invariably spent

was fastidious in the performance of

to them, and he invariably spent Sunday evening in their company. The devotion was loyally reciprocated. Very touching is it to read how Madame Carnot sent injunctions to the Mayor of Lyons respecting the food that was most suitable for her husband. A beautiful home life the late President

seems to have had. a life so simple, so charming, so full of affection that one might well call it ideal. Yet in what blackness of darkness it closed! The ancient Greeks would have referred the end to the apelike spite of the Fates. We know better. Our national poet says indeed that, "Our fate, hid in an auger-

hole, may rush and seize us." Certainly it may lie in a dagger point and seize us in the midst of our most shining triumphs. But we no longer believe in the malignancy of a presiding Fury. And yet again how often is our highest success turned into Dead Sea fruit? No such consideration, however, will keep men from striving for honours; and M. Carnot was scarcely dead when the politicians of France were wrangling and struggling for his vacant office. Human nature must be a puzzling study to the gods.

It is difficult after contemplating a tragedy to lift the pall and step forth once more into the sunshine; to feel that we are in the midst of summer; that the

where, he is said to be fey. Was President Carnot fey? Had he a shadowy vision of the assas-

he had, or he may merely have been eager to obtain some requite and relief from the wearisome etiquette which weighs so heavily upon the figurehead of a nation. It is said that M. Carnot had an ardent wish to return to the simple joys and safe obscurity of private life. There is something infinitely affecting, something which appeals to the broad heart of humanity in that yearning of a nation's head for domestic peace and quietness.

He made an excellent President. He

south wind blows soft and soothing; that the flowers bloom and the birds sing, that happy tourists are off for holidays; and, above all, that exhibitions of babies are going on around us. The incongruities of this planet are not to be reckoned by human ari:hmetic. In the midst of life we are in death, and in the midst of death we are in life. Nature maintains her balance in spite of anarchy. But I spoke of Baby Shows. A number of good people, having the interests of the race very much at heart, organised an exhibition at which were exhibited, for the delectation of the public, "goodly babes, lusty and like to live," as the gentle Emilia saith. The show took place at Knightsbridge, and was, I am informed, a An irreverent evening huge success. paper stated that the babies were fattened as if for eating; a sentence that reminds one of a certain modest proposal made by Swift. It is reported that the parents or shall I say the owners?—of prizewinners were elated beyond measure. Of course they were. Any self-respecting and proper father or mother in England, or, indeed, anywhere else, will tell you, with an overwhelming conviction, that to possess a "nice" baby is positively the "nicest" thing in the world. And it is indubitable truth there never was, and cannot possibly be again, such a prodigy of beauty and goodness as one's own particular darling.: How many unmatchable

babies there must have been since babies first came into fashion. One wonders what becomes of them Some die young, probably, and some grow old and, alas, also commonplace. Some marry, and have unmatchable babies of their own; possibly a few manage to get into gaol; and more-But let us not pursue the pain-. ful subject.

At the Knightsbridge show the babies mustered in great force, artificially fed and tat—in a word, the best of prize stock: and the judges, according to the graphic reporter, were extraordinarily active and acute, and patterns of impartiality; and mammas travelled far to be present, and were naturally lost in wonder and admiration; and cynics made rude remarks and cackled, and all went merry as a baby show should. That is all fitting and We all like babies — Heaven proper. bless them!—when they do not happen to squall, and kick, and keep us awake We were once babies ouro nights. selves, though, perhaps, not prize babies. Probably it is our commonplace start in life that makes some of us now wonder how or why a baby show should ever have been thought of organised or patronised. Is it not playing it, as the Americans would say, rather low down on the babies? Cases are conceivable in which the reput tation of having been a prize-winner at ten months old, with the collateral record of height, weight and depth of fat on the ribs, might be slightly embarrassing, say, to a society belle of one-and-twenty. Suppose the juxtaposition of a First Prize winner and the scion of an ancient but reduced house desiring to improve its He consults her certificates of physical soundness and superiority, and makes his offer as if she were — but no; one must not go into those delicate

matters. It does not do to talk of dashing young ladies, full of charm and power, as blood stock. Yet what chance the prize show gives to the cynic and I am satirist. neither, and so will pass on. But as a reasonable man, and a lover of babies, I may be permitted to ask why people will put indignities on defenceless infants? It is unfair, and may lead to unsuspected and



WE ALL LIKE BABIES.

endless heart-burnings. I trust, therefore, the Knightsbridge enthusiasts will consider their conduct and its possible consequences before getting up another baby show.

\* \* \*

The promoters of the University Extension movement have been felicitating themselves upon the results of their labours with great ardour and also with some degree of justice. Reasonableness so rarely characterises such demonstrations that one is especially glad to recognise it when it happens to exist. University Extension began in a small way and has achieved considerable results. It is just twenty one years since Cambridge tentatively endeavoured to enlarge its borders, amid much caustic criticism and manifold predictions of failure. The critics, however, have been effectually silenced; nay, what is more to the purpose, not a few of them have been converted into aiders and well-wishers, and the extension of University teaching is no longer a mere possibility but an established and applauded fact. In the past the higher education has been exclusive and academic. The masses took no interest in it, because they felt it was not for them, and it was only presumption and self delusion to expect benefit from professors and lecturers. All that is changed. The people can enjoy the fruits of University studies and the joys of scholarship in their own homes. mountain, in this instance, has come to

Mahomet; and, contrary to expectation, is profuse of gifts. For the first time in our history, working men and women feel that they have a real stake in the great Universities, and it is pleasant to find that those who are engaged in the practical work of teaching are encouraged to persevere. Students are flocking to the various centres throughout the country with an amazing appetite for knowledge and an earnestness of purpose, which are the best possible augury.

\* \* \*

Nevertheless the progress is not without its dangers. Lord Salisbury enlarged on some of them in the best address delivered at any of the sessions recently held in London. He spoke of examinations, characterising them as the special evil connected with the education of the day. No thinking man can doubt for a moment that he was right. Examinations are useful, but it is easy and dangerous to make too much of them. As tests in certain branches of knowledge they serve an important purpose; as tests or gauges of mental power or capacity they are utterly inadequate—nay, it may be said without exaggeration that they are a good deal worse than useless. Wellington, we are told, would inevitably be plucked were he to-day a candidate for admission to the army, and it is certain that Sheridan and Scott would make but a poor appearance in the eye of the discerning examiner. Were Wellington and Sheridan and Scott

> the English people answer. The fact is that our system of examinations is playing havoc with mental development, and turning men and women into machines, instead of intellectual The student forces. who takes honours in these days is not the student who reads rationally and in a catholic spirit. To appear well in examination

> > lists a student

therefore dunces? Let



must neglect everything that does not bear directly on the subject in hand. Nor is that all. For not only must he resolutely ignore breadth; he must sedulously confine himself to cribs and cramming. That is why men with high University degrees are so often ignorant and so little able to make way in the world. A proposal has been made that degrees shall be conferred in connection with the University Extension Movement. Lord Salisbury raised his voice in warning, and I for one sincerely hope that his words will have the desired effect. There is, as he pointed out, a vast and incalculable difference between mechanical accumulation and organic growth. We have plenty of the former; let us now have a little of the latter, and it will be better for all concerned. If University Extension Students look upon culture as the true end of study, much good to themselves, and their country may come of their efforts to acquire knowledge; if, on the other hand, they regard degrees as the aim to be achieved, then the result is likely to be the reverse of satisfactory. Let both teachers and students look to it that they make the right choice.

Students, and those who have been students, whether at Universities or under

the system of Extension Lectures generally pretend to have a heartfelt love for literature. In many cases, I fear, the affection is a pretence and no more. With the spread of culture might come truer judgments and juster appreciation in regard to

books than prevail now. Such a work, for instance, as Mr. Ruskin's new volume, "Verona and its Rivers" (George Allen) would, with proper methods of education, be surer of a hearty welcome than any good book can be as things

are. It is a work that under any conditions would appeal irresistibly to the few and fit; but happily Mr. Ruskin's audience is a comparatively large one—large, say, in comparison with Mr. Pater's or Mr. Herbert Spencer's; and "Verona" will be widely read and still more widely discussed. It is not made up of new matter, for Mr. Ruskin is no longer producing; but it is such as admirers of "The Maker" will be glad to have. For it is imbued throughout with his peculiar qualities, the qualities that have made him, on the whole, the greatest of living prose writers. The book consists of five lectures dealing with questions of art, ethics, history and mythology. Two of them were written a quarter of a century ago and the latest is some ten years old. The author has no new gospel to preach; but he preaches the old one with an eloquence unmatched since the death of Carlyle. Great prose as well as great poetry is made by a great meaning; and beside Mr. Ruskin the majority of contemporary authors are mere triflers. "Verona" will not rank among his greatest books, but it has passages in his best style, the style of "The Stones of Venice" and the later volumes of "Modern Painters." Could there be a better recommendation? I think not. And let us remember that it is likely to be the

very last gift we shall receive from Mr. Ruskin representing him in the plenitude of his powers. While I am in contact with the old masters, let me also refer to the new edition of Turgenev's novels, which Mr. William Heinemann is bringing Turgenev is not so well known in this country as his great compatriot Tolstoi: but he equally deserves our attention. "Rudin," which is the first of the series, is prefaced by an admirable essay from the pen of Stepniak, and is a story of absorbing interest. It is not sensational, Turgenev's books never are, but it throbs with life, and is written with an art almost as fastidious and exquisite as that of Flaubert himself.

J. A. S.

### DRAMATIC NOTES

By FITZGERALD ARTHUR.

THE dull season is now on us, the time when the heart of the deadhead rejoiceth and when the manager and the actor is worried by acquaintances for a pass. have lately heard of one case where one of our most popular actors received a missive stating that the writer was a great admirer of his, had met him some years ago at Lady Blank's house, had just returned from abroad, and would be so pleased to gratify the desire of his wife and motherin-law to see him act, and could he oblige him with a box? This is an absolute fact. Many people think that orders are simply to be had for the asking, and that managers simply run their shows to oblige their friends and their friends' friends. is nothing to them that the magic words, "House Full," are hung outside. That, you are told, is only to gull the public. had a similar experience myself: a wealthy triend of mine, who could easily afford to pay for half-a-dozen boxes, worried me to get him a box for a certain theatre for a certain date. I foolishly did, only to have it returned, and could I oblige him by having it altered, as Friday would suit him so much better. Once more I obliged. Imagine my disgust when it was returned once more, with the polite request that if I could get it changed for the following Monday, he would be so much obliged. didn't get it changed, but used it myself. Now, all this leads me to say that managers are very generous, good-hearted fellows as a rule, and both the Press and

the profession meet with the greatest consideration; but if things go on as they do, the aforesaid managers will be compelled in self-protection to refuse all and every application. In America they manage things somewhat better; they simply tax each deadhead. What a good idea, and what a lucrative one it would be were it adopted here. Fancy sixpence a-head, and the proceeds devoted to the Actors' Benevolent Fund or the Royal Theatrical Fund! I should like to say a word about these same funds. They truly are deserving objects and work well, but what surprises me is that they are so feebly supported by the profession itself. see long lists of subscriptions annually, but look in the list as you may, you find few, very few, of our leading actors' and actresses' names. Many are earning salaries of £15 a week and upwards; not

few are getting their £40 and £50 a week, yet it is the exception, rather than the rule, to see any professional name down for a handsome subscription. there are some few notable exceptions. It is an old and trite saying that "the gods help those who help themselves." It would be well if the profession took it to heart. Let a man be earning good money for years and suddenly be out of an engagement for a few months, and promptly he holds a benefit, when a programme is placed before you containing the names of many celebrities whose presence on the occasion is only to be found on the programme. Yet for this prices are raised, guineas are asked for stalls, shillings for programmes, and so on ad infinitum.

Many of our leaders in the dramatic world are resting or on tour. Mr. Irving and his talented company are visiting the chief cities of the provinces. Genial Mr. Toole, with his merry crowd, is once more delighting the hearts and gathering in the shekels of our country cousins.

And what a shuffling of the theatrical pack is taking place. Miss Geneviève Ward rejoins the Lyceum Company, and Mr. Vanderfeldt succeeds William Terriss. Of Mr. Vanderfeldt great things are expected; he has been a great favourite in the provinces, and has established a name for himself there. He commands a fine presence and speech, and should be an acquisition.

The Fratelli Gatti promise us a very strong cast for the next piece. Mr. Wil-

liam Terriss and Miss Jessie Miliward return. The hero of "The Bells of Hazelmere," and many breezy dramas, once more will enact the rôle of the poor, persecuted young man who, however, manages always to come up smiling and triumphant at the last. No less a comedian than Mr. Harry Nicholls also joins the Adelphi crowd. With such a cast, it will be hard lines if they do not make the weakest of plays a success. The Gattis can be relied upon to do all that is necessary in the way of production, and when the big success comes along, which they deserve, no doubt their manager will take the lion's share of the credit, for I believe he claims to have influenced these new stars. Mr. Fred Terry and his charming and talented wife, Miss Julia Neilson, join Mr. Comyns Carr 'at the Comedy. If Mr. Carr gives us anything as good as "Sowing the Wind," he will deserve well of the public.



MR. C. P. LISTLE IN "MARRIAGE."

Mr. Oscar O'Flaherty Wilde is to blossom forth once more, and Mr. Lewis Waller is under contract to produce his new piece at the Haymarket. I hear that Mr. Oscar Wilde's new book is also to be dramatised shortly. Perhaps it was in connection with this that he was heard asking for light on the subject of "the tiresome details of French law." Or was it Salomé?

Mr. Brandon Thomas has run a very successful season at the Court with "The Cape Mail" and "Marriage," both excellent pieces, exceedingly well played. In "The Cape Mail," by Mr. Clement Scott, we are told a pretty little story of how a young wife and a younger sister, to save the feelings of a poor blind mother who idolises her soldier son, keep up the farce of making her believe he is alive and well, though he is supposed to be killed in the war in South Africa. To strengthen this, they actually concoct and read fictitious letters to the old lady every mail day.

An old friend of the family's — his old chum—is shocked at the frivolous and heartless conduct of his friend's widow, until he accidentally discovers the pious fraud being perpetrated. Luckily the report of the husband's death turns out to be false, and he is restored to the bosom of his family. This little playlet enables Miss Carlotta Addison to give us a most delightful portrait of the dear old doting mother, stricken with blindness, yet who is so cheerful through it all, and who revels in all that surrounds the happiness of her dear son or his young wife. Miss Vane Featherstone and Miss Maude Abbott are the wife and sister of the absent warrior, and show us how truly hard it is to smile with an aching heart. Mr. Sant Matthews gives one more of his clever character sketches in the person of Quicke, the old family lawyer, and throws in just that amount of humour that is needed to leaven the piece.

"Marriage," by Brandon Thomas, is a piece of a very different kidney, and goes with a laugh from start to finish. The cast has been most carefully and judiciously chosen, and each and every one is so excellent in his or her part that it would be invidious to single out anyone in particular. Seldom, indeed, has it been my good fortune to witness a play that ran so smoothly and well, and it deserves to be, as it is, a great success.

The idea is lovely. Sir John Belton

cannot get on with his wife, so they both determine on divorce. Neither has any grounds to go on, and each loves and dotes on the other. Both go to the same solicitor for advice. Here they meet the lady who is the cause of all the trouble. She has just hooked a wealthy younger brother of a peer, and is getting everything settled on her. Jenks, the solicitor, also is smitten with the charms of the Hon. Mrs. Dudley Chumbleigh; the lady in question, and further complications ensue. It takes three acts—Conjugal Rights, Conjugal Wrongs and Conjugal Bliss—to

work the story out, but from start to finish the play runs merrily on, and affords just what is wanted—any amount of fun and amusement. Mr. Mackintosh is more than good as Sir Charles Jenks; he makes every line, every word tell. Mr. Sydney Brough, too, 'as' the much: oppressed, worried and 'susceptible 'Sir John Belton, is excel lent. Mr. C. P. Little has a part that fits him like the proverbial glove. Never have I seen Miss Gertrude Kingston to more advantage. Indeed, as I have already said, the whole performance is a credit to everyone concerned.

moot point for some time whether there is anything in heredity. Ibsen says there is a great deal; other equally clever people say there is very little. In the case of the Terriss family, however, I am disposed to side with the Norwegian sage Father William's abilities are too well known to the public for me to say anything, and it is not about him I now wish to write, but about the next generation, as represented in the person of his son Tom. What a clever and delightful actress his charming daughter Ellaline is, is also known. This being so, Tom Terriss has also thought he

should see what was in him. He thereford turned on a mammoth bill at the Ladbroke Hall, including Richard Henry's "First Mate," Louis Parker's "Reply Paid," the Modus and Helen scene from the "Hunchback," and "Aunt Charlotte's Maid," to say nothing of incidentals. Young Tom T. gave us several specimens of his skill, and both in light and low comedy, as well as the Modus and Helen scene, he was excellent. True, in some parts he reminded one very much of William of the same ilk. His performances were a great success, and he showed us that he was a

real chip of the old block. He goes, I believe, to the Comedy for the autumn, when I trust he will be as great a success as his talented father and his pretty sister already are.

"The Bunch of Violets" at the Hay market can safely he pronounced one of the successes of the season. True we are told that it is an adaptation from the French, but so much has it been alfered that now, to all intents and purposes, it is a good sober English play. Mr. Sydney Grundy has accurately gauged, the sentiments of the present-day that exist between Capital and Labour, and has

MISS LILY MANBURY IN "A BUNCH OF VIOLETS."

successfully shown us how some of the shams thrive.

Sir Philip Marchant is one of those philanthropists who, under a great show of doing good, to the widows and orphans, succeeds in effectually robbing them. He next turns his abilities to the promoting of bogus companies. It is the correct thing that he sould be also a well-known public man, so he stands for Parliament. He is interviewed by the "Sons of Toil," and, the leader being easily squared, they side with him until an unfortunate former liaison of his is brought to light, and this



In the four acts Mr. Grundy preaches as effective and telling a sermon as one would hear in any pulpit, and the actors and actresses all rise to Mr. Grundy's ideas, and portray the characters as the author, no doubt, intended.

Mr. Tree is throughout excellent Mrs. Tree I have and forcible. never seen to greater advantage. Miss Lily Hanbury plays the part of Lady Marchant, the wife who, though trying to be loyal to her husband, cannot close her eyes to the fact that she knows the crooked ways he has adopted wherewith to make money. The part of Harker is admirably filled by Mr. Holman Clark. Harker is the confidential servant of Sir Philip, who turns out to be as big a rogue as his master, and in a big commercial deal quietly cuts the ground from under his employer's feet. Mr. G. W. Anson as Jacob Schwartz, the leader of the Sons of Toil, gives us one of his portraits of the Eccles school. The delightful surprise of the play is the thoroughly consistent and careful study throughout of the Yorkshireman, Mark Murgatroyd, by Mr. Lionel Brough. It would be impertinence on my part to criticise his performance. It is well

loses him the election. During his look round for suitable parties to plunder, Sir Philip comes across a hard-headed, kind-hearted Yorkshireman, one Mark Murgatroyd. He invites Mark and his wife to his house. The wife turns out to have been an old acquaintance of Sir Philip's whom he much preferred to forget. Exposure takes place, one after another the bogus companies come to grief, and his wife and child leave him; and, ruin staring him in the face, Sir Philip takes poison, just as the wife and daughter have come back to him.

Running through the whole cynicism of the piece- and the shallowness of Sir Philip's character, is the strong love—the one redeeming feature—he bears for his daughter, and which affection is returned. She likes to think her father has her always in his thoughts, so she daily presents him with a buttonhole—a simple bunch of violets.





MISS FORTESCUE IN "MYPATIA."

known that whatever Mr. Lionel Brough does he does well—indeed, no one can excel him in his line. In fact "it's an 'obby of his."

"The Bunch of Violets" seems to have "caught on" at the Hay-market, and is likely to run the whole season.

The last mail from Australia brings news of a rising young artiste that is going to literally astonish the world. Patti cannot be with us for ever, and we have few to fill her place. Australia has already furnished us with one prima donna in the person of the talented and highly artistic Madame Melba, and now a star has arisen that is to eclipse her—so the Australians say, and they are not bad judges. The journalists and musical critics in that distant branch of her Majesty's dominions seem to have been unanimous in their favourable opinions of the vocalisation of Miss Juliet Flegeltaub, of Ballarat. One criticism

of many to hand I will quote: "In casting the memory back to the professionals who have impersonated the character, it seems to us quite fair to make a comparison on this occasion, albeit it is rare that it is permissible; but so, too, is the rarity of the opportunity. Knowing this, we have no hesitation in saying that Miss Juliet Flegeltaub gave a rendering quite equal to that of any professional we have heard in Australia. The reputation which had preceded Miss Flegeltaub was fully sustained. Her enunciation was beautifully clear, and it is not to be wondered that each time she appeared prolonged applause greeted her." Governor, Lord Hopetoun, commanded a second special performance, and so pleased was his Excellency with the representation that he personally complime ted the young artiste. I believe that before long Miss Flegeltaub will make her debût before a London audience, and the Australian critics are very confident that their favourable opinions will be endorsed.

Mr. Willard having finished a most successful tour in America, has opened for a short space at the Comedy Theatre. After giving us the "Middleman," he has



MISS JULIET PLEGELTAUD

turned on "The Professor's Love Story." Mr. Willard has lost none of his old power of declamation and force, with which he was wont to electrify his old admirers in the Shaftesbury days. It is to be regretted that his stay amongst us is so short.

Last month I stated that Mr. Pigott had at last decided to settle, once for all, the much debated question of stage plays in music halls. Hardly had we gone to

he had changed his mind, and now things are still as they were.

Miss Fortescue has finished a most successful tour with "Hypatia." She visited all our leading provincial cities and towns, and when I happened to see her in the Shakespeare. Theatre in Liverpool, I found a large and appreciative house thoroughly enjoying Mr. Ogilvie's play. Miss Fortescue's secret of success is that she does not rely entirely on her

own abilities and charms, but she surrounds herself with a thoroughly competent body of actors and actresses. As I have already said, Mr. Vanderfeldt, who was her leading man for some time, is now thought worthy to fill an important part in the Lyceum.

It must be really gratifying to lovers of the drama to see the amount of interest. Her Majesty the Queen evinces in the performances of to-day. Many command

> · performances have taken place lately at Windsor, and the Queen has on every succasion expressed her entire satisfaction with the productions.. There is no doubt that this action of Her Majesty gives a de-cided and much needed impetus to theatre going, and for this reason, among many others, we all heartily wish that Her Gracious Majesty may long he spared to enjoy the pleasure and recreation afforded by witnessing, the operas and plays of the day.





MR. B. S. WILLARD.

## MELLIN'S FOOD



### FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS.

"Broad Street, Blaenavon, Mon.,
"November 16th, 1893

"Dear Sir,-Enclosed I send you photograph of my little son, Horace, taken when he was fifteen months old. He has been reared entirely upon your Food, and, as it appears, is healthy, bright and happy. Although very heavy, he was able to run about when only twelve months old, his little legs being strong and firm at that age. I believe your Food to be a most excellent composition for the feeding of Infants, and my wife bears the same testimony.

" Yours fuithfully,

"H. W. PARRY"

### MELLIN'S FOOD BISCUITS

(Manufactured by Carr & Co., Carlisle, specially for G. Mellin).

Digestive. Nourishing. Sustaining.

For Children after Weaning, the Aged, Dyspeptic, and for a'l who require a Simple, Nutritious and Sustaining Food.

Price 2s. and 3. 6d. per tin.

AN ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLET ON THE FEEDING AND REARING OF INFANTS: A Practical and Simple Treatise for Mothers, containing a large number of Portraits of Healthy and Beautiful Children, together with Facsimiles of Original Testimonials, which are of the greatest interest to all Mothers, to be had with Samples, free by post, on application to

MELLIN'S FOOD WORKS, Stafford Street, PECKHAM, S.E.

"JUST THE SOAP FOR YOUR BATH!"



Is it not most annoying, when having a bath, to lose the soap or to find you have left it wasting in the water? Neither will happen with "IVY" Soap which is always in sight, floating on the surface. Children are no longer any trouble on "Bath Night" when "IVY" Soap is used—they are so delighted to see it sailing on the water.

"IYY" Soap is a beautiful, white, "Milky." Soap, hard and very lasting. Guaranteed pure and free from irritating Chemicals. Gives a creamy lather, and is SPLENDID FOR WASHING Laces, Prints, Fine Underclothing, and all delicate goods, the colour and texture of which suffer damage from common soaps.

Ask your Grocer for "IVY" Soap. If any difficulty, we will send you 3 Cakes in a handy box, carriage paid, on receipt of your Address, and 12 Stamps, or 1s. Postal Order.

G. W. GOODWIN & SON, ORSALL LANE, MANCHESTER.

# Puzziedom &

134. Transposed the following letters will form a well-known Latin motto – a d d e e i l m n n u p r s

135. An Enigma.

Old Mother Twitchett, she had but one eye, And a very long tail which she always let fly; And every time she went over a gap, She left a small piece of her tail in a trap.

### 136. A Word Square.

- I. Not one.
- 2. The opposite to under.
- 3. Close by.
- 4. To go wrong.

The following will give two well-known flowers :-

137. A sweet-voiced bird and a goad.

138. To injure, a vowel and a metal.

139. What is that which never asks questions, yet requires many answers?

140. What is that which covers all human imperfections?

Five Prizes of Three-Volume Novels, cloth bound, will be awarded to the First Five Competitors sending in correct or most correct answers by 20th August. Competitions should be addressed "August Puzzles," The Ludgate Illustrated Magazine, 53, Fleet Street, London, E.C. Post cards only, please.

#### ANSWERS TO JULY PUZZLES.

127. A kiss.
128. Horse.
Ocean.
Rebut.
Sauce.

129. Courtship.

130. One I was, the other I wear.

131. Because it contains many currants (currents)

132. Because his gait is broken and his locks are weak.

133. A river.

The following are the names and addresses of the five winners in Puzzledom in our June Number, to whom the Three-Volume Novels have been sent:—Mrs. Baxter, Beaufort House, Bourne, Lincs.; Miss Eva Brooks, 20, Rampant Street, Norwich; H. C. Bulbeck, Tarrant Street, Arundel; Miss B. Tarrant, 29, Villa Road, Brixton; W. T. Robinson, High Street, New Mills, near Stockport.

## AS SUPPLIED TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

RECOMMENDED STRONGLY THE ONLY FOOD THAT BREAD & BY THE MEDICAL WILL PREVENT PROFESSION ABSOLUTELY BISCUL NECESSARY FOR ORALL GROWING CHILDREN. CURE INDIGESTION.

Wholesale Agents for Hovis Biscuits in England:-THE NATIONAL BAKERY COMPANY, Limited, BREWERY ROAD, ISLINGTON, LONDON, N.

If any difficulty be experienced in obtaining "HOVIS," or if what is supplied as "HOVIS" is not satisfactory, please write, sending sample (the cost of which will be defrayed), to

S. FITTON & SON, Millers, Macclesfield.

FRAZER'S SOAP FRAZER'S SOAP FRAZER'S SOAP

The only Combination Soap.

For the Toilet and Shaving.

The Purest Soap in the World.

## THURSTON

(ESTABLISHED 1814.)

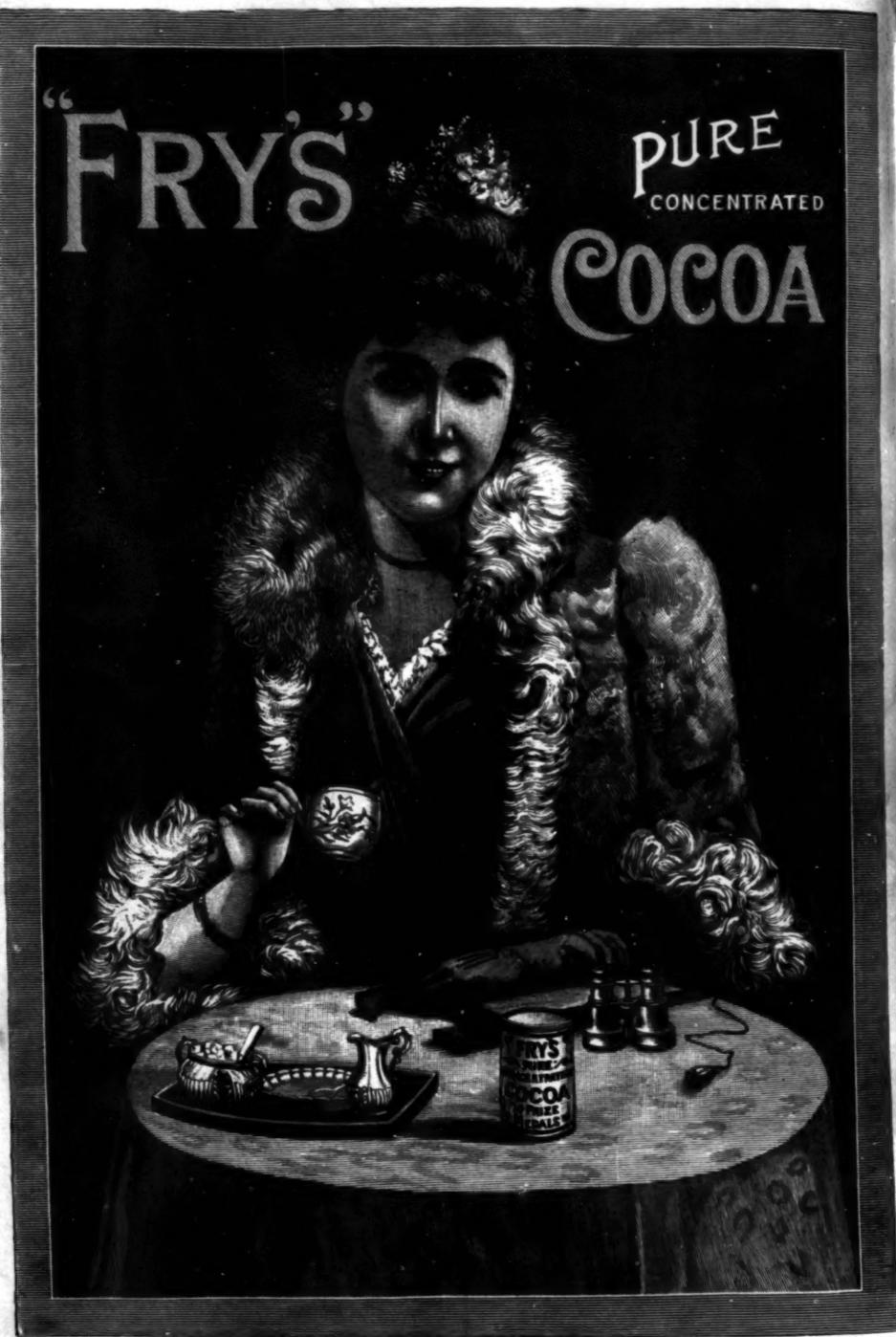
Sole Appointment to Her Majesty, by Appointment to H.R.H. Prince of Wales. Contractors to H.M. Government and Makers of the Table selected by the Billiard Association of Great Britain, and adopted by them as the "Standard,"

Sole Makers of the Patent "Adamant" Block and "Perfect" Low Cushions, Bottom-less Pockets, &c. All these latest improvements can be fitted to any table.

Messrs. THURSTON & CO. use the very best and most thoroughly seasoned materials only, and in

consequence, all goods supplied by them can be relied upon, even in most extreme climates.

Show Rooms:-16, CATHERINE STREET, STRAND, W.C.



"There is no beverage which can so confidently be recommended."—Medical Annual, 1893

All applications for Advertisements to be made to THE MANAGER, "LUDGATE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE," 53. Fleet Street, London, E.C.

Printed for the Proprietors by Ogden, Shale & Co., Limited, Great Saffron Hill, London, E.C.